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FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II. JULY, 1890. -91 CALL I.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT,
AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST
TO ALL THE MEMBERS.

REUNION AT AUBURN,

September 12th, 1883.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

ADDRESS J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

TO THE COMRADES.
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First Maine bugle. Campaign 2-3; July, 1890-Oct. 1893.
Rockland, Me., First Maine cavalry association, 1890-93.

3 v. illus., plates, ports. 231^{mm}. quarterly.

Contains the Proceedings of the yearly reunions of the First Maine cavalry. Organ of the Cavalry society of the armies of the United States, July 1892-Oct. 1893.

E. P. Tobie, editor.

Preceded by Maine cavalry. 1st regt., 1861-1865. Record of proceedings.

ENCLAVE CARD Superseded by the Maine bugle.

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TO THE COMRADES.

HOW well the pledge and purpose of the FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION to bring out in appropriate form the history of our regiment by Lieut. Edward P. Tobie was executed, has been a surprise to other regiments and a delight to our members. Another pledge and purpose now lies before us, viz.:—To print in appropriate form the proceedings of our reunions since 1882, and to continue the series. The plan is to issue these pamphlets some four times a year, in order to entitle them to postage at rates for periodicals. Every member of the regiment will be considered a subscriber, and a ledger account opened with each one. The pamphlets, as published, will be sent to every man whose name and address can be ascertained, trusting entirely in their honor and interest in the grand old regiment for pay for the copies sent. The size of the type and page will correspond with the history, and the pamphlets will, when bound, make companion volumes.

Portraits of the same style and kind as those in the history will appear in the pamphlets. The price for printing these will be the same as in the history. Every member is urged to put his picture in with the others. Any and all profit that may accrue from the sale of the pamphlets will be devoted to furnishing portraits of our deceased comrades, the selection or determination of such as shall appear being decided by the financial committee or by a vote of the Association. It is the hope and ambition of the Association to print the pictures of every comrade who ever served in the ranks of the FIRST MAINE CAVALRY before the last "Bugle" shall give its final sound. This will be done if you each will wake at the Bugle Call and send pay for the same as soon as each copy is received.

It is hoped that these Bugle Calls will arouse many memories of our years of service, and thus lead our comrades to tell their stories of individual experience, or give extracts from their diaries or letters written at the time. There may be many things half told in the history, or that should be told in a different manner; if so, give your version or correction. Anything concerning our service will be interesting and of value to some comrade. As far as these "Bugles" are concerned, any item concerning the members of the Association, relating to our meetings or our history, will be interesting and gladly welcomed.

The whole success of these pamphlets depends, comrades, on your aid and co-operation. If you will all respond promptly, the subsequent "Calls" will thrill and stir you as of old, and page after page of the faces of comrades, seen long ago but never forgotten, shall stand in line before you and be with you. Will you stand in place and be counted as each Bugle sound shall reach you?

The price of this Bugle is twenty-five cents. Please remit to

J. P. CILLEY, TREASURER,

Rockland, Maine.

TWELFTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The twelfth annual reunion was held in the city of AUBURN, September 12th, 1883.

The *Lewiston Journal* gave the following report of the proceedings of the morning and afternoon:—

The yellow ribbon of the First Maine Cavalry was seen everywhere in Auburn, Wednesday, and multiplied rapidly as the day passed on. The stragglers of the advance guard reached Auburn Tuesday evening. General Cilley, the veteran colonel of the regiment, was the first officer of the regiment to arrive. He reached Auburn by the evening train Tuesday. Large numbers of veterans came by the morning trains from Portland and from Bangor. By ten o'clock there were seventy-one yellow ribbons on the spot, and the outposts were not heard from. Captains Virgin and Hall, of Cos. G and H, arrived in the forenoon. Capt. Virgin struck the pavement in front of Goff Block at ten o'clock. "Hello, you old son of a gun!" said some one affectionately. A crowd clustered around Gen. Cilley. "Don't you know me, General?" was a volley that was showered upon him. Every one expected to be recognized; most of them were recognized. It was a lively scene this morning, that of the crowd clustered around the former colonel of the old regiment.

Among those whom the management gave over as of possibly being able to attend was Gen. Gregg, who led the division dur-

ing its early fighting until it fell to the command of Gen. Crook, the now famous Indian fighter. This morning President Little received the following communication from Gen. Gregg, expressing regret:—

READING, PA., Sept. 10th, 1883.

HENRY LITTLE, President First Maine Cavalry Association:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of invitation to a reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association on the 12th.

I regret exceedingly that I will not be able to attend. What a pleasure it would be to me to be with you on this occasion! I have seen the First Maine on many well contested fields fight as but few regiments could. I doubt not but that if I could but see the survivors at one of these reunions, I would discover that they are now as accomplished in promoting social pleasures as in discomfiting the enemy. Please convey to all of the regiment who will have the happiness to be with you, my most affectionate remembrance.

May I ask that you will call the attention of your Association to the effort being made to erect on a portion of the field at Gettysburg a simple granite shaft, with inscription giving the name of the regiments and batteries present in the cavalry battle, July 3d, 1863. It is estimated that \$2,500 will be required to complete the shaft and its enclosure, and to purchase the site and right of way to it. If the money can be raised by contributions from the survivors of the regiments and batteries, it is expected that a formal dedication of the monument will be held in September, 1884. Col. Chas. D. Treichel, of New York Custom House, is treasurer of the fund.

Yours sincerely,

D. McM. GREGG.

The following letters of regret were also received:—

ELLSWORTH, Sept. 11th, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind invitation to attend the banquet of the First Maine Cavalry Association at Auburn was duly received; and I regret that my engagements prevent my acceptance. I should like to bear the testimony of my recognition of the great services rendered by the gallant and famous First Maine Cavalry in the war of the rebellion—services which will never be forgotten.

Yours very truly,

EUGENE HALE.

HENRY LITTLE, Pres. First Maine Cavalry Association.

STATE OF MAINE. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

AUGUSTA, Sept. 10th, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just returned home from an eastern trip to Eastport, Calais and Penbrooke, and to-day start for Waldo County to meet *previous engagements*,—to-morrow at Waldo, and Wednesday, the 12th, at Bucksport. If I can cancel my engagement at Bucksport, and can reach Lewiston, it will

afford me great pleasure to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry. I regret very much that I cannot accept your kind invitation, for it would afford me great pleasure to meet the members of your regiment. I will do the best I can, and if I cannot be present, convey my regrets.

Yours very truly,

FREDERICK ROBBE.

BRUNSWICK, Sept. 13th, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR,—I greatly regretted to suffer a double deprivation within the last few days—an ill turn, not pleasant in itself, which kept me shut up in the house, and the consequent necessity of missing your reunion of the First Cavalry. I always go, as you know, when it is possible, and always enjoy those gatherings in the name and spirit of a gallant regiment which has made a chapter in history.

Yours very sincerely,

JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

HENRY LITTLE, Esq., President.

This is the twelfth annual reunion of the regiment. "Why we gather is because we are full of the fight of former days, I suppose," says a veteran this morning.

The regiment has a record to be proud of. Its history is as glorious as that of any regiment of the war. The regiment consisted originally of twelve companies, and was mustered in Oct. 31st, 1861. It was raised at large from all over the State. The regiment encamped at Augusta during the fall and winter of 1861. It was either waiting for an unaided glorious onset, or Providence was waiting the opportunity to place the heroic service of the regiment in its most needed places. In March, 1862, Cos. A, D, E and F went to the front, followed in a few days by Cos. B, I, H and M, under Col. Douty, three days later by C, G, K and L, and all assembled reunited in Washington. Its record in war was a grand one. It went into war 1200 strong. It had incorporated into its organization nearly three times as many before the close of the war. Its list of battles is extraordinary. It has been a favorite toast of the First Maine Cavalry.

The battles of the First Maine Cavalry were more numerous than those of all other organizations of the Army of the Potomac, many of them less famous in history, but not excelled in dash and daring and in lavish expenditure of devoted lives. It

was remarked by a former governor of the State, at a former reunion of the regiment, that he had not known that so many battles had been fought by the Army of the Potomac until he looked around upon the banners in the hall. "Into the organized life of this regiment," said Gen. Cilley, who figures on the muster-in roll as a captain, "three times its numbers have been incorporated—a blood offering, a libation, to the god of war, whose bowl has thrice been filled to the brim, and thrice been emptied. Three times twelve hundred warm and throbbing hearts have stood within the ranks of this regiment." The history of the regiment is too full of fighting to make any historical notice at all satisfactory.

Particularly of importance was the work of the regiment in the short, sharp campaign of Lee's surrender. The record of the regiment from the time when the first battalion marched up to Harper's Ferry under command of Major Douty, a lamented hero of the regiment, up to the campaign of Lee's surrender was highly valorous. The regiment fought hard during the winter of 1864-65. In the latter year Gen. Gregg resigned, and the division fell to the command of Gen. Crook, the well-known Indian fighter of to-day. On March 29th the regiment stood in its place in the column of cavalry traveling towards Ream's Station. Friday, the 31st, found the regiment at Dinwiddie Court House. The fight was the severest one ever encountered by the regiment. The severity is attested by the disabling of three rebel regimental commanders in front of the lines. In the First Maine one man in every four was either wounded or killed, and one officer in the same. The regiment lost 101 in the fight. Five Forks followed, and from that Appomattox and Lee's surrender.

The regiment has made a special feature of its reunions. Historically they have been times of great jubilee, full to the brim of fraternal affection. The regiment has printed pamphlet reports of all its gatherings.

AT LAKE AUBURN.

Five car-loads of the veterans and their friends arrived at Lake Grove at 2.15 P. M.

One hundred and fifty members of the association were present. The business meeting was called to order at 2.45 P. M. by Henry Little, of Auburn, President of the association.

The Treasurer, Gen. Cilley, made a statement of the financial condition of the association, showing that there was a small surplus in the treasury.

The following were appointed a committee to report to the association a place for the next reunion: Shehan, of Dennisville; Virgin, of Canton; Smith, of Portland; Hill, of Augusta, and Jordan, of Bangor.

The following were appointed a committee to nominate officers: Dr. Bodfish, of the Staff; Messrs. Hanscom, Co. A; Cook, Co. B; Thing, Co. C; Hill, Co. E; Chase, Co. F; Tobie, Co. G; Hall, Co. H; Daggett, Co. I; Lord, Co. K; Webster, Co. L; Jordan, Co. M.

Dr. Shehan, for the committee on place for the next reunion, reported strong invitations from Eastport, Canton and Bath. Dr. Shehan addressed the association strongly in favor of Eastport. A telegram from Capt. North, of the Frontier Guards of Eastport, inviting the association to come there, was read. Lieut. Tobie read a jolly letter from Capt. A. H. Bibber, of Eastport, declaring "that all Eastport said 'Come;' that all Eastport's front doors were open, and that the prettiest girls in the State would be there to wait on the boys and to dance with them." That settled it. The association voted almost unanimously to accept.

It was voted to leave the fixing of the time for the next reunion to the Eastport comrades.

The committee on nomination of officers reported as follows:

President, CAPT. A. H. BIBBER, Eastport.
Vice-President, CAPT. I. G. VIRGIN, Canton.
Recording Secretary, LIEUT. EDWARD JORDAN, Bangor.
Corresponding Secretary, LIEUT. J. P. SHEHAN, Eastport.
Treasurer, : GEN. J. P. CILLEY, Rockland.

The report was accepted and adopted. The above were declared officers of the association for the ensuing year.

The business meeting was then adjourned. The veterans spent a short time in recreation at the grove and at the lake. They were highly pleased with the place, and were killing reminiscential pigs, and laughing over the fun of long ago, as this edition went to press.

THE BANQUET.

Yes, it will be a long time before Auburn Hall will present a fairer scene than that of Wednesday evening, when the First Maine Cavalry Association feasted and toasted. The boards were elegantly laid. Six long tables with plates for 300 persons, all abloom with flowers, lavishly spread with viands, glittering with silver-ware, prettily decorated with vari-colored tissue napkins, first warmed the old soldiers' hearts and then warmed their stomachs. The hall was trimmed with flags, and the names of 107 engagements in which the regiment fought were conspicuous on the walls. Everybody exclaimed at the length of the list and the noble fighting record of the First Maine Cavalry. The City Band, F. G. Payne, conductor, stationed in the gallery, performed in an excellent manner the following music during the evening:

Continental March,	Reeves.
Hungarian Dance,	Harselman.
Olivette Waltzes,	Audran.
A Day In Camp in '62,	Reeves.
Alpine Echoes (Fantasia),	
E♭ Clarinet Solo,	Rowe.
(F. PAYNE.)	
Scene from Il Trovatore,	Verdi.
Cornet Duet,	Rollinson.
(PERKINS AND LOWELL.)	
Galop, "Steam,"	

All the seats were filled at seven o'clock, when President Little called to order. The blessing of God was invoked by Rev. F. W. Bakeman, of Auburn, and then the coffee circulated and the good things began to disappear. Thirty hams, heaping plates of cold meats of other kinds, bread and butter, pickles, a very large assortment of delicious cake, ice-creams, grapes, water-melons, pears, peaches, etc., made 300 ladies and gentle-

men happy during the next hour. Large vase bouquets diffused a perfume through the hall. At every plate was a pretty boutonniere. Auburn's best bibs and tuckers were on Auburn's fairest girls; and it was half the banquet to have one of them bend over a fellow's shoulder and pour a mug of coffee. Eastport may boast of what it proposes to do next year, but Eastport will have to work hard to muster in such a charming corps of waiters, so light of foot and so charming in person and dress, as the score of young misses who did the proud thing for the cavalymen Wednesday evening in Auburn Hall.

The local committee of arrangements voted to make the supper memorable. How hard they worked and how well they succeeded, all who partook of it know. They and their ladies deserve the gratitude of all the feasters. On the platform was a table at which sat the following prominent invited guests: Gen. J. P. Cilley, Rockland; Col. A. C. Drinkwater, of Gov. Butler's Staff, Massachusetts; ex-Gov. Garcelon, Lewiston; Wm. F. Goulding, Esq., Lewiston; Rev. F. W. Bakeman, Rev. J. J. Hall, Rev. I. G. Sprague, Auburn; Rev. B. F. Tefft, D.D., Poland; Rev. S. Boothby, Lewiston.

THE TOASTS.

The rattling of knives and forks and dishes was silenced at 7.45 by the voice of the President of the Association, Capt. Henry Little, of Auburn.

Capt. Little introduced Lieut. Edw. P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I., a gallant soldier and a well-known journalist, as toast-master of the evening.

Lieut. Tobie served with his usual good address. He read the following letters of regret:

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH INFANTRY,

FORT CLARK, TEXAS, Sept. 7th, 1883.

HENRY LITTLE, ESQ., MR. PRESIDENT, AND DEAR COMRADE:—

Please convey to the members of our association at their meeting on the 12th instant my deep regrets at being deprived the pleasure of attending. I am very much engaged in my public duties, and it would be impossible for me to get away at this time even if the distance were far less than it is. My heart will be

with you all on that day, and may all be as happy and joyful as they deserve to be. I could hardly wish them more. With best wishes for yourself, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

C. H. SMITH.

PENFIELD, CLEARFIELD CO., PA., Sept. 4th, 1883.

DEAR COMRADES OF THE OLD FIRST MAINE :—

How the recollection of the dear old regiment sends the blood coursing through my veins. Would that I could be with you at your reunion on the 12th. The last I ever saw of the regiment was on the morning of the 11th of May, 1864, when the Rebs pressed back our rear guard and, flanking our skirmish line, took me off from our extreme left and sent me on to Richmond, from there to Andersonville, Ga., thence to Mellen and Florence, and so on through the whole catalogue of those cursed prison-pens, releasing me at last when they could no longer hold me, after nearly a year's imprisonment, with health gone and mind shattered—a wreck, in fact, which I shall remain, I suppose, till the last roll-call shall come at the resurrection day. Some of Co. A may still remember me.

Yours in C., L. and F.

H. H. LOWELL.

DES MOINES, IA., Aug. 18th, 1883.

GEO. L. DUSTON, Corresponding Secretary First Maine Cavalry Association,
Auburn, Maine :—

MY DEAR SIR AND COMRADE, — Your postal, notifying me of the twelfth reunion of our old regiment, is at hand. How it awakens memories of the past—the bugle call, in camp, the march, the battle, hunger, thirst, the dead and dying comrades, surrender of the rebels, the return to loved ones and peace. How I would love to be with you on the 12th of September. If God spares my life and there is opportunity, I will come and look upon your faces again not many reunions in the future. Please remember me kindly to our comrades.

Truly yours,

M. T. V. BOWMAN.

DEPARTMENT OF MAINE G. A. R.

LISBON, ME., Sept. 10th, 1883.

HENRY LITTLE, President First Maine Cavalry Association :—

DEAR COMRADE. — Your letter of August 21st, inviting me to be present at the reunion of your association September 12th, has been received. I have delayed writing sooner hoping I might see the way open to comply with your kind request. Nothing, surely, would give me more pleasure. The memories of the past—of the pleasant friendship formed with the members of the First Maine Cavalry long years ago—of the hours of trial and danger through which we passed together—of those friendships cemented in the days of peace, and intensified in later years—of reunions such as these which I have had the pleasure of attending—all these prompt me to accept the kind invitation you have given me to be present. Especially should I love to be there, and drop with you all the

tear of affection to the memory of our mutual friend, Major John D. Myrick, whose manly form will no more stand forth so prominently in your yearly gatherings. I shall never forget him, and when in your assembly you mourn him most, remember me as one who mourns with you all his loss.

Fraternally and affectionately yours,

E. M. SHAW.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, Sept. 10th, 1883.

The Thirteenth Ohio Vol. Cavalry send greeting to the First Maine Cavalry.

Have just learned through the "National Tribune" that you "*boys*" are to hold a reunion Sept. 12th, 1883. May you meet many more years to recite your deeds of daring and of danger, and the 13th O. V. C. hopes to be always remembered, for were we not brothers in many a strife? and the rattle of your sixteen shooters was music to our ears. May God bless you all! Our reunion was held in Columbus, Ohio, August 24th and 25th; our next will be at Marion, Ohio, August 21st, 1884, to which you are all invited. Shake!

Fraternally, etc.,

THIRTEENTH O. V. C. ASSOCIATION,

Per HOWARD ASTON, *Adjutant*,

Zanesville, Ohio.

MIFFLINTOWN, PA., Sept. 10th, 1883.

COMRADES OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY:—

Some of us of the old Second Brigade still live, and we send our heartiest greeting, and wish we were with you as you talk of the olden time,—of the days of Stoneman, Averill and Sheridan; of Aldie, Shepherdstown, Culpepper, Gettysburg and Five Forks. We have here the old flag carried by General Gregg at his headquarters, inscribed "From Fredericksburg to Lee's surrender," and those of us who belonged to the "Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry" never see it but we speak of the "First Maine Boys" with a glow of pride, and always close by saying, "They were gallant boys." When the monument to Gregg's Division is set up at Gettysburg some day in the future, we expect to have a regimental reunion at that place, and hope the Division will have one that we may warm our hearts together. Colonel Robinson, our old commander, lives here, as does most of Company F of the 16th, and they one and all send their fervent "God bless you."

Yours in loyalty,

F. D. GARMAN,

Late Q. M. Sergt. 16th Pa. Cav.

Don't forget the "Pennsylvania Dutch."

President Little said:

"Boys, I move three ringing cheers for the 13th Ohio and the 16th Pennsylvania: will you give them?" Every hand went into the air, and a cheer and a tiger went up loud enough for

the 16th Pennsylvania and the 13th Ohio to have heard had they been listening.

Lieut. Tobie said :

"We have but few toasts to-night, and I will not detain you by any preliminary remarks. We will give you, as our first toast :

"Our country; right or wrong, our country still."

"The gentleman whom we expected to respond to this is not here, and I will simply say that every mother's son of you responded to this toast from '61 to '65.

"I give you next :

"The good old State of Maine.

God bless the State that sent
Our gallant regiment
Into the field."

"And, in absence of the governor, I have the pleasure of calling, to respond to this toast, upon the Hon. W. W. Bolster, of the Governor's Council."

Mr. Bolster said :

"Soldiers of the First Maine Cavalry, you have taken me by surprise; I was not aware that I was to be called upon to respond to any sentiment here this evening. But it takes but a little while to respond for the State of Maine. Her history is well known; it has been written upon every battlefield, and is known throughout the length and breadth of this nation. This cavalry, these soldiers that have gone forth from the State, have demonstrated that Maine will always be loyal and foremost in the fight.

"A word now to the soldiers of the First Maine Cavalry. I believe I cannot more fittingly and properly address you than by the salutation, — *Defenders of the integrity and the authority of the State and Nation!* You, by your valor and courage, have accomplished that for the people of the United States which I believe will maintain and forever perpetuate the union and the authority of the United States of America. This honor con-

ferred upon you is only in accord with your deserts and the sentiment of the generous hearts of the American people. This country was saved, and who did it? Those who bared their breasts to the shots of the enemy, and those who laid down their lives for the country. The day will never come when the union soldiers and the three hundred thousand patriotic dead will be held in less esteem than to-day; their names will be immortal in the history of this country, as well as those of the fathers of it.

“What was the history of the defenders of this country when the war was forced upon us? Although the hearts of strong men and strong women almost broke, they did not waver; they counted the loss; they knew for whom and what they served. The day will never come when the people of the United States of America will be so much engrossed in their business affairs as to forget their soldiers. When the summons came to go forth and fight the battles for this country, they answered, from every hill-top and from every valley, and from every situation and position in life, ‘Here am I; I go to the fight;’ and to their wives they said, ‘Take care of the children;’ and, not complaining and not faltering, they imprinted the parting kiss upon the lips of their loved ones, and, with their blessing upon their heads, with a firm and steady step they joined the march, many of them never again to see their homes and their dear ones. This is the type of men who entered the fight and broke the rebellion, threw down treason, and established the authority and the integrity of this grand and glorious nation. It is now left to us to teach our children, and they to teach their children, the full cost of this republic. I will close by saying, so long as our soldiers of the rebellion, and their descendants, are suffered to stand upon the watch-towers of this country it will be safe.”

Lieut. Tobie said: “I give you next—

“‘The Grand Army of the Republic.’ She gathers our comrades in and binds us together in friendship, charity and loyalty.”

“And I have the pleasure of calling upon T. Horace Holman, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of Maine.”

Mr. Holman said :

“*Mr. Toast-master* :— I believe this is a little unfair. I have been in the hall about three minutes, and this is the first information I have had that any remarks were expected from me ; and I think, Mr. Toast-master, that it is especially unfair, because I have not half eaten my supper.

“ My father always told me, when I was in company to keep still and hold my tongue ; and my mother always told me when it was dark under the table to go to bed. But I have been called upon to speak for another man, the commander of the department. Now, comrades, you know that if there is anything in the world that is hard to endure, it is being compelled to speak for another party. If I had been called upon to speak instead of another man, I should have known what to do ; but how to speak for another party is entirely beyond my comprehension. How do I know what the intentions or ideas of the other party are, or what he would say on this occasion ? I came in here in citizen's clothes, and kept on my overcoat to cover up my badges, in order that I might not be noticed. I supposed, comrades, that this was a reunion of the First Maine Cavalry, and that that body was to do all the work and all the speech making. But it would certainly be discourteous, on this occasion, for me to come in here and participate in this grand banquet of yours without expressing my gratification.

“ During the summer I happened to be on a vacation in the western country. After a long journey we passed through the Alpine Pass in Colorado ; passing through a tunnel 2,400 feet long, we emerged to find a large snow bank on one side, while there was a strawberry patch on the other, so that one of the ladies in the train got out and picked a bunch of strawberries in her left hand, while she picked up a snowball with her right hand, and she put them together and said, ‘ Oh, what a contrast ! ’ Now, Mr. Toast-master, I think my speech, compared with that which the commander of the department would have made, would contrast about as strongly as the snowball and the bunch of strawberries.

“ But I am always ready, Mr. Toast-master, to speak in favor

of the Grand Army, although I am aware that you do not need any speech from me to know of its workings. It has done its part well in the State of Maine and throughout the country. I only wish, comrades, that you could have been with me during the summer, away down there at the base of the Rocky Mountains. You certainly would need no speech from me to show you the great and glorious work of this Grand Army. We number in the State of Maine, I believe, 5,500 veterans in the organization, and our numbers are increasing every day and every month. The \$2,700 that was paid during the last year as a charity fund certainly speaks well for the nobility of purpose of the Grand Army of the Republic. But, Mr. Toast-master, I will not take up any more of the time, because I know that members of the First Maine Cavalry have interesting remarks to make, and that is the organization we are anxious to hear about to-night."

Lieut. Tobie said: "I give you as the next toast—

"The Sons of Veterans. We depend upon them to preserve the memories we leave them, and to take our places, should duty call."

"I have the pleasure of introducing Gen. F. P. Merrill, Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans."

Mr. Merrill said:

"Mr. Toast-master, ladies and gentlemen, and members of the First Maine Cavalry: Contrary to the experience of the gentleman who has just addressed you, I came here this evening, at the request of President Little, to respond to this toast to the Sons of Veterans. I did not prepare a speech, because I do not feel that I am competent to address a meeting of this kind, composed of old soldiers. I am not a soldier, but I am the son of a soldier. I am not only the son of a soldier, but I am the son of a private soldier. My father went into the army a private; he served four years, and he held his own. I think he did first rate.

"The Sons of Veterans of the United States of America is a body which was organized to perpetuate the memories of the

private soldiers. The officers of the Union army, at the close of the rebellion, formed an association known as the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, to which only officers and their sons and descendants were to be admitted. In the fall of 1881 the order of the Sons of Veterans was formed in Pittsburg, Penn. Our object is to aid the members of the Grand Army of the Republic in their declining years. We all know that their numbers are growing less. If the First Maine Cavalry holds a reunion in ten years from now — and we all hope they will — I venture to say there will be a smaller number present than they have here to-night; but, members of the First Maine Cavalry, you have sons, and, if they do their duty, they will join the Sons of Veterans, and when the 30th of May comes around every year they will strew your graves with flowers, and you will certainly be remembered once a year. We not only admit the sons of veterans, but their grandsons and great-grandsons. We intend to hand down, from generation to generation, the memory of those who sacrificed their lives that the nation might be maintained. We think it a glorious cause.

“I will say, for the benefit of those who may not be posted on the subject, this being a new order, that we are now represented in twenty-five States; we have a membership of eleven thousand, although we have been organized practically but little over a year, as the first year’s growth was very small. We hope before another year to have a membership of between fifty and seventy-five thousand.

“I thank you, Mr. President, for the honor conferred upon me to-night, but there are many old soldiers here who are better qualified to entertain, and to whose speeches I had much rather listen than to make any further remarks myself.”

Lieut. Tobie said: “The next toast we offer you is—

“The Paymaster. Often heard of, always wished for, but seldom seen.”

“I have the pleasure of introducing to you, to respond to this toast, Maj. J. D. Pulsifer, who served as paymaster in the army.”

Maj. Pulsifer said:

"Mr. Toast-master: I notice, among those present, some young ladies of Auburn who have been quite busy this evening. I have often seen them at their work at the Auburn High School, and have counseled them when they spoke to fill the room that they spoke in. I am afraid they will now have an opportunity to return the compliment and say to me, 'Fill the room.' I do not feel that I have voice enough to-night to fill this hall.

"Certainly, Mr. Toast-master, this is entirely unexpected. You know very well that I had no thought of making a speech; I never made one in my life. I remember when in school, under Dr. Tefft, your first chaplain, whom we are very glad to see here this evening, of reading an apology by one of the Roman historians, who certainly did not need any apology for the quality of his work; he apologized for a man who did not act himself but only recorded the exploits of others. I am one of those who never acted as a speech-maker. The apology he made was that he thought it was not discreditable to write the doings of others, even if he did not do anything himself worthy of being recorded. And it has been my business, as you know, to record the speeches of others, never having made one myself. To carry the parallel a little further, I would say it was my business in the army not to fight, but pay those who did fight; and they always seemed very well pleased with my services in that direction; certainly it was very pleasing to me. Though it was not my good fortune to have the pay-rolls of the First Maine Cavalry, I always felt an interest in that regiment on account of friends in it, yourself, Mr. President, and you, Mr. Toast-master, among the number. I also had a brother, a private in Co. D, whom the rebels honored by two bullets in his person, and by furnishing him quarters for a time in Libby Prison. I did have the pleasure of seeing Charles H. Smith, Col. and Brevet Maj. General, at Fort Monroe, where I was having charge of paying mustered-out men. He had seldom seen the paymaster, and I think I paid him near \$300—a good deal of money to pay at one time. I have a good voucher for it, I have no doubt.

"I will say that it was my good fortune—I thought it so then—to see something of fighting service, although I did not

take a hand at it myself; and although counting myself a coward and afraid of danger, I almost wonder now at the position in which I found myself. I remember once, with the 13th Indiana, in front of Petersburg—I do not know whether you were ever associated with them—I was paying where the shells were flying quite freely around, and they were quite amused at my surprise at the vicinity of the shells. I considered it no disgrace for me to dodge, because it was not my duty to show courage, but only to honor the courage of others.

“We regret the absence this evening of our Governor, Paymaster Robie, whom I used to meet in the service. He is not here this evening; but he has been well spoken for by Mr. Councillor Bolster. I will not make any further draft upon your patience, but close with my best wishes for the First Maine Cavalry.”

Lieut. Tobie said: “The next toast we offer is—

“‘The Ladies. The First Maine Cavalry was a better regiment, and its members were better soldiers, by reason of the cheering and patriotic letters they received from their mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives.’

“I have the pleasure of calling upon County Attorney A. R. Savage, to respond to this toast.”

Mr. Savage said:

“Mr. Toast-master, members of the First Maine Cavalry, and ladies and gentlemen: I have before now had some difficult tasks assigned me, but I never had one that was quite equal to the present. I think, sir, you must have made some mistake. I supposed it was the invariable rule on occasions like this to call upon an unmarried man to respond for the ladies. You see an unmarried man can speak out frankly and freely, and nobody is hurt; but a married man, you see, doesn't dare to; at least, I shouldn't dare to.

“Now there are some folks who are always loaded with an after-dinner speech; I am not; I do not go off so easily as some folks do. I came down here intending to be good to-night; I had resolved that I would not eat anything after I got here, but they got me down here beside Major Hill, and he got to telling

me about the ice-creams they had out in front of Richmond. He said, I think, that they had but two meals a day; breakfast they went without, I believe; and the result was that I got to eating heartily of ice-cream. I had resolved, also, that I would not say anything to-night, but I find that my good resolution was of no avail.

“What can I say for the ladies? Mr. Toast-master, you who were at the front; you who participated in the more than one hundred battles which are named upon the walls; you, who stood under shot and shell and fought bravely and well for your country and your flag, know something of courage; you know something of faithfulness; you know something of persistence; but let me say to you, who fought as I have said and won the battles of our country and saved this nation, that you do not begin to know what the real, highest, truest bravery is. You stood there, shoulder to shoulder with your comrades; you had the inspiration of the moment; you were laboring under the excitement of the occasion; you fought well; but let me say to you, it took the highest and noblest courage for those who stayed at home, your mothers and your sisters, your wives and your sweet-hearts, who bade you go to the front, and bade you God speed, and told you to fight and fight to the end; for those who stayed in silence in your homes, waiting and fearing, and half expecting every day to hear that you were dead. I tell you that there was bravery, and there was courage that you never equalled.

You veterans have come home; you enjoy year by year as they go by, recounting the victories of the past; you rejoice, many of you, in health and strength; but there are those who mourn to-night, whose hearts swell with pangs of grief, and to whose eyes the tears unbidden start at the memory of loved ones who went forth with you and have never returned. They have borne their burden cheerfully; they have borne it well. And when the record shall at last be wholly written of the deeds of the War of the Rebellion, there will be no higher tales of suffering, there will be no grander examples of courage and constancy, than those of the women who suffered as no other women ever suffered since the world began that our country might be preserved.

"Mr. Toast-master, I thank you for this opportunity of violating my resolution."

Lieut. Tobie said: "I have no apologies to make. We purposely neglected to notify any of the speakers this evening, because we remembered with how much more vim we went into an engagement if we did not have an hour's previous notice. We are satisfied with the experiment. I have one more toast, and I will ask comrades to rise as this toast is being responded to:

"Our honored dead. Their memory is ever blessed."

The toast was responded to by a quartette, Misses Noyes and Brown, and Messrs. Harlow and Hackett, all of Auburn. The quartette rendered "Rest, Soldier, Rest," with the entire audience on its feet.

The regular toasts being completed, President Little said:

"Let us pause at this time and remember one of those who have more recently left us. During this year this association has lost one of its most valued members, and one of its most enthusiastic workers, Maj. John D. Myrick. I will call upon Gen. Cilley to offer a tribute to the memory of Maj. Myrick."

Gen. Cilley said:

"In that beautiful testimonial on the death of a soldier, Sir John Moore, occur these lines:

"Few and short were the prayers we said;
We spoke not a word of sorrow;
But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow."

"Something of the same feeling comes over us at this hour as it has time and again when our comrades were called suddenly from our ranks to add to those of heaven.

"There is now no dim feeling of uncertainty of the 'morrow' as there was in war times, which caused us to wait breathlessly for the light of another day.

"We make now our plans for the morrow with as much confidence as for the next minute. Yet we are well aware that our

lives are hurrying forward. We know that they are moving; moving on with rapid, never-ceasing pace towards that wide, wide sea that rolls round all the world, whose mysterious depths must ere long close over and envelope us.

"We look into its depths as we miss them and ask, 'Do the dead never look back and regret?' and the answer rises in our hearts,

"The valiant are constant and tender,
And honor can never forget."

"Just one year ago Maj. Myrick stood before us in the vigor and strength of his manhood. Time and again have I heard it expressed to-day that not a member of our organization shows better promise of life to-day than he did on that day a year ago; and, as we pay a tribute to his memory, through it all runs the assurance that our regiment is being recruited on the other side. We gain not in numbers here; no recruits join our ranks; every departing brother increases the vast majority that stands beyond. And we have authority, almost, from the Holy Writ to speak of them as 'an army, glorious with banners.'

"The son of a distinguished physician, fresh from the halls of Harvard, he recruited his section of Company K along on the seashore of Lincoln County, and brought it to our camp at Augusta.

"It may have been that the salt winds of the shores of ancient Pemaquid did not mingle readily with the fresh breezes from the pine-clad hills of Aroostook, and a storm centre was formed over that part of our regiment, which Maj. Myrick characterized as 'fighting K company'—a company wherein fifty-six of its men laid down their lives on the altar of their country. I call to mind no other company of the twelve which suffered so severely.

"The history of Co. K is largely the military history of Maj. Myrick. In the legend of the life of the swan it is asserted that, when about to die, the sweetest song is the last it sings. So in the memory of this association, with well-rounded sentences, exuberant in words and bristling with facts, Maj. Myrick one year ago sung his song of Co. K. Prophetic it

was, melodious it must have been, for it held the true essence of song, in that the major's delight went forth with the effort.

“The song that from the heart is poured
Is in itself a rich reward.”

“During our four years of active service Maj. Myrick was with us. Leaving out Middletown and Winchester, in which only five companies participated, and the chaplet of Aldie, Middleburg, Upperville and Gettysburg won by Capt. Ford, you can hardly name a battle, you can hardly call to mind a campaign, a winter of exposure and picket, in which Maj. Myrick did not render honorable service and efficient work.

“His military form and bearing impressed themselves on his company, and I can emphatically say that the standing of Co. K and its very military appearance were due in a large measure to the military bearing and appearance of its commander.

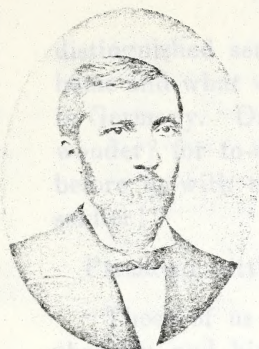
“I would fain linger longer on his military history, but his own last utterances in the history of Co. K tell all the facts with a fullness of utterance and eloquence that was the genius and joy of our departed comrade.

“His career since the close of the war has been most creditable and useful. He served with distinction in the regular army for some years as an officer of cavalry, and was only drawn from its honors by the attractions of household and home life, created by a happy marriage to an accomplished member of the well-known Fuller family, of Augusta.

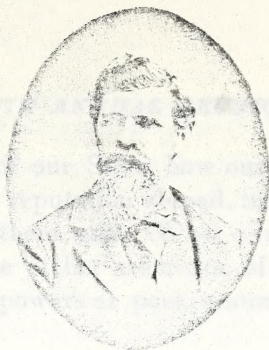
“He was successfully engaged in business at Augusta; was for a time Librarian for the State of Maine, and afterwards Chief Clerk in the United States Pension Office. In church and society affairs he was esteemed and honored. For some years he was Commander of the G. A. R. Post at Augusta, and for one year Department Commander of Maine.

“To his efforts was due largely the success of our first reunion, and his voice and efforts have contributed to the success and enjoyment of each of our subsequent gatherings.

“I will close by calling to mind a tribute rendered to him by the Russian officers who were present at our reunion at Augusta in 1878, when they had been hearing of our regiment from a



Corp. HERMON R. GREEN, Co. M.
Cambridge, Mass.



MONROE DAGGETT, Co. I.
Capt. 11th Maine.
Cœur d'Alene, Idaho.

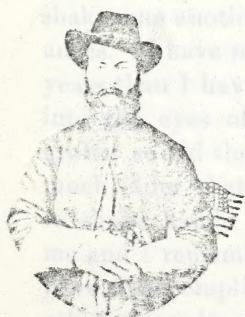


Bugler ALFRED PIERCE,
Arlington, Mass.

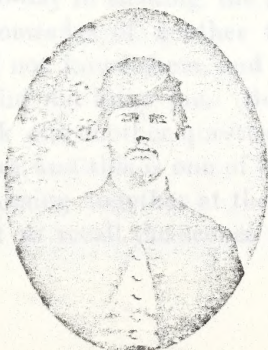


Leut. WINFIELD S. COLLINS
Co. E. Killed at Boynton
Plank Road, Oct. 27, 1864.

Sergt. JAMES J. GRAY



WILLIAM O. MCFARLAND, Co. B.
Brunswick.



NATHANIEL L. OWEN, Co. M.
2d Band.



Corp. GUSTAVUS MCCLURE,
Deceased.

distinguished senator of our State, how our regiment stood at home and what was its reputation abroad, in Scotland and even in Germany. One of them said, 'What a regiment! and why wonder? for to-day one of her members, Maj. Myrick, stands before us with triune powers as poet, orator and accomplished soldier!'

President Little said :

"Those of us who went out in 1861 will remember our first chaplain, and his many deeds of kindness to us. I have the pleasure now of introducing Dr. Teft, the first chaplain of the First Maine Cavalry."

Dr. Teft said :

"It is always a pleasure to me to be present at the reunions of this regiment. I have not had the opportunity now for some years, and I am very glad to be here to-day. I am always rejoiced to meet with this regiment, because I know it; I knew it well in the time of the war, and I know it will bear the affection that I hold towards it. I can freely speak of its bravery, of its manliness, of its courage, of its faithfulness, because I was not a fighting member of it.

"Mr. President and Comrades, why do we meet every year? I have been thinking of this question while sitting here, listening to the eloquent speeches that have been made here in your presence to-night. Why do we take the pains to leave our homes and travel through the country to assemble once a year, as we have assembled here to-day? I answer: First, it is to shake one another's hands; we like to renew our old acquaintances. I have not known a more cheerful day for at least three years than I have had to-day in shaking the hands and looking into the eyes of my comrades of another time. Some have grown so old that I did not know them, and I have grown so much older that they did not know me. But since we began to shake hands and ask one another questions they remember me and I remember them, and this is one of the objects that we have to accomplish in coming together at these reunions. Another thing is, we want to recall the scenes through which we

passed. I do not propose to speak of them here to-night; many of them are suggested by the names that are written upon the wall. Those scenes were not always bloody, either; they were not always sad; sometimes we had fun and frolic, and a good deal of nonsense, and the nonsense was the very best wisdom of the whole. These battles tell of blood and carnage; but we had our times of sport; we had our games, and especially we had our conversations and our free times. We like to recall those scenes; we like to tell one another our experiences in the war, and tell over our old stories; they will never get really old; they are always new when we undertake to tell them.

"There is another thing that we do when we get together at these reunions; we review the work that we did for our country. I cannot stand here and look into these brave men's faces without recalling to my mind what was accomplished largely through your bravery; I cannot forget what you did. I look over the whole country, and see that you are a part of that wonderful enterprise so wonderfully accomplished in the salvation of our country. You, with others, reunited our country, reunited it as a geographical portion of this globe. When it was severed by rebellion you remember that the dividing line cut right across rivers and lakes; you remember that it divided the country without reference to natural boundaries or the various modes of transportation throughout the country. Our country could not have survived, thus severed, any more than a man could live with his body cut in two. There was the great Mississippi river. Every bushel of grain that should have gone down that stream must halt at a certain point and pay duties; and so with other navigable streams. Our whole country was to be cut in two and divided forever. We did our part of the work in putting this country together again when it was thus divided, geographically uniting it and making it one country again. This was certainly a very great work; a work which, perhaps, few of us have studied enough to know its magnitude and importance.

"Then, again, there is another thing that our army accomplished: we reunited the people of the country. We were divided; we were a southern people and a northern people.

They had a great deal to say against us, and we had a great deal to say against them. They didn't like us, and we didn't waste a great deal of love on them. They alienated themselves from us, and we alienated ourselves from them. They looked upon us as another country; we looked upon them as trying to make another country of their own. Two peoples were living upon this territory. Now we are a reunited whole. And now the old love has returned. The northern people love the southern people, and the southern people love the northern people; and I trust and hope and pray that the time will never come when we shall love one another less.

“There is one other thing that the war accomplished. We reunited the government, the grandest government on the globe. We had two governments, one at Richmond and another at Washington, neighboring cities once belonging to the same State, or nearly so; and here they were establishing or undertaking to establish an opposition to our government in a near city, thus cutting in two the power of our population, thus making two where only one could exist. One was to be a slave country, and the other a free country. The slaves, of course, would always be running away from the slave country. Our free nation would always be accused of stealing the negroes and carrying them off. There would always have been trouble. For fifteen hundred miles through our country the line would be run, with the slaves on this side and no slaves on the other, and there would have been continual warfare. We could not have had peace six months in any year. In the courts and out of courts, on the line and away from the line on either side, there would have been strife continually. Now the war has blotted all that out. The war has made us once more a Union, a united country.

“In the second or third year of the war, when I was bound for Europe the first time, on board the steamer was an Alabama gentleman who was going abroad on a commission for his confederacy, and in conversation with an Englishman on board he spoke of his country. The Englishman turned upon him and he said, ‘Where is your country?’ ‘Why, the United States of America,’ replied the Alabama gentleman. ‘Oh, no,’ said the

Englishman; 'it is the disunited States of America; you have no country; you will either swallow up the North, or the North will swallow up you; you have no country, and you have no right to speak of your country; you have got to go abroad to find one.' The Alabama gentleman had a good deal of pluck in his nature, and he told the Englishman, in the presence of perhaps fifty passengers, that if he did not take back those words he would knock him into the sea, and he went at him as if he was going to accomplish that threat in about half a second. 'Well,' said the Englishman, 'then I will beg your pardon.' So he took it back.

"Now the result is, that we have reunited the country. We were a disunited union at that time, but the war has made us one; we have now one President, one Congress, one seat of government, and we are one people again; and I hope and pray to God that we may remain so forever.

"Now, Mr. President and Comrades, I will speak of one thing more. We have re-established liberty. It was not because we wanted to fight and kill the people of the South that we did fight; it was not because we were outraged in feeling simply; but every man that went to war went for a principle. Every man that went from the North to the South and fought the battles of the country went there for an object. I know that I had one in my heart, and I know that you had it in your hearts. We went there because, if this country was divided, if the population should be divided and kept divided, the liberty of this country, on which we based our pride in it chiefly, would have been crippled, and perhaps obliterated in the end; that liberty towards which the oppressed people of all nations are to-day looking; that liberty which brings the Irishman and the German and the Scandinavian to our shores to rest under our flag in security and comfort. Now we have established the liberty of this country. It is as safe and as strong as the forest oak; it will stand and flourish forever. All the people of the globe can come and sit under its shade, and be happy as we are happy.

"Mr. President, I hope the time will never come when we shall have to fight these battles over again. All these veterans know as well as I do, and a great deal better, what it has cost

to accomplish all these things to which I have just carelessly referred. I hope, I will repeat, that there will never be occasion for another such war. But, sir, let me say, in my old age, that if there should ever come a time when this battle has to be fought over again, I hope that we shall stand to our guns as we did in that other day. Whether it be an internal enemy or an external one, let us strike for freedom, for our country. Let us do as we are instructed to do by our great poet, when that day shall come, if it ever does come; let us —

“Strike for our altars and our fires;
Strike for the green graves of our sires;
Strike till the last armed foe expires;
For God and our native land.’ ”

Comrade E. S. Johnson said:

“I wish simply to say that the First Maine Cavalry was the only regiment that ever had a chaplain killed in the war. The chaplain who succeeded the gentleman who has just taken his seat was shot and killed at Cold Harbor. He went right to the front and encouraged us to go forward, and he was the only one of us that was killed in that battle. His patriotic heart would not permit him to be idle when there was work to be done for his country. I believed at that time, and believe now, that it was a holy war, and its results were attained through the Almighty hand and arm. When that chaplain was sent to us, after Dr. Teft left, I remember at one time we were having a prayer meeting in my tent one Friday night, and I went over to him and said, ‘Here is a Bible and hymn book; we are having meetings in my tent every Friday night and every Tuesday night, and we are glad to welcome you here.’ He read a chapter in the Bible and we sung a hymn, and then we repeated passages which suggested themselves to us and prayed, thinking of our homes in Maine, and our other home. It was but a few days after this that that man went to the front at Cold Harbor, and gave his life for what he believed to be a sacred cause. There can be no higher source of gratitude and pride to any American citizen than to know that he was a soldier in that army which has accomplished such grand results. I thank God

that the life of this Union was preserved ; that the glorious principle of liberty prevailed. I thank God that I am permitted to enjoy this reunion, to revive the spirit of patriotism in my heart, and to meet so many of my old comrades in the enjoyment of health and strength."

President Little said :

"We have with us this evening one of the men who went out to care for the health of those of us who might need his services. Many of us found him a friend indeed, at Antietam, at South Mountain, at Culpepper, and at other places. I will call upon Ex-Gov. Garcelon."

Dr. Garcelon said :

"I did not expect to be called upon to say a word here to-night, but I am always happy to meet any members of the First Maine Cavalry. A generation has passed since my first acquaintance with the regiment. I remember its appearance at the first drill it ever undertook under the command of the famous Col. John Goddard. I remember well, likewise, its condition during its winter quarters at Augusta in the winter of 1861 and 1862 ; and I remember still better my next meeting with the regiment after it left Augusta, in the little town of Waterloo, I think, in the vicinity of the Sulphur Springs in Virginia, and on the march to Culpepper a day or two afterwards, and four or five days after meeting it out on the picket line just at the foot of Cedar Mountain ; and I remember well the condition of affairs on that afternoon when some 1800 of our soldiers were put *hors de combat* either by being killed or wounded. I remember well the unfortunate march from Culpepper back to Washington from what was called the second Bull Run. I remember well its march up through Maryland to the bloody field of Antietam. And I remember, too, Mr. President, the night of the fight at South Mountain, when we fell back to Middleburg, and I was appointed as one of the operating surgeons ; and of my friends keeping guard over me a day or two after, when I was in the discharge of my duty. I remember many of the incidents which occurred at that time in the summer of 1864, when you were

commencing the bloody march from Brandy Station through the Wilderness and on to Appomattox. I met members of the regiment under many and various circumstances, and I had very many of your comrades in my charge during those four years that you were in the service. It is not an unfrequent thing for me to receive a communication from some member, asking if I do not remember him and the circumstances connected with his sickness.

"During all the time of the war I am happy to say that, in my judgment, there was no regiment of cavalry that acquitted itself with greater honor, or was more faithful to the service of its country; and, so far as my observation goes, since the return of the regiment, its members in the main have conducted themselves as true men and as patriots.

"I am not here, gentlemen, to-night, to make a speech. I am here simply by invitation to meet members of this regiment in this social reunion. I can but contrast the feast that is set before you to-night with the fare which we received during many of those marches which I have mentioned.

"Although I was not associated with your regiment as a member thereof, it was my fortune to have a general charge of the medical department of this State, and I, of course, had an opportunity of knowing the condition not only of your regiment, but of all the regiments that went from this State; and I am glad that there are so many of you that are enabled to meet here to-night in this social gathering.

"You have already been told some of the results which have been brought about by the contest of the rebellion; and, whatever may be said with regard to that matter, it cannot be portrayed too vividly; and yet I have this one word to say, that the causes which produced the rebellion have not all ceased. In the language of one of the distinguished citizens of America, the Hon. William Seward, 'There is an irrepressible conflict between slavery and liberty,' and the rebellion, let me say, did not put an end to that conflict. The spirit of slavery exists to-day, not only in other countries, but in this country; and as liberty must always be the price of eternal vigilance, it becomes each and all of us to look well about us, to see that we are not

enslaved in some other way than by a system of laws such as enslaved the black man and made him the tool and chattel of the South.

"Gentlemen, I hope those of you who are members of the First Maine Cavalry may live to a good old age, and that we may have an opportunity of greeting you often upon occasions like this."

President Little said :

"Comrades, this is getting to be rather serious. Our regiment has produced all sorts of men, and Co. K I think the funniest; I am happy to introduce to you Comrade Menander Dennett, who I have no doubt will amuse you."

Comrade Dennett produced roars of laughter by his recital of Mark Twain's story of "Jim Wolfe and the Cats," and, in response to an encore, recited "How Ruby Played," in his inimitable style.

The quartette followed with "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

President Little said :

"During the fall of 1863 our regiment was sent out on a scouting expedition towards the Blue Ridge. Unbeknown to us, the two corps of Jackson and Gen. A. P. Hill, of the rebel army, moved in between us and the union army, so that, upon our return at night, we ran upon their pickets and had to go around some distance before we joined our forces. While we were cautiously proceeding on our way we came across an encampment, about two o'clock in the morning, and we were uncertain whether they were union or rebel troops. So our kind friend Maj. Thaxter volunteered to go into the camp and find out who they were. He rode half a mile or so to the camp, where he dismounted, waked up a soldier and asked him what regiment that was. 'The 12th,' he said. '12th what?' asked the major. 'The 12th Virginia, you damned fool,' was the reply. The major left. I will call upon Maj. Thaxter to continue the story."

Maj. Thaxter said :

“Mr. President and Comrades, it gives me great pleasure to meet so many of you here this evening. It gives me great pleasure to meet so many ladies and gentlemen of this fair city of Auburn ; and I am very glad to meet these young ladies and these youths. Such a meeting as this ought to be a source of instruction to these boys, for here are some of the men that helped make the history that you are studying in your schools. It is a matter of surprise to me when I meet young men, and think that they were born and have grown up since the war closed. It tells me how rapidly time is passing ; and when I find at these reunions, year after year, that, since the last one, two, three or four of my comrades have passed away, I am impressed with the thought that we are rapidly approaching the time when but few of us will meet at these reunions. It fell to the lot of those of us who were members of the First Maine Cavalry to come into manhood in one of the greatest epochs of the world's history. I think no decade can be picked out since Christ was upon the earth that was so full of momentous events, of the fulfilments of the immutable purposes of God, than those ten years from 1860 to 1870. Some of the results of that war have been recounted to you by the reverend gentleman who spoke early in the evening. He has told you of the reunited country and the reconstructed country, and the great material prosperity that resulted from the war ; and my friend over the way, whose voice I was glad to hear, rose and told us of that greatest and most important event in the earth's history, in which we were actors, and which, till my dying day, I shall regard as one of the proudest things that I ever had the honor to participate in, — the unshackling of four millions of colored people.

“These battles that you see named upon the walls are, many of them, unfamiliar to you ; very few of them have passed into history ; but they mean very much to us. Many of them were but skirmishes ; but it was the incessant skirmishing of the First Maine Cavalry which thinned its ranks and sent a large part of our comrades into the other world. Many of these engagements

that you see named here were very severe upon our regiment. I recall some of them to mind: Aldie, Middleburg, Upperville, following close upon each other, were perhaps three of the most spirited engagements that our regiment participated in. What a host of memories they bring back of the comrades that have left us! There are no friendships that we form on earth that compare with those formed with our comrades in this regiment. I recollect the faces of many of those that went down in those engagements: Col. Douty, Kimball, Neville, Taylor of Co. M, — all men of wonderful power of mind and body.

“Our President has narrated an incident which, perhaps, it will be well for me to refer to. One of the most important reconnoissances, I think, that was ever made by any regiment during our war, or during any war, was that to which he has referred; it was important in its long continuance, in the fatigue endured by man and beast, and perhaps important in its results to the commanding officer of our army. It was not in the great battles that are so well known in history that the cavalry regiments saw their severest service; it was in their long protracted reconnoissances, in their raids, in their picketings, in their bivouacs, in all the daily routine of army life. It was these that told upon men and showed what kind of soldiers there were in this regiment.

“Our President has given the substance of the story which he has asked me to tell you. Gen. Meade was in doubt where the rebel army was, and of course it was necessary to ascertain. Early one bright, crispy October morning, when everything was beautiful and bright, we left our camp. I remember of noticing how clearly defined were the outlines of the Blue Ridge as we marched towards it. When we reached Little Washington we sent a detachment ahead while the rest of us rested there. When the detachment returned we took up our march back, not knowing that anything had interposed in our rear to interfere with our returning the way we came. About ten o'clock at night we reached a place called Amisville, where we found our passage intercepted by Hill's corps, so we were obliged to make a *détour* to get by them. About two o'clock in the morning we saw before us a large number of fires, which I took to be

the camp-fires of our troops, and I supposed that all we had to do was to proceed, and that we would soon meet our own pickets in the road. The colonel was of a more cautious turn of mind, and was quite unwilling to have his command go on. I, without any knowledge that he intended to halt, went ahead with the advance guard, expecting every moment that we should meet our pickets in the road. Soon the advance guard stopped; but I, in my confidence that I was soon to meet our own troops, kept on. Not meeting any pickets in the road, when I got opposite the encampment I turned into the field where it was and went towards it. The first sight of the encampment, the horses and their accoutrements, convinced me that I was in the wrong camp; but, in order to make sure, I rode up beside a man, who had a shelter tent thrown over him, for it was a chill October morning, and I endeavored to wake him, but he was very soundly asleep and I could not wake him. I rode a short distance on to another one and shook him and spoke to him, and finally succeeded in waking him. He was very cross to think he had been waked. I asked him what regiment it was. He said 'the 12th.' I asked him, 'The 12th what?' There was but one of the Southern States that sent twelve regiments of cavalry into the field, and he was somewhat surprised at my question, and not wishing to be further bothered, he said, 'The 12th Virginia, you damned fool.' I told him it was all right, and turned to leave. Just then a sentinel in the camp shouted to me to halt; but it was dark, and I knew there would be no danger in my attempting to leave the camp, and I did so. As soon as I regained the road I went on at as rapid a pace as a horse that had been thirty hours under the saddle could go. I found the colonel about where I had left the advance guard, making arrangements with a couple of men to go up to this camp and find out who they were. I said to him, 'Colonel, that is the 12th Virginia up there.' He had no occasion for the services of those men, and we immediately turned off to our left and made another *détour*, going around the town of Warrenton. This part of the country was very familiar to us, and ten o'clock the next day brought us to our friends. The colonel immediately sent to headquarters and reported the results of the

reconnaissance to the general in command, who, I have no doubt, regarded it as important information. I am sorry that I have taken so much time in relating this ; but really I consider this one of the most remarkable reconnaissances of the war, in the length of time the men were in the saddle, showing the ability not only of the men of the regiment, but of the horses, to endure fatigue. I have often thought if somebody would write a history of the achievements of the horses in the war, it would be interesting."

President Little said :

"We have a gentleman here who has a deep interest in this regiment. He gave to it one of its most gallant officers, and to the State and nation one of its truest patriots. I wish to introduce to you the Rev. Stephen Boothby, father of Lieut. Col. Boothby, who fell at my side at Beaver Dam Station."

Mr. Boothby said :

"Ladies and gentlemen, and members of the First Maine Cavalry: Some of you, perhaps, can imagine something of my feelings in standing here as a substitute for my son, who, I believe, never asked for a substitute while he was living. I should be so happy if he could have been here to address you this evening, but God had otherwise determined ; his work was done, and he went to his long home. I love to think of the members of the First Maine Cavalry. God bless them. I love to meet them and shake hands with them, for I feel that I am shaking the hands of good soldiers and true men. When I hear the name of the First Maine Cavalry mentioned, there is a feeling of pride springing up in my heart for the honor you did the State and the benefit you did to the nation. My heart glows with gratitude when I call to mind the part that you acted in saving this nation, and in insuring to us and our wives and our daughters the liberties that we enjoy to-night. I like the way that you celebrate your reunions, that you do it in a civil manner, unlike many other regiments. I feel a deep interest in your welfare. I am happy to say that I believe the soldiers had implicit confidence in their officers, that if they got them into

difficulty they would always get them out again, and the officers had implicit confidence in the soldiers that they could do the work which they laid upon them. This will appear, if we go back to Aldie, where the noble Douty fell. Kilpatrick was trying to hold the ground against Stewart's cavalry; regiment after regiment had been broken and discomfited. As I read the history, at this moment Col. Douty appeared upon the scene; Col. Kilpatrick rode up to him and asked him if he could do anything with the First Maine Cavalry to help them. Col. Douty said they would do their duty. 'Well,' said Col. Kilpatrick, 'I wish you would hold them while I re-form these regiments;' and, as they went forth, the historian says it was one of the grandest sights imaginable. As they marched on, they met confused horses running to and fro without riders, men on foot trying to escape, the rebel army following them and cutting down men and killing horses. But as soon as Col. Douty met them the scene was changed; the enemy were driven to the foot of the hill, then up over the summit and over beyond into the woods, when Douty's command returned, having lost but few men. This shows me the confidence they had in each other.

"If Col. Cilley is here, he will pardon me if I mention his name in connection with another incident at Stony Creek, when the rebels were on one side of that little creek and our men on the other. Two regiments of cavalry and one of infantry were marching up the hill towards the First Maine Cavalry; and when they came near, a volley of bullets went through your ranks; and amid the noise and confusion Col. Cilley cried out, 'Charge, charge!' and you drove them back, and thus caused a peace for the day. This I mention to illustrate the confidence which I believe the soldiers had in the officers, and the officers in the soldiers.

"I think no other regiment ever accomplished so much of this kind of work, not only in these two places, but in many other places which might be mentioned. You were true men, true from Cedar Mountain to Appomattox. Who ever heard of a traitor in your regiment? And so, my friends, I greet you to-night; I thank you, and I am heartily gratified that I have

the pleasure of meeting you, and meeting you in the enjoyment of health and the liberty you fought to maintain."

President Little said:

"We have with us to-night one of our number who has been residing in the South since the war, and we shall be glad to hear from him. I call upon Comrade Shehan."

Dr. Shehan said:

"Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry: It is customary on occasions like this for the speaker to say that he did not expect to be called upon; but such is not my case. Indeed, I have had the greatest difficulty in holding my peace. I suppose I have been called upon partly to explain a remark that I made on the street to-day. I inadvertently said that perhaps there was no man in the First Maine Cavalry that killed so many southerners as I did; and that needs explanation. I was a physician, and practised in a southern town five years. (Laughter.)

"Now I want to show you a little relic of the march to Gettysburg. I have brought with me the first and only flag that I ever saw in the hands of a southerner waved in welcome to the First Maine Cavalry. That flag was waved from a window in the town of Westminster. Past it Lee's army marched to defeat; past it the First Maine Cavalry marched to victory at Gettysburg. I went back to that town and got acquainted with the gentleman that owned that flag, and I was so delighted with his loyalty, with his adherence to the government, that I married his fairest daughter. And I have brought up here, as a certificate of that marriage, a boy, thirteen years old, the son of a member of the First Maine Cavalry and of a loyal daughter of the South. I wanted him to see the men that followed after Sheridan in his raid upon Richmond. I wanted him to look into the faces of the men who, although they were begrimed with war, could yet shed tears when Douty fell at Aldie. I wanted him to see the men that accomplished what never was accomplished before in military operations when they charged upon the earthworks and succeeded in driving the

enemy out of the two outer defences of Richmond, and who would have entered the city but for the approach of night.

“Now I ask you, what is the meaning of these names upon the wall? Why was it necessary that we should engage the enemy at so many places, in order to accomplish the great work that we did? Is it not a testimony to the bravery of the men whom we fought? If you have achieved a name for valor, was it not because the men who fought against you were true to their cause, were equal in valor with ourselves? While I have no sympathy with the rebellion, I should like to show the men of the South that we are generous as well as brave. I have lived many years among the people of the South, and have known them; and I can stand up here and tell you that when politicians tell you that the spirit of rebellion is rife in the South, it is false, and I know it. When they stand up and tell you that the spirit of slavery is in the land, I know it is not true. My wife’s people were the largest slave owners in the State of Maryland, and throughout the South I have become acquainted with men who were the owners of slaves, and what do they say? Invariably, ‘We had a cancer that we could not cut out; we had a sore that we could not get rid of; we are glad that it went as it did.’ I have yet to see the first confederate soldier that regrets the achievements of the Union arms. They count themselves victors with us since they were conquered by the right. For my part, I should be glad to show to the First Virginia Cavalry, that regiment which so often met us, by extending them an invitation to meet us at Eastport, that the members of the First Maine Cavalry, who crossed sabres with them, have no hard feeling toward them, but that of kindness and brotherly love.”

President Little said:

“We have with us to-night one member of our regiment whom we know only to love as a brother. I will call upon Maj. H. C. Hall.”

Maj. Hall said:

“Mr. President and Comrades: I certainly regret to have to

refuse to acknowledge to you this evening how much I am indebted to citizens and comrades of Auburn. But I feel that it would be out of place for me to make any extended remarks at this time, for I perceive that all present have become wearied. My early education was sadly neglected, so far as extemporaneous speaking, at least, is concerned; but in my leisure moments I have prepared some incidents of the war, and with your permission I will read a brief sketch; it is entitled,

“THE ‘CHIT WHEEL.’

“Our first field service was in Miles’ railroad brigade, and our first duties were in guarding the West Virginia division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, over which passed, at that time, the early spring of ’62, the greater part of the supplies for our large and increasing armies about Washington and in Virginia. Our company was stationed at Martinsburg, then a notable hot-bed of secession and treason. As many of the men were already in the rebel armies, the women boldly came forward and assumed the duties of perpetuating the treasonable sentiments that had already involved the nation in civil war. Few of them were wanting the courage of their convictions, and they seemed to esteem it a privilege to make known their rebellious natures, especially in the presence of Union soldiers, whenever an opportunity was offered. They loved and cherished the new confederacy, which had guaranteed to them the ‘divine institution,’ with all its attendant blessings and holy influences, as intensely as they hated the old government and its volunteer defenders.

“The following incidents illustrate something of the character and practices of the female secesh in the early days of the war, and also something of the unlawful and mischievous acts of roguish Yankee soldiers when free from the immediate restraints of military discipline.

“After lying in camp several days, and having a good record, Sergt. C. and a comrade had permission to visit the town, and to be absent until sunset. The day chanced to be cloudy and dark, with an occasional shower of rain to add to its unpleasantness; but the hearts of the boys were made light and their

steps elastic by the large supply of accumulated curiosity they had to gratify before they should return. Suitably armed with proper passes, they quickly walked up the main street and were soon enjoying the sights in this haughty old borough. When it must have been nearly noon, and they had made the tour of the town and were leisurely walking up the main street again, their attention was turned to a well-dressed, middle-aged lady coming down the street in front of them, who, when she was about to meet them, suddenly stopped, turned her face to the wall, and thus stood, back to them and to the street, until they were well past her, when she turned again and resumed her way. The boys thought this a singular freak of feminine modesty, else she must be an escaped subject of a lunatic asylum who feared recognition and apprehension, and they turned and watched her further. In a moment she came to the provost-marshal's office, where a flag, the stars and stripes, was suspended from a second-story window over the sidewalk, in front of the office door. Her quick eye caught its waving folds before she passed beneath it, and she stopped again. She gave it a scornful look, and, with a violent shaking of her head, exclaimed in tones so loud as to be heard by all about her: 'No; I won't! I won't! I won't!'

"The scene was now getting interesting. To go under it she would not; to go over it she could not; to retreat with so many eyes upon her she dare not. One way only remained—to take to the street and go around it, and this she did not hesitate to do. She quickly mounted the curbstone, and raising her dress higher and gathering it closer about her, bravely leaped into the soft mud more than ankle deep, and waded around the hated flag to the sidewalk again, and, with head erect and step majestic, once more resumed her way.

"The boys resolved that she must be a secession maniac, and decided to follow her further and ascertain more of her nature and habits. She turned the first corner, and they soon saw her enter a respectable dwelling not far up the street. In a moment after she entered they were at the door. A rap brought a servant, whom they, unbidden, followed to the sitting-room, which was then without occupants, where they, uninvited, took and

occupied the best seats. The servant, frightened at the bold appearance of her uncouth callers, fled to her mistress, who was doubtless, at this time, making needed changes in her wardrobe. Soon, however, a vinegary-looking individual of the female persuasion appeared at the door, whom they readily recognized as the crazy secesh they had seen on the street.

"The knowledge of the presence of Yankee soldiers in her house mortified and maddened her exceedingly, but the sight of the hateful creatures actually in possession of her best room was more than she could endure.

"The boys rose to greet her respectfully as she came in, but no reciprocal greeting had she for them. In sharpest, cynical tones, expressive of her looks and appearance, she commanded them to leave her house at once, as she would not be insulted by the presence, even, of Yankee soldiers under her roof. The sergeant, who had seen something of the world, and was not easily terrified, was equal to the occasion. He assumed an air of gentlemanly dignity, and, with smooth and kindly words, implored the lady's pardon for what he was sorry to learn was an unwelcome intrusion into the sanctity of her home, and he begged her to be assured that their call was made in no spirit of insult or unkindness, but rather to form acquaintances and associations which might be mutually pleasant and profitable, and which would be gladly recalled when the war should cease and the union be restored; and he assured her, further, that the life and duties of camp had become tiresome, and they felt that a stroll among citizens, even in a strange town, would afford them relaxation and rest; besides, army rations were getting distasteful, and as the southern people, where they were known, were noted for their generosity and hospitality, they hoped to regale their palates with a good civil dinner before they should return; 'and now, madam,' said he, 'if you will be so kind as to furnish us with a little of the staff of life from your well-stocked pantry, you will greatly oblige us, and be assured you will be remembered by us with lasting gratitude.'

This was enough—was too much—was alkali to her ascetic nature. 'Feed a Yankee soldier!' she exclaimed in burning words of most reprehensible contempt, while lightning fires

flashed from her eyes, and her whole frame trembled and shook as though she were the mother of earthquakes. Hot words as from the crater of an active volcano fell furiously and fast until her pent-up rage was spent. Weeping followed her wrathful demonstrations, and when she could give no further utterance to her angered feelings, she reluctantly retired and left them in peaceful possession of the room. When the comrade had recovered somewhat, and sensible of the justice of the stinging rebuke they had received, he whispered to the sergeant, and said, 'Let us go now, sergeant; we will certainly get into trouble, if we haven't already.' 'Not a bit of it,' returned the sergeant, whose accustomed coolness and courage were yet undisturbed; 'I'm going to have some dinner here yet; no woman who hates the old flag shall ever drive me!' 'All right,' said the comrade, gathering courage from the other's coolness, 'I'll stay as long as you.' They seated themselves again, and were busy for a while with the pictures and paintings upon the walls of the well-furnished room; but the time soon began to drag heavily, and their empty stomachs yearned for food.

"It must now be past dinner time for the family; indeed, they could already scent the cooking food. Occasionally she would pass the door, evidently for the purpose of ascertaining if they were yet there. At length the sergeant ventured to ask her the time of day, little expecting a reply; but she did condescend to tell him, in subdued tones, indicating a change in her temper and feelings, that her clock didn't go, but that she thought it must be nearly night. A thought struck the comrade. Anything to delay and enable them to get a dinner, and he said to the sergeant, in tones intended for her ear, 'Perhaps you might fix it for her, sergeant; you know you was a jeweler at home, and used to do such things.' A happy thought, and a happy effect. She stepped back, and half imploringly inquired, 'Are you really a jeweler, sir? and do you think you could fix my clock? I would give anything in the world to have it keep time again, I miss it so much, and we haven't a jeweler in town.' 'Yes,' said the sergeant, who quickly comprehended the situation, 'that was my business before I entered the army, and I presume I could set it all right if I had time;

but it is so late and we are very hungry, and must return to camp at once.' 'O,' she replied, 'it is not so very late yet, and our dinner is all ready to put on to the table. Do wait, and dine with us. I should be *so* glad to have the dear old clock going once more. It is *such* a loss.' She hastened out and ordered the table spread at once, trusting to entrap them with a good warm dinner, that she might have the old clock set in order again. The boys waited very patiently, reading each other's thoughts and exchanging happy smiles. The idea of leaving when the fruits of their waiting were just ready to be grasped! In a few minutes a pale but pleasant female face appeared and announced, 'Dinner is all ready, gentlemen; walk right in this way.' She led, and without further persuasion they followed to the dining-room, where she set them down to a dinner 'fit for a king.' Because it was getting late, at her request they freely helped themselves, and it is needless to say they eminently sustained their voracious reputations. When they had concluded, and the well-spread table was about bare of food, they were ushered into the presence of the silent old clock, — doubtless 'grandfather's clock.' It was an old-fashioned piece, and stood in a corner of the room, occupying all the space from the floor to the ceiling. The sergeant, who had scarcely ever seen the inside of a clock before in his life, softly opened the door of the sacred box, and gave the pendulum a gentle swing, but no tick responded. He gazed at its wonderful works for a moment in apparent study, and then deliberately remarked, weighing each word as it was uttered, 'I think it will have to come down; the trouble is internal.' She nodded assent. He then called for such implements as he thought might be about the house. A nail hammer and a screwdriver were brought him. In a few moments he had all the fastenings removed and the ancient relic in a horizontal position on the floor. The good woman remained with them until this was done, and then, with a semi-mournful look into the upturned face of the dear old time-teller, and a kindly word of caution to the 'jeweler,' who had now won her fullest confidence by his seeming honesty and gentlemanly demeanor, left them for a time to attend to her household duties. The boys now worked like beavers, and in a

short time the complex creature was entirely dissected, the larger parts lying loosely about the floor, and the smaller pieces piled in a promiscuous heap upon the table.

"When this had been done she returned and anxiously inquired if they had ascertained the trouble yet. 'Yes, madam,' said the sergeant, affecting a feeling of satisfaction, 'it is as I expected; the *chit wheel* is gone!' 'Indeed,' she exclaimed, somewhat astonished at the announcement; 'and it can be fixed?' she continued inquiringly. 'O, yes,' said the sergeant, confidently. 'If I had a piece of plate brass and a small file, I could make one in a few minutes; and if you will permit me to send my comrade to the hardware store and the tinsmith's and get them, we will have it up and going in a short time after he returns.' 'Yes, indeed,' she replied; 'let him go at once, for you know just what is wanted. What will be the probable cost?' 'O, but a trifle,' said the sergeant; 'fifty cents will buy them both.'

"The fifty cents—two twenty-five cent pieces, hard money—were willingly brought and trustingly placed in the hands of the 'jeweler,' who took them and, in her presence, gave them to the comrade with suitable instructions, supplemented by a significant wink of the left eye. The comrade departed at once, and was not unmindful of his instructions, particularly that part indicated by the eye. He walked quickly down to the main street, with the silver pieces jingling in his pocket, glad to get out of an unpleasant position so easily, and waited about the corner for the approach of the sergeant, who, he believed, would soon effect his escape. The good lady now sought to entertain her new friend and benefactor until his comrade should return, and in this, for a time, she was successful, for he was an attentive listener—when it was a necessity—and he often added a word to aid her in the further and fuller expression of her thoughts. Occasionally her eyes would instinctively fall upon the scattered remains of the dear old clock, and a glad smile would light up her sad face as she thought of the time when she should again hear the music of its measured tick, tick; look upon its old familiar face once more, and read the minutes as they come and go; and in the silent, sleepless hours of night,

when thoughts are of loved ones on the field braving dangers and enduring hardships, she should hear its sweet bell tones mark the slow-moving time and enliven, cheer and comfort a husbandless home. But, alas, poor woman! The bright dreams of her heavenly confederacy and the fond hopes of her dear old clock were beyond the pale of realization, as she soon sadly learned. When it was time for the comrade to return, the sergeant watched the windows apparently to discover the welcome appearing.

"But no comrade appeared. He grew a little nervous as he saw signs of suspicion of his treachery in the good woman's eyes, but he rallied his mental reserves, and successfully disarmed her and regained his wonted coolness. But the question of his escape was yet unsolved. Soon she began to be uneasy again, and with her uneasiness came also his nervousness. The memory of the morning storm was yet fresh in his mind, and he most earnestly desired to escape before the gathering tempest should burst upon him. He gave her 'taffy,' or what would have been 'taffy' had they had such things in those days, and yet he grew more fearful each moment lest she should esteem it such.

"He must go at once, but how? Should he, a gentleman and a soldier, ignominiously surrender and confess, or should he cowardly retreat, and from whom? 'No,' he said in silence, straightening himself to his full height; 'I'll be no sneak; I'll retire as boldly as I entered, and with her favor, though the old clock is past repair.' A happy thought then struck him! A way of escape was yet open, and she would not suspect him, and with a little effort he regained his self-control. He told her the pass for the two to be absent was written on one and the same paper, and that he had it in his pocket, as he proved to her, by producing and exhibiting a piece of paper with writing on it, — his own pass, — and he told her, with all the earnestness and sincerity he could command, that the other poor fellow, passless, had without doubt been picked up by the provost-guard and placed in confinement, where he must remain in disgrace until the facts in his case could be made known to the provost-marshal of the town, and he begged her to permit him to go and

procure the other's release, which done he could get the file and the brass and return at once, and soon have the old clock restored to life and duty. He appeared so honest in his statements and so earnest in her interest, that she bade him go and return as soon as he could. He gladly departed, and with long strides soon reached the main street, where he found his comrade impatiently waiting his arrival. Each grasped the other's hand, and with a round of good hearty laughter at the success that had attended their *début* into southern society, they set out for camp, wealthier and wiser than when they left in the morning. They reported their return, and in a short time had an eager crowd of comrades listening to the story of their adventures and experiences, all of which were related with an exactness and minuteness that are impossible here to detail, and with a fervor and enthusiasm that only roguish young soldiers can convey. Doubtless the silver pieces are yet retained as souvenirs of the excellent dinner they so much enjoyed.

"The story soon spread through the regiment, scattered as it was, and the hero thereof was thereafter, till his promotion, known as "chit wheel" sergeant. He did not so much enjoy the euphonious prefix to his title as he did the pleasure in relating the facts and circumstances connected with his obtaining it, but he bore it bravely until his commission came and cancelled it.

"What became of the poor woman and her dear old clock, no Yankee ever knew, but her condition and feelings, when she came to realize her situation, can doubtless be better imagined than described. It is probable, however, that no Yankee ever thereafter stole her confidence or ate her dinner; and it is possible, too, that afterward, whenever she chanced to meet a Union soldier, or occasion called her to pass under the old flag, she made herself less conspicuous than on that memorable morning."

President Little said:

"Just at this moment we have a little gap, and the best man I know in the First Maine Cavalry to fill a gap, or make a gap in a piece of pie, is Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, and I will ask him to step forward."

Lieut. Tobie said :

"I have heard of people putting up little jobs on others and getting paid back in the same coin; of people trying to surprise others and being themselves surprised. We tried to-night the plan of getting these people to make speeches without their knowing of it beforehand. If you had notified me that I was to be called upon this evening, I should have tried to prepare something; but, comrades, as it is I will do the best I can."

Lieut. Tobie then read the following original poem :

"HOW TWO CHUMS MET TO-DAY.

"Two comrades met this afternoon,
Who hadn't met before
Since that eventful day in June
Of eighteen sixty-four,
When, at St. Mary's Church, they fought
All through the livelong day,
And though the field was dearly bought,
We held the foe at bay.

"The one was wounded on that day,
And still walks with a cane,
While, as he wends his weary way,
Each step is taken in pain;
The other one was captured, when
They made that charge so bold,
And lived for months in prison pen,
Through sufferings untold.

"To-day these comrades met again —
First time for nineteen years;
They grasped each other's hands, and then
Their eyes quick filled with tears,
As thoughts welled up in either heart
Of days they wore the blue,
And stood up each to do his part —
To flag and country true.

"And then thoughts came of all the years
That passed since last they met,
Of pain and suffering, hopes and fears
In days they can't forget;
And not alone came back the strife
And what to them it brought,
But all the toils and cares of life
Came rushing into thought.

"'Twas moments ere a word was said,
 But hand was grasped in hand,
 And though they stood with drooping head,
 None prouder in the land;
 And then came words — at first but few,
 For they like strangers seemed,
 Though years ago their friendship true
 Had ever brightly beamed.

"They talked at first of self, alone,
 And of their paths in life,
 And then they spoke in tender tone
 Of children dear, and wife;
 But soon they found the lapse of years
 Had drifted them apart —
 The thoughts, the hopes, the cares, the fears
 Were different in each heart.

"Then slow the conversation grew,
 And each began to feel
 He had not found the friend he knew
 Amid war's woe and weal;
 A look of disappointment crossed
 The face of each, as he
 Began to realize he'd lost
 The friend he'd longed to see.

"By accident a word was said
 About some old campaign,
 When instantly the two were made
 The old-time friends again;
 Ah! now they plenty had to say;
 As only comrades can;
 They talked for hours, and this the way
 The conversation ran:—

"Says Bill to Jim, 'I never shall forget
 The fight at Brandy Station; even yet
 It seems but yesterday, but then, you know,
 That was our first real mounted charge, and so
 It is remembered plainest. O, 'twas grand
 As we charged o'er the field; on either hand
 As far as eye could reach, were horsemen, true,
 With sabre drawn, and arm nerved up to do
 Its level best for country and for right,
 And back of arms were hearts warm for the fight,
 And all were dashing on at headlong speed,
 While e'en the horses seemed to feel the need
 Of doing well their part. The bugles blew,
 Our troopers cheered and yelled as on we flew,

The cannon roared, and o'er us shrieked the shell,
 Hissing like demons from the depths of hell;
 The carbines rattled and the bullets sang
 Their songs around us with their devilish twang;
 On, on we went, wild with excitement keen, —
 It was a grand, exhilarating scene;
 On, on we went, until the rebel line
 Got up and got in haste: O! Jim, 'twas fine;
 I really believe I never felt so gay
 As when the rebel line broke on that day.'

"Says Jim: 'Early in eighteen sixty-three,
 When we were picketing along the bank
 Of Rappahannock, a man named Jones, of G,
 Was once on my relief, — I then held rank
 As corporal. Now Jones' post was way
 Upon the right — a gloomy place, with trees
 That hid the rebs from view by night or day,
 Although their voices were borne on the breeze
 Across the river to our pickets' ears —
 A place where one could stay all day and see
 Nothing; but, O! the varied sounds one hears
 As ears are strained to their intensity.
 Behind the post, distant some fifty feet,
 A tombstone rested o'er a sunken grave;
 The only thing by day the eye to greet,
 Unpleasant in the night, e'en for the brave;
 Now Jones' turn for duty chanced to be
 At midnight; I went with him to his post,
 And as we neared the grave, it seemed to me
 'Twere just the time and place to see a ghost.
 'Twas midnight — all around was deepest gloom;
 The darkness was profound; sound there was none,
 The silence was the silence of the tomb,
 And Jones was to be left there all alone;
 Perhaps to try his nerve, perhaps for fun,
 I told a story I had heard that day,
 How, on the night before, 'twixt twelve and one
 A form rose from the grave and came that way,
 Riding on horseback, at a fearful speed —
 Form of a man a half a century dead,
 Who of the pickets' shouting took no heed,
 A man in ghostly garb, without a head;
 I looked to see Jones quaking in his fright;
 But he replied, in voice and tone so grim,
 'If any man comes riding round to-night,
 Without a head, I'll put a head on him.'

"And thus these comrades talked, and told

The stories of the war;

Of marching, scouting, raiding bold,

Of what they did and saw,

Of mounted and dismounted fight,

The advance and the retreat,

Of fight by day and fight by night,

Of victory and defeat.

"They talked of comrades brave and true,

Of deeds of daring done

By comrade heroes whom they knew —

None braver 'neath the sun;

Of comrades they saw die, and then

The tears shone in their eyes

As memory told the tale again

Of how a brave man dies.

"They told again the old-time tale,

Told 'round the camp-fire bright,

The stories which will ne'er grow stale —

We'll hear them here to-night;

They laughed again o'er joke and fun

Of camp and bivouac,

And many things there said and done

Which memory kind brought back.

"And as they talked they quite forgot

Their suffering and pain,

Forgot that they had ever thought

The war had been in vain;

Forgot the misery of the strife,

And all the woe it brought,

Forgot the toils of daily life,

And all their cares were naught.

"And as they talked, the old-time love

For country and for flag,

For fellow-man, for God above

(Alas, that this should lag),

Sprang up in each brave heart again,

And when they parted, they

Were better citizens, better men,

For this reunion day."

President Little said:

"We have heard nothing from the infantry this evening.
We have here this evening a member of that branch of the

service who was color-sergeant of the 9th Maine Regiment, and who, when the forces were driven back at Cold Harbor, rallied them by singing 'Rally round the flag, boys;' and who, also, was promoted upon the field of battle by order of Gen. Grant. I call upon Lieut. Howe."

Lieut. Howe said:

"The lateness of the hour will not permit me to make a speech, but I do most heartily thank you for your kind invitation, and for the pleasure which I have enjoyed this evening. I earnestly desire, as a soldier meeting soldiers, that you may enjoy many more of these reunions, and that they may be as pleasant and profitable as this has been. May the great Commander-in-chief, that guides the destinies of all nations, guide you and watch over you.

"Comrades, we are growing old. I notice that a great many of our heads show the gray locks. By and by will come the last reunion. I am proud of this organization. In my travels from Maine to Nebraska, and through the Indian territories and western States, last winter, I found that you had a record there, carved high up on the very Rocky Mountains. You have not your peers in the world. Comrades, may your lives be prosperous; may your homes be happy; and when the hour comes to pass over the river, may every man of you be prepared to go."

Lieut. Tobie said:

"Comrades, I move that the thanks of this association be tendered to the comrades here in these two cities for what they have done to make this reunion a success, and also to the ladies assisting, and to the Grand Army Post."

The motion was unanimously carried.

The meeting dissolved with the full chorus, quartette and band rendering "Marching through Georgia."

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

JULY, 1890.

CALL I.

The editor has but a word to say at this time, but if the comrades will all read the introduction by Gen. Cilley, and each one will carry out his suggestions so far as lies in his power, then will the Bugle in future sound calls that will thrill them as in the days of old. It is proposed to make this department of the Bugle so full of interest that no comrade can afford to miss the calls. The present call will give an idea of what is intended, and all the comrades can help. The letters given here will be read with interest, and it is hoped will stimulate the comrades to write their own reminiscences, their own accounts of the matters contained in the History, their own version of army life and incidents, and their own stories of camp and field. In the obituary department it is proposed to publish obituaries of the comrades as that sad duty may require, and comrades who have any such are requested to forward them at once. The "Amendments to the Roster in the History" are intended to make that roster as complete as possible, and the comrades will see that they are not only printed in the Bugle, but printed on a spare sheet as well,

that they may be put into the History without mutilating the Bugle. Address correspondence to Gen. J. P. Cilley, Treasurer, at Rockland, Me., or to

EDW. P. TOBIE, *Editor*,

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

At the annual meeting of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States, held at Portland on the 3d inst., in conjunction with the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, our regiment was complimented by the election of Gen. Charles H. Smith as President of the Society, an honor which every First Maine man will rejoice in, while Col. Andrew M. Benson, formerly Captain of Co. C, was chosen one of the Vice-Presidents, and Gen. Llewellyn G. Estes, formerly Captain of Co. A, was chosen Secretary.

Gen. Charles H. Smith, Colonel 19th Infantry, U. S. A., is now stationed at Fort Wayne, Detroit, Michigan.

During the recent reunions at Portland, Gens. Charles H. Smith and Jonathan P. Cilley and Major Brown, were the guests of Captain Ford.

WHAT THE COMRADES HAVE TO SAY.

Letter from Lemuel R. Lurvey, Co. D.

TREMONT, April 13, 1888.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade — I am still suffering from the effects of a shell wound in head received in the battle of Chancellorsville, while serving as orderly at Gen. Wadsworth's headquarters, First Division, First Army Corps. The blow fractured the skull and right jaw. I believe it to be the main cause of this disease of heart instead of typhoid fever. Some artillery men took me to the rear, but when I revived I would not go to the hospital, so they remounted me on my horse and took me up to the headquarters flag, where the chief surgeon washed and closed the cuts in the scalp, bound up my head, and said he guessed I would come out of it all right. He afterwards gave me a prescription on the First Brigade surgeon. I was sick in quarters about ten days, then went out on duty at Gen. John F. Reynolds' headquarters, as his "confidential orderly," as he expressed it. By my not going to any regular hospital and my treatment of the wound as a light thing, I suppose there was no official record made of it. Almost the first duty I performed after going to Gen. Reynolds was to carry the corps flag to Gen. Doubleday with order for him to take command of the corps, as Gen. Reynolds was then in command of the right wing of the army. On my way I found our regiment encamped on a piece of ground near Warrenton Junction. Some of the boys were grinding their sabres; I also ground mine, and ground it sharp from hilt to point like a scythe. I then ground some of the other boys' sabres in the same style; and as I was touching up one of them with a good scientific edge, Lieut.-Col. Smith came

to me and told me not to grind them so, for the order was to grind them only six inches from the point. I replied, if we must grind them at all, I thought we ought to give them a "h—ll of a grind." He said he guessed the clip the rebs gave me had made me a little wild and that he thought I had better take my flag and leave, for my general might feel anxious about it. It is possible that Gen. Smith would remember the circumstances if reminded of them.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, my comrade orderlies were Sergeant Thoms, J. E. Stayner, T. W. Day, P. M. Cane, from the First Maine, and two others from Tenth New York. Sergeant Daget (relieved by Thoms about that time) and Stayner were killed in battle. Day lives in Massachusetts. Thoms, of Company L, residence unknown, and the existence of the others unknown.

In reference to the wound, the examining surgeon said that the cicatrices in the scalp were so small that the examiners in the Pension Office would not take any notice of it. It may be so; I am aware they pension mostly for scars, but only that little bump has caused a large scar on my life work.

Yours with great respect,

LEMUEL R. LURVEY.

(See p. 520, History.)

Letter from Thomas B. Pulsifer, Co. D.

YARMOUTH, Mass., Jan. 13, 1888.

Dear Comrade Tobie — I am drawing a pension for wounds received at Deep Bottom, on the 16th of Aug., 1864, but I find no mention of the fact in your history, which I will not call "supremely grand," as that superlative has been thrown at it already;

but if I had some word that would describe just what a regimental history should be, I should apply it to your book, invaluable not only to survivors and friends of our dear old regiment, but I believe it to be a rich addition to the military literature of the world. It is full in detail, it is clear, easy, plain, and modest, as a soldier should be. Appreciating your work as I do, you may imagine how unfortunate I consider myself in not getting credit for the little I did in the cause. My horse received a wound in the nose during the early part of the fight. Although it did not disable him, it finally spoiled him, or rather her. Our regiment, I think, had done the greater part of the fighting that day, and was just ordered to move back out of that open field, when the regiment that was supposed to be holding the enemy in check was driven in pell mell, followed by an overwhelming force of infantry. The other regiments of our brigade, without waiting for orders, rushed into our regiment, throwing it into confusion; and instead of moving off by the road, they all went straight to the rear into that terrible swamp. If you had seen the swamp as I saw it, you would call it terrible. I was among the last to leave the field and went by the road. When I was passing the swamp, I saw it full of horses and men mired helplessly in it. It was truly pitiful. I could not go back and leave them exposed to the on-coming rebels, so I turned and went back. Going up out of the swamp, I met Lieut. Cutler with a bullet-hole in his hat, and the leaves actually dropped down on us, the shots were so thick. As I got to the edge of the field there was a small squad of Pennsylvania cavalry (as I should judge, about thirty) holding in check at least 1000 rebel infantry, at a distance of about ninety yards. There was one Corporal King in the Pennsyl-

vania cavalry, who was a prisoner with me the year before on Belle Island. This was the first time we had met. I immediately recognized him, and told him we would hold them in check. The words were hardly out of my mouth, when he fell flat, horse and all. He had a guidon in his hand and made quite a spread eagle. He was not hurt, however, I am glad to say, but his horse was killed instantly. The next instant was my turn; I received one in the right shoulder. I turned, but before I could get down over the bank, hardly my horse's length, I received another bullet through my left arm. It is no credit to our intelligence that King and I talked of charging that rebel brigade, but it is so, and if we had not had the good luck to get shot when we did, we should have gone at them like Don Quixote into the wind-mill. I can see easily how the error occurred in the roster. I was not serving with the company when I was wounded, but was clerk in the adjutant's office and it failed to get into the report.

THOMAS B. PULSIFER.

(See p. 521, History.)

Letter from James V. Wood, Co. I.

DAVID CITY, Neb., Aug. 29. 1888

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear General—The history came to hand all right. I was much pleased with it and such a feast as I had reading it. It was much better in every respect than I expected. The pictures taken while in the service were so good that I could have named most of them—all those with whom I was acquainted and the officers by sight.

I am unable to be with you this year, as I had fully intended in the spring, but hope I'll be all right to answer roll-call at the next reunion (I

start this morning to attend our State reunion at Norfolk).

In looking over the list of Maine troops in Nebraska, as taken in the assessor's report last spring (the report is very imperfect, as many precincts did not take a list of the soldiers as required by law), I found the following names from the First Maine Cavalry:

H. P. Bangs, Co. L, Douglass Grove; John C. Bangs, Co. L, Broken Bow; J. Chamberlain, Co. M, Plainville; S. M. Holden, Co. B, Mainland; A. M. Lord, Co. D, Burnett; H. S. Patch, Co. L, Osborne; Joseph Rose, Co. B, Bellwood; Chas. L. Scribner, Co. H, Staplehurst; W. I. Stevens, Co. I, Waco; E. P. Worster, Co. A, Tekamah; and myself.

I will speak of a few things brought to my mind in the history. On page 61, garlies are spoken of. When I came here in the fall of 1870, I found garlies and plenty of them. I can find them any day on my farm; they are not so much of a nuisance here as in Virginia.

Page 102, Lieut. Ford spoke of charge on smoke house,—“Old man and ham.” Though in substance true, he is mistaken as to time. He has left out a part which was right, perhaps. The occurrence took place as we were returning through Sperryville, from the Luray raid. Capt. Chadbourne and our irrepressible “Dick Turpin” (Samuel H. Murphy) took position by the smoke house. “After the smoke house was open, the old man”—I’ll give it as nearly as possible in Dick’s own words—“began to say, ‘Leave me one, leave me one.’ I said, ‘Hoe in, old man, and get it.’ The old man went in and came out with a very nice one. Pretty soon one of Company G’s boys came along, went into the smoke house and came out with an onery little one, and seeing the old man standing there with the

nice ham, ran up to him and handed him the little one, saying: ‘Here old man, that is good enough for you,’ and snatching the good ham from the old man, got on his horse and rode away.” Poor Dick! he was a good soldier, the life of the company, but remained in Virginia, with many others.

Page 226, Col. Smith’s orders not to dismount were not obeyed to the letter. Our company was in the east side of the town sitting on horses in column of fours, when many of us espied a nice lot of turkeys in an adjoining yard. I with others could not resist the temptation of Christmas turkey, so “Jud” Eaton (Albert J.) held my horse, and I secured a turkey, after much running, cutting, and slashing with my sabre. Jud saw me returning and cried out: “Here comes Jim Wood with a peacock!” I never heard the last of it.

Very truly,

JAMES V. WOOD.

(See p. 608, History.)

Letter from Charles E. McCoy, Co. D.

BANGOR, Me., May 4, 1889.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade—I received yours of April 29th. I wish I could give you the names of the men from the First Maine Cavalry who were with the dismounted men in the Valley, also the number; at this time all that I can remember are Sergeant John Lougee, of Company F, and Warren A. Jordan, Company D. My impression is that there were not more than twenty-five of us from our regiment. We were first engaged with the rebs at Harper’s Ferry, and then came a skirmish at Berryville, Island Ford, Winchester, or Kernstown. These were hot. It was the roughest time I had while in the service. The weather was very

warm and the dust up to our ankles. We were a tough looking set, I assure you; and as nearly played out as the First Maine was March 29, 1865, after your day's work was done. After the fight at Kernstown, we were relieved and came back to Camp Stoneman, where we remained till sent to the regiment which we found camped in front of Petersburg. I was with the regiment from then till we came home in August.

Yours in F., C., & L.,

CHARLES D. MCCOY.

(See p. 520, History.)

*Letter from W. W. Williams, Co. D,
Tenth New York Cavalry, and Or-
derly for General Gregg.*

ROME, N. Y., May 20, 1889.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade—I received the history Sunday forenoon, and I am well pleased with it. The first search I made in the history was the account of the battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863. I have read several versions of that battle, but none of the historians report it in the way I saw it. I did not see it all, but will give a report of what I did see and you can compare it with the others; then, if you were there, you can decide which is the nearest correct. The road we took from Kelley's Ford that morning led to Stevensburg *via* Culpepper and runs nearly parallel with the railroad, where Gen. Buford's Division was. Gen. Gregg's Division was composed of three Brigades, the First commanded by Col. Windham, the Second by Col. Duffie, and the Third by Gen. Kilpatrick. Whether the First or Second Brigade was in advance, I cannot tell now. When the First Brigade came nearly opposite Brandy Station, it turned to the right, but Duffie kept straight ahead on a reconnoissance to Stevensburg. The First Brigade kept

on its course west until it crossed the railroad about a quarter of a mile south of Brandy Station (or Barber House). After crossing the railroad it faced north. That formed the command in regimental front three lines (First Pennsylvania, First New York and Sixth Ohio), and charged Stuart's headquarters. It charged around the left of the house, and north of the house was a hollow full of rebel cavalry. The First Brigade scooped them, or part of them, out of the hollow, and the whole mob came around the right of the house and up the track in direction of Culpepper. Just at that time Gen. Gregg and staff were crossing field in direction of Barber House, and when they came around the house in such a rush I thought they would ride us down and kill us all. It was not safe to shoot into the crowd, for they were all of the same color and the only way we could tell any of our own men were among them was by seeing our guidons among them. While this was transpiring, or very soon after, the Third Brigade came upon the field and formed in regimental front facing the railroad, and very near opposite, or maybe a little north, of Stuart's headquarters. Gen. Kilpatrick rode over alone to where Gen. Gregg was. I did not pay any attention to what was said until I heard Kilpatrick say: "There comes Buford, now we have got them." I looked in that direction and saw the head of a column of cavalry coming around the point of woods. The point looked, from where we were, to extend almost to the railroad. He had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth before a large rebel flag showed up. Then Kilpatrick said: "No, it isn't; there is that d—d rebel flag. Shall I charge, general?" Gregg said "Yes." Kilpatrick put spurs to his horse, and let a yell out of him—a yell peculiar to himself.

When he left Gen. Gregg, his command was standing still. He rode in front and the brigade charged. I thought at the time that the advance regiment did not reach the railroad before it broke. When Gen. Gregg saw it retreating, he sent me post haste to find Col. Duffie, and when I returned, our division had swung around to the right and formed a junction with Buford's Division. The First Brigade when it charged Stuart's headquarters that day made as pretty a charge as I saw while in the service. So it was the First, instead of the Third Brigade that captured Stuart's headquarters. "Nick," the bugler at division headquarters, claimed that his horse jumped the railroad cut near the station, and that the rebel's horse that was so close behind "bucked" when he came to the cut. That saved "Nick's" life.

April 9, 1865, when the enemy were driving Gen. Smith's brigade that forenoon, some of them were falling back in some disorder. Gen. Crook sent me to rally them behind the fence at the edge of the woods. I had stopped a few, when a sergeant came along and I asked him to assist me. He stopped and had just turned his horse, when I heard the thud of a bullet. I looked and saw him topple off his horse. He was a fine looking young fellow. I did not learn to what regiment he belonged. Whoever he was, I think he was the last man killed in action of the Army of the Potomac. Just then I happened to look into the woods and saw a corps of colored troops lying in wait for the Johnnies. I did not try to stop any more, as there was no need of it, the enemy having halted and turned back. Now could Sergeant Chas. McIntyre, of Company B, First Maine Cavalry, be the man of whom I speak?

After I had joined Gen. Crook that

morning (when he sent me to rally the men in the woods) he soon after started for Appomattox Court House. As we passed the field where Smith's brigade was engaged, I saw to our left some one lying on the ground. I rode out to him and found a young man, a minister's son, from South Carolina. Some one had written on a piece of paper and pinned or laid it on his breast. He revived a little when I came to him and said he was wounded through the spine, and that he could not get well or be moved and was suffering intense pain, and begged of me to shoot him. When I refused, he asked for the loan of my revolver, so that he could shoot himself. I told him not to give up, for some one would come and care for him soon. I left him and rode on and overtook the general. We had not ridden far before we came to a line of videttes, or guards, that were posted all around the Court House, with instructions not to allow any one to enter except a Major-General, one staff officer, and one orderly. Gen. Crook and Major Weir did not halt or look around when the officer of the guard halted the other orderly and me. The officer said he could only allow one of us to enter. I told the other orderly to go, and I would remain there until they returned. It was a good place to stay, for I had a view of the whole rebel army. In a short time, I saw Major Weir come riding back. He rode up to the officer in charge of the guards, and said: "Gen. Crook wants the other orderly." The officer said that Gen. Crook had one orderly, and that was all he was allowed to let in. Major told him that the general wanted to send him back to the command, and after a deal of persuasion, the officer allowed me to pass. In front of the Court House was a small square or park surrounded by a railing, and sitting on the ground and on the railing were the officers of

both sides, talking, laughing, drinking and smoking, and among them I found Gen. Crook. I saluted and asked him if he wanted me. He smiled and said "No," and for me to go where the rest of the boys were. He did it just to get me inside so that I could see what was going on. There are not many who would have done that.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

W. W. WILLIAMS,

Co. D, Tenth New York Cavalry.

(See pp. 147-157, 424-428, History.)

The Opinion of General Officers.

The following letter was written to our loved comrade, Major John D. Myrick, years ago, as the date shows, but will be read with as much interest as though it bore a later date:

BOWDOINHAM, Me., March 10, '80.

MAJ. MYRICK:

Dear Sir—As the reputation of the First Maine Cavalry is dear to the surviving members of that regiment, and as the regiment has a record second to none in the army, I thought it might be of interest to your association that the opinion of general officers should be known as to its merit. I happened to be stationed at Gen. Meade's headquarters during the months of February and March, '64, and accidentally heard a conversation between Gen. Meade and other general officers as to the relative standing of the First Maine and Eighth Illinois Cavalry regiments, as they spoke of them as the two best regiments in the army. The merits of the two were quite generally discussed in Gen. Meade's tent, and finally the preference was given to the First Maine, only one out of five or six dissenting. After listening to the arguments for some time, Gen. Meade declared he "unhesitatingly gave the first place to the First Maine Cavalry," and his declaration closed the discussion. This incident I have always remembered, as the regiment was from my own State, and I was very highly gratified at the complimentary terms awarded your regiment. It was quite exceptional at those headquarters to speak of the reputation of any particular regiment, and I thought it

quite fortunate that I should be in hearing of that unusual compliment. And thinking it might be of use to you in the make up of your history, I contribute this item for you to make such use of as you may feel it is worth to your members.

Very truly,

SILAS ADAMS,

Late Co. F, Nineteenth Me. Vols.

A First Maine Boy as Orderly.

The following extracts from the official reports of the battle of Gettysburg will show how our First Maine Cavalrymen's services as orderlies were regarded at headquarters.

GETTYSBURG, Penn., July 6, 1863.

*Acting Assistant Adjutant General,
Second Brigade, Second Division,
First Army Corps:*

Sir:—

* * * * *

I wish also to call attention to the conduct of one of Gen. Robinson's mounted orderlies, Sergt. Johnson, of the First Maine Cavalry. The promptitude with which he conveyed orders and communicated information was highly creditable. He has proved himself on this as well as on other fields to be a brave soldier. I have the honor to remain,

Yours respectfully,

B. COULTER,

Col. Eleventh Regiment, P. V.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION,
FIRST ARMY CORPS,

July 1, 1863.

Sir:—

* * * * *

It affords me pleasure to call especial attention to the gallant conduct of one of my orderlies, Sergeant Ebenezer F. Johnson, of the First Maine Cavalry, whose chevrons should be exchanged for the epaulette. When we make officers of such men, the soldier receives his true reward and the service great benefit.

* * * * *

Very respectfully, your obed. serv.,

JOHN C. ROBINSON,

Brig. Gen. Comd'g Division.

(See pp. 217, 632, History.)

OBITUARIES.

The following notice of the death of Gustavus McClure, formerly of Co. M, is taken from the Renville (Minn.) Times of May 20, 1890:

In the death of Mr. McClure, May 17, the community has lost an exceedingly active, energetic, enterprising, and liberal citizen. In his business relations he had the unlimited confidence of all who knew him. He came here in an early day and by patience, perseverance, and good judgment, attained success in his pursuits. He was a true friend to benevolent and worthy undertakings, and the main support of the church in its early days of vicissitude and struggle for existence.

Mr. McClure was born in Bradford, Penobscot County, Maine, November 3d, 1840. When grim war startled the nation in 1861, he was one of the first to tender his services to his country, and he was enrolled as private in the First Maine Cavalry. The following year he was selected and served as orderly for Gen. Sykes, of the Fifth Army Corps. On August 20, 1862, during Pope's retreat from Cedar Mountain to the Rappahannock, he met with a very serious accident. His horse fell directly across him, injuring the back, shoulders, lungs, kidneys, and intestines. Diseases set in that took him to the field hospital, but no medical treatment was rendered him for some time. After some delay he was sent to a hospital at Smoketown, Maryland, and from there to a tent hospital near Frederick City, where he remained about three months; was sent from there to the barracks in Frederick City, and then to his company at Belle Plaine, Va., remaining with it till June, 1863, though he was

not able to wear his belt or cavalry carbine. He was then detailed to do provost duty at the dismounted camp near Washington until about December 1, when he was sent to join his company again at the front. He received his discharge Dec. 26, 1864.

He bade farewell to his early home, and came to Minneapolis in August, 1866. He found employment as teamster at one of the Washburn mills. Two years later, he came to Beaver Falls, and was engaged for a short time in mercantile business with Mr. Oscar Hodgdon. In 1870, he was married to Miss Mary Burch.

About this time he took a soldier's homestead and followed farming about three years. His wife died of scarlet fever in January, 1875. In the following spring he was employed by Mr. P. W. Heins in his hardware store, and in 1889 bought an interest in the business, Mr. Heins putting its entire management in his hands. On May 27, 1880, he was married to Julia I. Patterson, at her mother's home in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Last September, Mr. McClure took a severe cold. His head and throat were weak from catarrh, and his lungs were not very strong. Soon after he had a very severe attack of coughing, and his right side became partially paralyzed. Eminent medical counsel was sought, but to no avail. During the last three weeks he became almost helpless, and death came to his release on May 17.

Tender and touching words were spoken at the funeral by his pastor, Rev. E. A. McKinney, and by Rev. Cone, of Redwood Falls. The effective rendering of four pieces by the choir softened the hearts of all within hearing, and added to the solemnity of the occasion. The floral display was

very elaborate and impressive. People came from Franklin, Morton, Redwood Falls, Olivia, Renville, and the surrounding country, to pay a last tribute to one who stood high in their estimation — to gaze for the last time upon the dead. Brother McClure has gone to his reward. May the rest of us be as well prepared to go as he was.

Resolutions adopted by the
Beaver Falls Lodge, No. 125, I.
O. O. F.

HALL OF BEAVER FALLS LODGE }
No. 125, I. O. O. F. }

WHEREAS, It has pleased Providence to call home to His mansions of rest and glory our friend and brother, Gustavus McClure, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we highly esteem his sterling qualities and Christian character, and cherish with much regard the memory of his resignation and readiness to go when summoned, we deeply mourn the departure of a worthy brother from our midst.

Resolved, That while we humbly bow to the Divine will, his associations, relations, and intercourse with us proved him to be a true Odd Fellow and sincere Christian, and that his noble virtues be kept green and sacred in our memories.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his family in this their hour of bereavement and sorrow.

HERMANN ZUMWINKLE, N. G.
HENRY NEUENBURG, Sec'y.
(See p. 648, History.)

The following concerning the death of Asa M. Young, formerly of Co. M, is from the Denver (Col.) World, of Jan. 7, 1888:

The following order has been issued to all comrades of the G. A. R.:

HEADQUARTERS VETERAN POST,
No. 42, G. A. R.

The comrades are hereby ordered to appear at G. A. R. Hall on Sunday at 1.30 P.M., to attend the funeral of Comrade A. M. Young, J. V. C. elect. The ceremonies will commence at 2 o'clock. All comrades and old soldiers and sailors are invited to attend.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMANDER.

The circumstances of A. M. Young's death are very touching. He had been elected to the office of Junior Vice Commander and was to have been installed on the evening on which he died. He was formerly a resident of Bangor, Me., and served in the First Maine Cavalry, being very popular among his comrades. For the past nine years he has been in the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad, which will run trains to the cemetery for the accommodation of those who attend his funeral.

(See p. 523, History.)

At the grand parade in honor of the Army of the Potomac, in Portland, on the Fourth of July last, Gen. Charles H. Smith, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Maj. George M. Brown, Capt. Charles W. Ford, formerly of Co. K, and Surg. Charles B. Kenney, formerly bugler of Co. K, served as aides on

the staff of the Chief Marshal, Brevt. Maj.-Gen. H. G. Thomas, U. S. A. The brigade of Maine Militia was in command of Brig.-Gen. Henry L. Mitchell, formerly of Co. B, who had on his staff as quartermaster, Capt. George Doughty, formerly of Co. M.

Amendments to the Roster in the History.

The following sketch of Capt. Walstein Phillips, of Co. F, was received too late for publication in the history.

WALSTEIN PHILLIPS was born in Portland, in 1837, and was the son of J. E. Phillips, of the (at that time) well-known firm of Cushman & Phillips. He went south with his parents when quite young. At the age of fourteen years, his father having died in Memphis, Tenn., he returned with his mother to Portland. After serving apprenticeship to harness making, he entered the office of Thomas F. Talbot, and studied law, until he enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry. From first sergeant he rose to a captaincy. He was for some time on the staff of Gen. Gregg, as commissary of musters. On the twenty-fourth of June, 1864, during a fierce engagement with the enemy, he had delivered a message of the general's, which had twice failed of delivery, two officers having been shot in the attempt. On his return to headquarters one leg was carried away by a cannon ball, and he died shortly after and was buried upon the field of battle. He was loved and honored by all who knew him. In Florence Percy's volume of poems the lines entitled "Promoted" were written by her in his memory.

(See p. 294-296, 341, History.)

The following amendments to the Roster have been received :

Co. A.

MELVIN, ALBERT A. — Age 21; res. Hope; served in 21st Maine Infantry and regular army; mus. Co. K, 1st D. C. Feb. 19, '64; wd. and pris. at Sycamore church, Sept. 16, '64; joined regt. Nov. '64; m. o. with regt.

(See pp. 475, History.)

Co. D.

PULSIFER, THOMAS B. — Age 19; res. Ellsworth; mus. Oct. 19, '61; pris. at Aldie, June 17, '63; ex. Sept. 12; rejoined Co.; horse shot at Ground Squirrel church May 11, '64; wd. twice and horse shot at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, '64; m. o. Nov. 25, '64, ex. of ser.

(See p. 321, History.)

Co. F.

PIERCE, ALFRED. — B. in Baldwin, Cumberland Co., Maine, Sept. 1, 1842; en. Oct. 3, '61, Portland; severely wd. through the body within the defences of Richmond, under Dahlgren, and taken pris. March 3, '64; paroled and in hospital and furloughed until Aug. '64; rejoined regt. in front of Petersburg but unable to do duty, and was placed on detail at City Point until return home of the three years men of regt. to be mustered out; m. o. Nov. 25, '64, ex. of ser.

(See p. 545, History.)

Co. L.

HAWES, NATHANIEL. — Age 31; res. Castine; en. Co. G, 1st D. C. Jan. 19, '64; mus. Feb. 10, '64; joined Co. Oct. '64; on detached duty at division hospital from June 23, '65, till disch. June 26, '65, by order.

(See p. 633, History, where the name is erroneously printed Howe.)

CORRECTION. On page 697 of the History, for "Third Vermont" read "Tenth Vermont Volunteers."

J. P. CILLEY, Treas., to and with First Maine Cavalry Association.

RECEIVED BY J. P. CILLEY, Treas.

REPORTS OF THE TREASURER

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION,

1883-1889.

To Balance from Auditors	12.25
To Cash, badges and printing	12.25
By Rider's list of expenses	12.25
To Cash, badges and printing	12.25
Expenses on purchases	12.25
Printing (including 1883)	12.25
Balance	12.25

12.25 12.25

J. P. CILLEY, Treas., in acct. with FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

REUNION AT AUBURN, 1883.

	DR.	CR.
To Annual dues collected,	\$149.00	
Gift from Lieut. Geo. F. Jewett,	5.00	
" " A. O. Libby, Waterville,	1.00	
" " H. C. Whitney, Boston,	1.00	
" " A. L. Ordway, Boston,	1.00	
Badges sold,	1.50	
Pamphlets sold from Sept. 6, 1882,	57.10	
By Debt from Brunswick,		45.69
Ribbon bought at Lewiston,		2.75
" " by Tobie,		5.25
Express,25
Printing 55 badges,75
Henry Little's bill of expense,		121.79
Postage on pamphlets and circulars relating thereto,		8.00
Printing circulars,		2.00
Ribbon bought by Little,		2.40
" " at Rockland,		3.00
Printing badges,85
200 Cross Sabres,		16.50
New cut for badges,86
Balance,		5.51
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$215.60	\$215.60

EASTPORT, August 12, 1884.

To Balance from Auburn,	5.51	
Dues, badges and pamphlets,	106.25	
By Bibber's bill of expense,		12.25
280 badges and printing, etc.		14.00
Express on pamphlets,85
Printing proceeding of 1882,		66.25
Balance,		18.41
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$111.76	\$111.76

PORTLAND, June, 1885.

To	Balance from Eastport	18.41	
	Dues, and badges sold,	151.79	
	Pamphlets sold,	15.50	
By	Freight on pamphlets, Auburn to Portland,		.50
	“ “ Rockland to Portland,		.50
	Trucking to camp,		1.00
	Bill of Charles F. Dam,		85.00
	1600 postage stamps and printing 1600 circulars,		24.50
	Six pieces of ribbon, at 2.75,		16.50
	Printing badges,		1.50
	Printing tickets,		1.25
	Balance,		54.95
		\$185.70	\$185.70

SKOWHEGAN, September 30, 1886.

To	Balance from Portland,	54.95	
	Badges sold,	18.85	
	Pamphlets sold,	2.00	
	109 dues paid,	109.00	
By	15 pieces of yellow ribbon,		42.25
	Printing 225 badges,		1.00
	Printing three circulars and notices,		10.50
	Postage on 1000 notices,		10.00
	1000 envelopes,		1.00
	Balance,		120.05
		\$184.80	\$184.80

BANGOR, October 4, 1887.

To	Balance from Skowhegan,	120.05	
	Contributions of Bangor comrades,	122.00	
	Sale of banquet tickets,	2.00	
	Badges and pamphlets sold,	18.55	
	Dues paid,	178.00	
By	Bill, Bangor band,		24.50
	H. W. Chase, banquet and hall		193.50
	T. M. Barr, printing,		3.25
	Postage, trucking and incidentals at Bangor,		2.75
	Postage 1000 cir. and con. \$2 to newspapers, et. als.		12.00
	1200 envelopes,		1.75
	Printing 1200 notices of reunion,		5.00
	“ 200 slips,		1.00
	Balance,		196.85
		\$440.60	\$440.60

BAR HARBOR, September 5, 1888.

To	Balance from Bangor,	196.85	
	Dues and supper tickets,	101.50	
	Badges sold,	10.65	
By	230 plates at Rodick house,		115.00
	Cartage on books to wharf, .25; pins, .15,		.35
	Freight on books to Bar Harbor,		.60
	Cartage " to steamer,		.75
	Freight and cartage to Rockland and office,		.85
	Expense of local committee at Bar Harbor,		2.35
	Postage stamps, Oct. 8, 30, and Dec. 10,		13.00
1889.			
Jan. 2.	By Insurance on histories, \$1500,		15.00
5.	Storage on histories,		1.00
10.	Postage stamps,		1.00
Feb. 21.	Shannon's binding cases for letters,		2.75
Apr. 17.	Postage stamps,		1.50
" 26.	" " " " " " " " " " " "		1.05
May 18.	" " " " " " " " " " " "		2.00
" 21.	Wrapping paper for histories,		.38
July 2.	Freight on histories and trucking,		1.66
Aug. 21.	Postage stamps,		11.00
" 27.	" " " " " " " " " " " "		.50
Sept. 7.	" " " " " " " " " " " "		2.25
" 7.	3000 envelopes (1000 in Dec.)		5.00
" 11.	Printing 233 badges,		1.00
" 13.	2500 4-page circulars,		6.50
" 13.	400 notices, (dues paid, etc.),		1.50
" 13.	460 tickets,		1.50
	Balance,		120.51
		\$309.00	\$309.00

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer of First Maine Cavalry Association, in account with
Histories by number, October 17, 1889.

	DR.	CR.
To	Number of copies from binders,	1500
By	Copies sold,	608
Number of copies given away by vote of the Association and Mass. Branch Asso.; Boston Globe, 1; Boston Journal, 1; Boston Herald, 1; Nat. Tribune, 1; Portland Press, 1; Chicago Stockman and Farmer, 1; Boston Lancers, 1; landlord Revere House, 1; C. B. Rohan, Reporter of Globe, 1; City of Boston, for library at Deer Isle, 1; State of Maine		

Amounts carried forward, - . . . 1500 608

	DR.	CR.
<i>Amounts brought forward,</i>	1500	608
Library, 1; Col. A. C. Drinkwater in consideration of his refusal to take interest on his loan, 1; besides the copy at the Revere House, two other copies were given away by the Boston comrades in arrangement for the reunion in Boston, Sept. 18, 1889; total,		14
1 copy lost or destroyed while in the hands of Chas. B. Phenix,		1
Copies delivered Tobie, per vote,		100
Balance copies on hand, 296 with full illustrations; 481 with few,		777
	<hr/> 1500	<hr/> 1500

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, in account Cash for Histories sold up to Oct. 17, 1889.

	DR.	CR.
To 605 copies sold at \$3.00,	1815.00	
3 " " at \$1. on account of error in binding,	3.00	
Cash subscribed for history fund,	525.00	
Cash diverted from reunion account,	120.51	
Cash advanced by A. C. Drinkwater,	300.00	
Extra binding, full calf, 6 vols. (binding only charged),	33.00	
By 5 copies extra binding sold,		27.50
1 " " " presented to Col. Drinkwater,		5.50
Emery & Hughes bill,		1681.33
Binding 1500 copies, at 70 cents,		1050.00
Balance in Treasurer's hands,		32.18
	<hr/> \$2796.51	<hr/> \$2796.51

This balance with the \$39 special collection to pay Col. Drinkwater, and the dues collected at the reunion at Boston, Sept. 17, 1889, making \$250, was paid to Col. A. C. Drinkwater, Sept. 18, 1889.

J. P. CILLEY in account with contributors for the Cavalry Shaft Monument at Gettysburg.

1884.	DR.	CR.
June 16. W. G. Besse, Lewiston,	\$1.00	
" 13. Col. S. H. Allen, Hallowell,	5.00	
" 14. Chas. A. Coleman, Benton Falls,	2.00	
" 18. H. R. Colesworthy, W. Gorham,	1.00	
" 20. Stephen A. Berry, Garland,	1.00	
" 20. Hosea P. Bump, Farmington,	1.00	
<i>Amount carried forward,</i>	<hr/> \$11.00	

TREASURER'S REPORT.

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1884.		DR.	CR.
	<i>Amount brought forward,</i>	\$11.00	
" 20.	Tristram Andrews, Boston,	1.00	
May 15.	Geo. P. Andrews, Eastport,	10.00	
June 24.	Major S. W. Thaxter, Portland,	5.00	
" 17.	Capt. G. W. Hussey, Lewiston,	5.00	
	Frank J. Savage, Fairfield,	1.00	
May 19.	Lieut. Edw. P. Merrill, Portland,	1.00	
June 14.	Marcellus W. Hall, Dover,	1.00	
" 17.	J. G. Cummings, Biddeford,	2.00	
" 16.	J. P. Thompson, Mt. Tom, Mass.,	2.00	
" 14.	John M. Warren,	1.00	
May 19.	L. H. Paul, Rockport,	1.00	
June 20.	Charles W. Walker, York,	5.00	
	Geo. W. Ward, Biddeford,	5.00	
June 30.	Edwin Hill, Dover So. Mills,	5.00	
July 1.	Llewellyn Copeland, Corinna,	1.00	
June 14.	Geo. E. Goodwin, Skowhegan,	5.00	
July 8.	H. J. Varney,	1.00	
	Charles F. Dam, Portland,	2.00	
June 14.	John B. Drake, Boston,	5.00	
May 20.	Wm. Trimble, Calais,	1.00	
July 20.	Augustus L. Ordway, Medford, Mass.,	5.00	
	Charles H. Ferguson, Boston,	1.00	
July 1.	Andrew J. Lufkin, Sherman's Mills,	5.00	
June 30.	Sidney W. Clark, Masardis,	1.00	
Aug. 18.	J. N. Harriman, Orland,	1.00	
June 21.	H. L. Mitchell, Bangor,	10.00	
" 30.	Wm. Winter, Bangor,	1.00	
May 24.	David H. Whittier, Athens,	1.00	
	Wm. H. Farnum, Rumford Center,	1.00	
1885.			
Mch. 23.	Newell S. Hutelings, Bucksport,	1.00	
June 12.	W. F. Fuller, Portland,	5.00	
	Augustus W. Ingersoll, Houlton,	2.00	
June 11.	Stephen A. Young, Lincolnville,	1.00	
July 24.	Horace H. Lowell, Penfield, Pa.,	1.00	
	Frank Bodfish, North Anson,	5.00	
	Samuel W. Palmer, Charlestown,	2.00	
Aug. 19.	Austin L. Jones, Cal.,	2.00	
	Samuel Shorey, Portland,	1.00	
June 23.	J. P. Thompson, additional, Mt. Tom,	3.00	
Sept.	Warren A. Jordan,	1.00	
	Abiezer Veazie, Rockland,	1.00	
Aug. 4.	Cyrus Case, Melvern, Osage Co., Kan.,	2.00	
	J. P. Cilley,	10.00	
	A. C. Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass.,	10.00	
<i>Amount carried forward,</i>		\$143.00	

	DR.	CR.
<i>Amount brought forward,</i>	\$143.00	
George W. Gray, Farmington,	1.00	
W. H. Howard, 434 St. John St., Portland,	2.00	
J. P. Shehan, Dennysville,	2.00	
L. M. Packer, Lynn, Mass.,	2.00	
<i>Amount paid direct to Capt. Wm. E. Miller.</i>		
Gen. C. H. Smith,	25.00	
Henry Little,	10.00	
Lieut. H. S. Libby,	2.00	
Lieut. Geo. F. Jewett,	2.00	
Surg. Geo. J. Northrop,	1.00	
C. R. Morgan,	1.00	
Lieut. M. T. V. Bowman,	2.00	
N. L. Chaffin,	1.00	
Lieut. Orin S. Haskell,	1.00	
Lieut. Samuel C. Smith,	5.00	
Major H. C. Hall,	5.00	
Capt. A. H. Bibber,	2.00	
Gov. Daniel F. Davis,	1.00	
T. J. Neal,	1.00	
E. C. Bigelow,	1.00	
Lieut. Edward Jordan,	1.00	
<i>Amount collected by Lieut. H. S. Libby, from citizens of</i>		
Boston: J. P. Downing, 1.; R. L. Basters, 2.,	3.00	
Samuel W. Parlin,	20.00	
<i>Amount paid direct \$84.</i>		
By Postage on 750 circulars,		7.50
Printing same,		2.50
Postage on 61 pamphlets,		1.83
Postage on 19 letters,		.38
Express on pamphlets,		1.15
Paid direct,		84.00
Check to W. E. Miller,		141.00
Balance due Treasurer,	3.36	
	<hr/>	
	\$238.36	\$238.36

J. P. CILLEY in account for Heliotype Pictures with FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

1886.		Co.	Page.	DR.
Nov. 10.	Lieut. M. V. T. Bowman, acct. his..... Picture,		84	\$35.00
" 29.	McKendree Davis.....		488	6.00
Dec. 21.	Geo. F. Jewett.....	K	375	7.00
23.	A. J. Lufkin.....	A	30	8.00
	A. M. Warren.....	M	42	6.00
	John G. Herring.....	M	42	6.00
	C. S. Luce.....	E	531	10.00
	<i>Amount carried forward.....</i>			<hr/> \$78.00

TREASURER'S REPORT.

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			Co.	Page.	DR.
	<i>Amount brought forward</i>				\$78.00
Dec. 23.	Henry A. Hersey.....	Picture,	E	625	6.00
	Asa F. Stewart.....	"			1.00
	Capt. Horace S. Cole.....	"	A	199	35.00
	Clarence D. Ulmer.....	"		72	10.00
	John G. Cummings.....	"	I	594	10.00
	Charles B. Kenney.....	"	K	345	35.00
27.	Geo. G. Patten.....	"	M	42	5.00
29.	Geo. A. Gove.....	part	K	625	2.00
	John O. Bruce.....	"	B	481	2.00
1887.					
Jan. 4.	Gideon Andrews.....	for	B	481	5.00
	Capt. Geo. Prince.....	"		375	7.00
7.	Dr. Horace Stevens.....	"		206—48	20.00
	Frank Pacott.....	part	F	545	1.00
10.	Lieut. Geo. F. Jewett.....	2		375	14.00
11.	Geo. B. for Wm. Cumming's.....	"		594	10.00
15.	A. R. Deveraux.....	"	D	513	7.00
18.	Geo. F. Jewett.....	Balance of 3	"	375	2.00
	E. L. Shackford.....	"		72	10.00
19.	Albert I. Merrill.....	"	K	625	6.00
20.	Tristram Andrews.....	"	E	531	20.00
24.	Douty, for Col. Douty's.....	"		126	35.00
	Alvin A. Carter.....	acct.	"	488	1.00
26.	Guvanus H. Dunton.....	"	B	225	6.00
28.	Dr. E. H. Stevens for B. R., (in group of 13).....	"			3.00
	Charles M. Walker.....	2	"	614	20.00
29.	Capt. A. H. Bibber.....	"		545	10.00
Feb. 1.	Wm. Maloon.....	"	G	67	6.15
	Silas Leach.....	"	D	513	7.00
	Charles S. Grant.....	"	K	614	10.00
	John P. Grant.....	"	K	614	5.00
3.	W. W. Barlow.....	"	B	488	3.00
	James P. Peaks.....	"	"	30	6.00
4.	John O. Bruce.....	acct. 2	B	481	4.00
5.	Dr. Thos. B. Pulsifer.....	"		273	8.00
8.	Capt. G. Prince.....	Bal. of	K	375	1.00
10.	J. H. Harlow.....	"		241	6.00
	Frank Pacott.....	"		545	2.00
12.	Lieut. Edward Jordan.....	1½	"	644	5.00
15.	Horatio B. Soule.....	"		545	1.00
	Wm. G. Besse and Bro.....	2	"	625	12.00
23.	S. C. Lovejoy.....	"		206	10.00
24.	C. F. Dam.....	"		736	10.00
Mar. 5.	Lieut. E. S. Pillsbury.....	"		48	35.00
10.	Thomas J. Sanford.....	"		625	6.00
	C. H. Ferguson.....	"		594	10.00
17.	Geo. A. Gove.....	Bal. of	"	625	4.00
21.	Marcellus M. Parker.....	"	B	488	6.00
	R. B. Fuller, acct. Lieut. Fuller, Pic. 88, part of group 83.....				11.00
	Llewellyn Copeland.....	"	1-5	241	6.00
25.	E. K. Chapman.....	"		230	10.00
26.	Dr. Frank Bodfish.....	"		448—206	10.00
	Lieut. G. E. Hutton.....	"		152	35.00
28.	Dr. A. O. Stoddard.....	"		273	6.00
	<i>Amount carried forward</i>				\$597.15

			Co.	Page.	Dr.
		<i>Amount brought forward.....</i>			\$792
Mar. 29.	Capt. H. F. Blanchard.....	Picture.		337	10
	W. W. Barlow.....	acct.		488	3
30.	C. W. Walker, acct. Chas. Banks'.....			614	2
	Mrs. Dora Fuller for W. F. Fuller's.....			67	0
Apr. 1.	L. W. Wheeler, \$4 for History, \$6 for.....				0
4.	Asst.-Surg. Geo. J. Northrop.....			273	0
6.	Henry J. Varney.....		H	585	0
	Orlando Kelley.....		M	644	10
7.	Monroe Daggett.....		E	441	0
8.	F. S. Douty for 500 ad. of Col. Douty.....			126	17
9.	Lieut. John R. Andrews.....		H	241	8
	Horace P. Holyoke.....			545	7
11.	William Morrill.....		E	112	0
14.	Lieut. James W. Poor.....		B	280	8
	Franklin Prescott.....		M	644	8
18.	Tristram Andrews.....	acct.	E		15
19.	Frank E. Towle.....		D	441	10
21.	George E. Goodwin.....	acct. group		585	19
	Augustus L. Ordway.....			215—736	12
25.	Mrs. John D. Myrick.....			236	35
26.	H. M. Pillsbury.....	acct.			1
	Carlton T. Gleason.....			561	10
28.	Tristram Andrews.....	Bal. of 40		531	5
	Elijah C. Fuller.....	acct.		632	1
29.	James Donnelly.....	acct.		112	5
	Helotype Co. for breaking negative.....				1
30.	Discount acct. extra copies.....				2
May 3.	Rev. Thomas G. Lyons.....		K	289	5
	Lieut. Horatio S. Libby, acct. in part group.....				0
	Nathan B. Webb.....		D	513	6
5.	Caleb N. Lang.....			220	10
	D. W. Small, acct., \$4 for History, \$6 for.....				0
7.	Jesse Barber.....			424	6
9.	Geo. A. Bartlett.....			42	10
	Leroy H. Tobie.....			561	6
11.	Lieut. Geo. E. Hunton for Geo. Reed's.....			67	6
	Lieut. Benj. A. Osborn.....			441—443	8
13.	E. P. Tobie, acct. Co. "G." boys.....				40
17.	L. B. Merriam, 1862 Band.....			88	10
	Lieut. Phineas Foster.....			513	7
	Sergt. N. B. Webb.....	Bal.		513	2
19.	John E. Crawford.....			504	7
	Capt. John P. Carson.....			215—199	10
23.	M. C. Cyphers.....			241	7
	C. W. Skillings.....	acct. Hist.			5
	Frank W. Pearce.....			424	10
	Eben Andrews, History.....				5
	M. J. Allen.....	part		585	3
	H. H. Folsom and F. J. Folsom.....			215	12
June 2.	Maj. Geo. M. Brown.....			693	10
4.	Charles L. Marston.....	1-5		257	6
	Albert Moulton and Wm. H. Woodward.....			220	13
6.	Melville B. Cook.....			280	3
	A. L. Ordway, for James B. Daley's.....			632	6
7.	Dr. Sumner A. Patten.....			273	12
	<i>Amount carried forward.....</i>				\$1 067

TREASURER'S REPORT.

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			Co.	Page.	Dr.
		<i>Amount brought forward</i>			\$1967.45
June	5.	Daniel J. Meads.....	Picture.	I 594	8.00
		Geo. M. Young.....	Band "	502	6.00
	9.	Capt. J. B. Loring, acct. part of his.....	"	448—280	10.00
	11.	Cyrus Case.....	"	504	7.00
	14.	Hon. Daniel F. Davis.....	"	337	10.00
	16.	W. F. Lunt.....	"	337	10.00
	17.	Albert Edgecomb.....	"	465	10.00
	18.	Dr. A. M. Parker.....	"	180	10.00
		Mrs. Winsor B. Smith.....	"	220	10.00
		Gen. C. H. Smith.....	acct. 1500	160	52.50
	20.	Gideon Tower.....	in part "	481	5.00
	27.	T. P. Williams.....	"	632	8.00
July	4.	J. M. Knight and Bro.....	"	528	12.00
	11.	Dr. and Capt. Geo. Carey.....	"	273	6.00
		Riley L. Jones.....	"	67	7.00
	12.	Perria P. Freeman.....	"	504	5.00
	26.	Gen. A. B. Spurling.....	1 1-5 p. "	139—434	43.00
		Rev. H. W. Bolton.....	"	289	12.00
		Sergt. A. C. Dam.....	"	320	7.00
		P. F. Shevlin.....	"	369	35.00
	27.	Capt. H. Cole.....	$\frac{2}{3}$ p. "	199	24.00
		Geo. G. Patten.....	"	42	2.00
Aug.	3.	J. W. Brackett, (self and Andrew Fisher).....	"	320—225	14.00
	8.	Orlando Kelley, new neg.....	"	644	2.00
	15.	Horatio B. Soule, \$1 before.....	"	545	1.00
	16.	O. S. Haskell.....	"	465	12.00
	17.	Marcellus M. Parker, acct. Aurelius.....	"	488	6.00
		Lieut. Vincent Mountfort.....	"	320	6.00
		J. P. Cilley, gift for benefit deceased com.....	"		25.00
	22.	Gideon Andrews, balance of.....	"	481	1.00
	23.	Dr. J. P. Shehan.....	"	180	18.00
		Maj. Henry C. Hall.....	"	360—448	35.00
		Dr. A. O. Stoddard, bal.....	"	273	1.50
	24.	John S. Mansur.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ "	526	5.00
		Mrs. James M. Morrill, acct. Lieut. Parkman.....	"	320	2.00
	25.	Dr. Melvin Preble.....	"	273	6.00
		Lieut. Edward Jordan, bal.....	"	644	5.00
	26.	Capt. Wm. S. Howe.....	"	273	6.00
		Lieut. John H. Goddard and Col. G.....	"	25—4	41.00
	31.	Mrs. Sarah Pascal, acct. Fred Norwood.....	"	504	12.00
Sept.	1.	Thomas J. Long.....	"	402	6.00
	5.	Mrs. Katie Jackson, acct. Lieut. Jackson.....	"	526	7.00
	7.	Alvin A. Carter, bal.....	"	448	5.00
	12.	Capt. Black Hawk Putnam, acct.....	"	526	12.00
		Milton F. Ricker.....	"	635	12.00
		Geo. P. Beal.....	"	225	6.00
	13.	Lieut. H. S. Libby, of self.....	"	264	31.50
		" " " acct. of Co. C.....	"	173	24.00
		Warren Mansur.....	"	424—441	14.00
		Lieut. John R. Andrews, bal.....	"	241	4.00
	19.	Lieut. H. S. Libby, bal. of Co. C.....	"	173	16.00
	24.	Capt. C. W. Ford.....	"	102	35.00
	26.	Gen. Henry L. Mitchell.....	"	225	12.00
	29.	Asa B. Hazeltine.....	"	225	6.00
	30.	Elbridge Burton.....	"	488	6.60

Amount carried forward.....

\$1762.55

			Co.	Page.	DR.
		Amount brought forward.....			\$1,762.55
Oct. 20.	Geo. W. Ward.....	Picture.	513		6.00
Apr. 12.	Capt. Zenas Vaughan.....	"	644		10.00
13.	Nath'l Bowden, Co. D.....	"	513		7.00
14.	Samuel T. Morgridge, band.....	"	402		6.00
Oct. 4.	Thad. Little.....	"	375		6.00
	D. W. Gage.....	"	257		6.00
	Col. S. H. Allen.....	"	25		12.00
	Maj. S. W. Thaxter, self.....	"	300		35.00
	" " " Welch.....	"	632		6.00
Nov. 16.	A. D. Champney, self.....	"	504		4.00
	Geo. H. M. Barrett, self.....	"	504		5.00
19.	Gen. L. G. Estes, self and gift.....	"	144		50.00
Dec. 15.	S. S. Avery.....	"	632		1.00
1888.					
Jan. 4.	Willard L. Messer, self.....	"	481		6.00
	John P. Carr.....	1/2 "	625		3.00
12.	S. S. Avery.....	"	632		3.00
Mich. 5.	Jacob B. Loring.....	"	448-280		5.00
June 2.	J. S. Mansur.....	"	526		2.00
Sept. 4.	Jacob B. Loring, bal.....	"	448-280		1.00
19.	Geo. B. Yeaton, part.....	"	112		1.00
Oct. 4.	E. T. Getchell.....	"	180		10.00
26.	A. W. Ingersoll.....	"	441-448		20.00
Sept. 17, '89.	William M. Loud.....	"	220		6.00
April 2, '90.	Marcellus Wentworth.....	"	225		6.00
	20 per cent discount on \$2442.50.....				488.50
	Balance due Treasurer.....				56.91
					\$2255.76

MEMORANDA.

62 pages were paid for through Treasurer, amounting to \$2442.50 less discount \$488.50. Total expense of collecting pictures, forwarding proofs, etc., \$83.26.

There were seven other pages of pictures, making the total 69 pages. Of these, the steel plate pictures of Gen. Smith, frontispiece, Chaplain Teft, page 56, Gen. Cilley, page 358, Capt. Wilson, page 121, were paid for by the persons themselves; that of Capt. Heald, by his friends.

The picture of Dinwiddie fight was from a drawing of Wilbur F. Lunt, and was paid for by him.

The picture of the committee on history, page 736, also went in without cost except the negative, 88.

1886.				CR.
Nov. 6.	Telegram, account cavalry.....		\$.20
20.	Paper for circulars.....			3.00
26.	Paper and circulars.....			2.75
27.	Postage stamps.....			7.00
29.	Ralph, for work.....			.65
Dec. 29.	Express to Heliotype Co.....			.25
29.	Postage stamps.....			2.00
1887.				
Jan. 3.	Check for Lieut. Bowman portrait.....			35.00
11.	Express to Tobie.....			.25
18.	Express.....			.30
20.	Three pamphlets.....			.85

Amount carried forward.....\$52.34

TREASURER'S REPORT.

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1887.		CR.
	<i>Amount brought forward</i>	\$52.34
27.	Postage stamps.....	1.00
31.	Postage stamps.....	8.00
Feb. 5.	Letter file for cavalry.....	2.37
7.	Check for Capt. Cole picture, and group B, officers, \$35 and \$35.....	70.00
12.	Express.....	.25
25.	Committee room at Sherman House.....	2.00
March 5.	Postage stamps.....	1.00
15.	Postage stamps.....	2.00
15.	Check for Col. Douty picture.....	35.00
17.	Postage stamps.....	2.00
28.	Express on cavalry pictures.....	.25
31.	Check for portrait of Kenney and Pillsbury, \$35 and \$35.....	70.00
April 5.	Check for portrait of Myrick, and Co. K officers, \$35 and \$40.....	75.00
19.	Express on pictures to Heliotype Co.....	.25
12.	1000 Envelopes for mailing circulars.....	1.10
14.	Postage stamps.....	9.00
18.	" ".....	2.00
19.	Express on pictures.....	.25
29.	" ".....	.30
	1000 portraits Forge view, etc.....	40.00
	" " Sergt. Sanford and Co. K.....	49.00
	" " Farwell, Ulmer and two others.....	40.00
	" " Farwell.....	35.00
	" " Two horsemen and three portraits.....	40.00
	1500 " Tobie.....	52.50
	500 " Col. Douty.....	17.50
	100 sheets of plate paper.....	.50
May 2.	Express on cavalry books.....	.30
4.	1000 pictures Surg. Stevens, Lovejoy and Bodfish.....	35.00
9.	Postage stamps account pictures.....	2.09
20.	1000 portraits, Capt. Loring, et. als.....	40.00
	" " Surg. Stevens, et. als.....	35.00
	" " Walker and Grant.....	40.00
June 1.	Express on copies of histories.....	.20
2.	1000 portraits of Lieut. Hunton.....	35.00
	1500 " Gen. Smith.....	52.50
7.	Express on pictures.....	.25
11.	" ".....	.25
	Express on Co. C page.....	2.25
14.	Postage stamps, 2 ; express, .25.....	2.25
20.	Check Heliotype Co., Gen. Estes picture.....	35.00
17.	Photograph of history committee.....	8.00
21.	Express on cavalry pictures.....	.25
July 4.	Postage stamps, 2 ; express, .25.....	2.25
6.	Express on pictures.....	.25
6.	Heliotype Co., Ministers, Pipe of Peace and Bugle.....	120.00
18.	Postage stamps, 2 ; express, .50.....	2.50
20.	Express.....	.25
28.	Lawyer's page, No. 337.....	40.00
	Col. Ingersoll, No. 88.....	85.00
	Osborne, Daggett, et. als., page 441.....	40.00
	Horatio S. Libby and 59 extra, \$35.00 and 1.50.....	36.50
29.	Ferguson, Meed and two standing, page 594.....	40.00
Aug. 3.	Heliotype Co., Bartlett, et. als., page 42.....	40.00
	" Lufkin, et. als., page 30.....	40.00
	<i>Amount carried forward</i>	\$1234.70

		Cr.
1887.	<i>Amount brought forward</i>	\$134.70
Aug. 3.	Heliotype Co., P. F. Sherlin, page 369	35.00
	Postage stamps.....	2.18
	Express25
	1000 envelopes for circulars.....	.90
8.	Telegram25
	Heliotype Co., page 22, Vaughan, Jordan et. als., \$40 and 1.50.....	41.50
	Postage.....	.50
16.	Express on pictures.....	.25
18.	Heliotype Co., page 215, Co. L.....	40.00
	“ “ 360, Maj. Hall	35.00
	“ “ 585, Co. H.....	40.00
	“ “ 273, Drs., \$40 and 1.50.....	41.50
	“ “ 220, Co. K.....	40.00
	“ “ 693, Flag.....	40.00
	“ “ 169, Upperville, (1500).....	52.50
	“ “ 173, Co. C.....	40.00
	“ “ 177, Gettysburg Monument (1500).....	52.50
18.	“ “ 139, Spurling.....	35.00
25.	“ “ 513, Co. D.....	40.00
	“ “ 280, Co. B.....	40.00
	“ “ 402, Band.....	40.00
	“ “ 25, Col. Allen, center.....	40.00
	“ “ 215, Co. L.....	40.00
29.	Postage stamps.....	.22
Sept. 8.	Express on pictures.....	.35
13.	Express on Libby's money.....	.25
15.	Heliotype Co., page 241, Co. H, Heal et als.....	40.00
	“ “ 526, Co. E, Putnam, center.....	40.00
	“ “ 481, Co. B, Coleman, center.....	40.00
	“ “ 180, Sheahan and 2 others.....	35.00
	“ “ 504, Co. C, Norwood, center	40.00
	“ “ 102, Ford	35.00
16.	Express on cavalry notions, list in en.....	.35
19.	Express on Libby's money.....	.15
Oct. 13.	Heliotype Co., page 424, Spurling, center.....	40.00
	“ “ 320, Chase, center.....	40.00
	“ “ 545, Bibber, center.....	40.00
	“ “ 4, Goddard.....	35.00
	“ “ 300, Thaxter.....	35.00
	“ “ 225, Mitchell, center.....	40.00
	“ “ 465, Haskell, center	40.00
19.	Postage	2.50
25.	Heliotype Co., page 173, Kimball, center,.....	40.00
		<hr/>
		\$2525.76

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second-Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II. OCTOBER, 1890.

CALL 2.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT,
AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST
TO ALL THE MEMBERS.

REUNION AT EASTPORT,

August 12th and 13th, 1884.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS J. P. CILLEY, *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

INTRODUCTION.

COMRADES OF THE "FIRST OF MAINE": The first call of the First Maine Bugle was "Reveille." This call is "Stable Call":—

"Come, come to the stable
All you that are able,
And give to your horses
Some oats and some corn.
For if you don't do it
The Colonel will know it,
And you then will rue it,
As sure as you're born."

It is a question of forage. The First Call of the Bugle cost more than was expected, and the comrades did not wake up or pay. I was in hopes that some members who were amply able, but who could not attend our yearly reunion, would pay dues, and thus help out; only one comrade thus responded, Sergeant John E. Crawford, of Fort Jones, California. Only one comrade made a gift, and that was Fred D. Lynn, of Soldiers' National Home, Togus. One comrade who forgot to pay his dues at Boston, Aug. 12th, 1890, paid them. Consequently, your Treasurer got mad—I mean simply "fighting mad," and determined to make the First Maine Bugle a financial success as well as a pictorial and literary success.

In this communication, and, in fact, in every communication I make to you, comrades, I intend to say just what I mean, with soldierly directness and soldierly frankness. If a tinge of command inheres in my words, it is because, and only because, I feel and know that I voice your own wishes and your own good judgment. Back of me I feel the throbbing hearts and willing hands of a thousand men from Maine, loyal to the grand old regiment.

I want every mother's son of you to take a copy of the Bugle, and pay for it. No matter if you are halt, lame, and blind, and discouraged, you will prize each call you receive, the more. It will be *your own*, and will be more refreshing and invigorating than medicine. It will add ten times its cost to your own courage and your own happiness. Don't get homesick and crawl into your boots among the led horses. Don't leave the financial fighting to the magnificent line of men that stand in front of this association, rendering it the wonder and admiration of every similar association in the land. See what gifts have been made for the history! What other regiment can equal our multitude of pictures? What other comrades have feasted on a \$1,000 banquet? Have your lot and parcel in this grand company, and each January, April, July, and October "rain in" your twenty-five cents, and receive each of these months a page of the counterances of your old comrades, alone worth twenty-five cents, and seventy-five to a hundred pages full of the life and memory of the First Cavalry from Maine.

I wish to go further; I call on you, Sons of the "First of Maine," to fill the constantly recurring vacancies in the ranks of those who rode at the front, over a quarter of a century ago. Some of you, like the son of our good, gruff old Dr. Stevens, the son of our doughty Col. Douty, and the missionary sons of Deacon Cummings, Sergeant, Company I, have made their mark, and are doing good in the world.

The widows of our departed comrades should not be forgotten. Let us remember them. Let each member, whom fortune has favored or whose heart is large, subscribe and send copies to those whose conditions and addresses he may know. In some cases he may thus discharge a duty he owes to a deceased comrade who drank from the same canteen years ago.

I have little desire for, and less faith in, subscriptions from members of other regiments. In my efforts to sell the history outside of the regiment I have wasted more postage stamps, more ink and paper, than such efforts were worth. Like the old farmer about to die, who called his sons around his bedside and told them that "There was gold hidden all over the surface of his farm, not a foot from the top, and if they would only dig for it, they would obtain it." Year by year, with plow and spade, they turned over the soil of the farm, and soon the increasing crops explained the meaning of their father's last words. Comrades, it is in your memories I wish to plough, and your hearts I wish to dig into, to make our Bugle, indeed, a golden one.

I have many things more I want to say, but am restricted by time and space. I urge that the comrades in each city, or in central places in each county, and also in other States, form associations, and hold stated meetings to keep the fires of loyalty to our regiment alive and burning.

One thing more, I want your picture and the money to have it appear. The next call will be "Roll Call," and will contain the names of every person who belonged to the regiment, and the address of members as far as known. I desire for this number a page with the portraits of Gen. Gregg and staff for the centre, and six officers or men around it. To obtain these six, I have worked a month, and written some thirty letters, and have received only one picture, Major Hall, and a partial promise of two others.

I want the comrades to realize, emphatically and fully, that the portraits in the history and Bugle are the best that can be made in the whole world. A steel engraving may attract you more at first, but these portraits show the man just as he was in the service, or as he appears now. The more you study them, the more they grow on you and attract you. The true lineaments, features, and expressions come out as they actually were, or now are. I repeat and shall repeat as long as I have power to breathe, that it is your duty to *appear*; that you cannot afford to be left out. I tell you more, that this Bugle is going to blow till the last reverence and love for the grand old regiment passes out of the hearts and lives of men. The countenances of our sons and daughters shall adorn its pages. They will then hold our future, and take

"Our oath, that till manhood shall perish,
And honor and virtue are sped,
We are true to the cause that they cherish,
And eternally true to the dead."

Now if you will each do his duty as you did over twenty-five years ago and take a copy of the history you need and want, and respond to each call of the Bugle as it reaches you, we will have an accumulated fund, sacred to the publication of our records, and a picture gallery extending down the long avenue of time.

With military meaning, I am,

Your obedient servant,

J. P. CILLEY.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The thirteenth annual reunion was held at Eastport, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 12th and 13th, 1884. The comrades gathered Tuesday forenoon from various parts of the State, and even from Massachusetts, from Rhode Island, and from Connecticut, until about seventy-five were present. Among those present may be mentioned Gen. Charles H. Smith, who went from Eastport as Captain of Co. D, rose to the rank of Major and Lieutenant Colonel early in 1863, and to the rank of Colonel in June, 1863, commanded the regiment until June 24th, 1864, when he was wounded in action at St. Mary's Church, and on his return was brevetted brigadier and major general, and commanded the brigades in which this regiment served till the end of the war, his brigade holding the position of honor in the engagement at Appomattox the morning of Gen. Lee's surrender—the last fight of the Army of the Potomac. Since the war, Gen. Smith has served as colonel in the regular army, being at present colonel of the 19th Infantry, stationed at Fort Clark, Texas. This was the second reunion Gen. Smith has attended since the war, and the greetings of his old comrades were warm indeed. Gen. J. P. Cilley, lieutenant colonel of the regiment and its commander during the last campaign, was also present, as were Major H. C. Hall, Capt. A. H. Bibber, A. A. G., of the Third Brigade Second Cavalry Division (Gen. Smith's brig-

ade), Lieut. O. S. Haskell, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, and Assistant Surgeon A. M. Parker.

All the forenoon the comrades gathered, the headquarters being in Grand Army Hall, until the steamer arrived from Portland and Boston, at noon, which brought a score or more. Then the comrades proceeded to the skating-rink, where a glorious army bean dinner, prepared under the auspices of the Meade Post No. 40, G. A. R., was served by the ladies. Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of the Washington Street Baptist Church. Dinner was heartily enjoyed, of course, the comrades taking to baked beans and hard tack as readily as they did on their return from Stoneman's raid.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

Dinner over, the comrades roamed at will until 3 o'clock, when a business meeting was held. The President of the Association, Capt. A. H. Bibber, called to order. At this time, there were sixty or seventy comrades present. In the absence of the secretary, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie was chosen Secretary *pro tem*.

Gen. J. P. Cilley, treasurer, presented his annual report, showing a small balance in the treasury. This report was accepted.

Sergeant W. K. Ripley, Hospital Steward E. T. Getchell, and Sergeant Henry Little, were appointed a committee to select three places from which to choose the place of the next reunion. This committee subsequently reported the names of Canton, Gardiner, and Skowhegan, and Canton was selected by the association as the place of the next reunion, with the provision that the officers shall have discretionary power to change the place of meeting if necessary.

Comrades A. Edgecomb, of Co. A, S. W. Palmer, Co. B, Charles E. Hill, Co. C, Silas Leach, Co. D, Tristram Andrews, Co. E, L. Toothaker, Co. F, D. W. Gage, Co. G, A. F. Bickford, Co. H, Charles E. Moulton, Co. I, F. B. Newbegin, Co. K, A. L. Ordway, Co. L, F. J. Savage, Co. M, and A. M.

Parker, of the field and staff, were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year. This committee subsequently reported the following list of officers, which report was accepted, and the officers, as named, elected.

President, CAPT. ISAAC G. VIRGIN, Canton.
Vice-President, LIEUT. H. F. BLANCHARD, Augusta.
Recording Secretary, . . PRIVATE M. F. RICKER, Portland.
Treasurer, GEN. J. P. CILLEY, Rockland.
Corresponding Secretary, LIEUT. ORIN S. HASKELL, Pittsfield.

Gen. Cilley submitted a report upon the monument to be erected next October at the locality of the cavalry fight on the right flank at Gettysburg, to the effect that \$244 had been subscribed; that the amount asked from this regiment was \$200; that he had pledged himself that all subscribed over \$200 should be placed in the historical fund, but that the Monument Association had asked for \$25 more, as the subscriptions were not full. After some consideration of the matter, it was voted that \$25 more be added to the monument fund, making the amount furnished by this regiment \$225.

Gen. Smith called attention to the importance of some one from each company furnishing the historian with a record of every man in the company, to complete the roster of the whole regiment for publication in the history. This brought out some questions and some facts of interest concerning the progress of the history.

After the business meeting, the boys roamed at will, some crossing over to the foreign shore; others going fishing, through the courtesy of Mr. James Shiels, who considered nothing too good for the ex-soldiers, and who placed everything that he had at their service, without money and without price; others visiting friends, and others remaining at their quarters, to talk over again the experiences of nearly twenty years ago.

THE BANQUET.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, "local time," the line was again formed, and escorted by Meade Post No. 4, G. A. R., the

Frontier Guards, Capt. C. H. Hodgdon, and the Leavitt Guards, Capt. J. M. Sweat, and accompanied by the Eastport Brass Band, the comrades, under command of Gen. Smith, marched again to the skating-rink, where the banquet was served. The scene, as the boys entered the rink, was a pretty and inviting one. The rink was prettily and tastefully decked with flags and streamers of bunting in different colors, under the direction of Capt. Bibber; the immense hall, with the exception of the space occupied by the banquet tables, was filled with the good people of Eastport, ladies and gentlemen; scores of pretty young ladies, dressed in white and tastefully decked with flowers, were in waiting to serve the guests with the banquet prepared by the ladies of Eastport; baskets of flowers and cages of canaries were hung in various places; on the further wall were displayed the names of more than one hundred battles, skirmishes, and important movements in which the regiment took part, and, draped in emblems of mourning, the names of the officers of the regiment who gave up their lives that the nation might live. The comrades and their escorts were soon seated, and the large hall was completely filled.

In due time, Capt. Bibber called attention, and ordered the cavalry men to draw forks, and the infantry men to fix bayonets, and all to charge on the foe before them. This was n't, however, until after Rev. T. G. Moses, of Franklin, N. H., had invoked Divine blessing. The order was obeyed, and never before were the comrades served more promptly or by handsomer ladies.

When eating was no longer a pleasure, Capt. Bibber again called to attention, and introduced N. B. Nutt, Esq., Collector of Customs, who welcomed the comrades to Eastport in words substantially as follows:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

"Mr. Chairman, and members of the First Maine Cavalry: A few years ago an expedition, composed largely of young men, left our doors for the frozen regions of the North. They

went there, knowing well the dangers that lay before them. They knew the privations and dangers to life that beset them on that long journey, and knew that they left behind them civilization and all the comforts of life and home and friends. They went there to add something to the world's knowledge. They took upon themselves all these privations for the sake of adding something to the world's knowledge. Within a few weeks, some vessels of the United States have returned to our shores, bringing back that party of young men, or a portion of them—some of them living, some of them dead—the larger portion of them dead. For the past few days the nation has been paying honors to the dead and the living of this expedition. Why has the nation paid honors to these few men who have been brought back from those icy regions of the North? Because the world honors heroism, always has, always will. Whoever has earned honor that is worthy, the world stands ready to do him honor—to him, if he lives, to his memory if he dies. So the world is to-day doing honor to these men.

Some twenty years ago, you members of the First Maine Cavalry left your homes, your friends, and happiness—left them behind you at the call of your country—not only to add to the world's knowledge, or the world's happiness, but to perpetuate the best government the sun ever shone upon. For this you encountered privations in the camp, and dangers on the battle-field. After the struggle, a portion of you returned home. Some of you are here to-night—only a remnant. You went forth to perpetuate free institutions. An attempt was made to destroy this government, and divide it up into petty states. You fought for this government. These northern explorers went forth to decide the question of whether or not there is a polar sea. You went forth to solve the question if this government should stand. You decided that it should stand, and to-day it stands better than ever before in its history. For this reason, and for the same reason as the northern explorers are honored, you members of the First Maine Cavalry, the citizens of Eastport meet here to-night to do you honor, and in behalf of our citizens I give you a very cordial welcome to our town.

We expected to see a larger number, but to those who are here, in behalf of the citizens of Eastport I bid you a hearty and cordial welcome."

REMARKS BY GEN. SMITH.

The band rendered Auld Lang Syne, after which Capt. Bibber introduced Gen. Charles H. Smith, the long-time popular and efficient commander of the regiment, who was greeted with cheer after cheer, and who addressed the assemblage as follows:—

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, and comrades of the First Maine Cavalry Association: This assembling of a few survivors of the First Maine Cavalry has a meaning that relates to others rather than themselves, and to another time rather than the present. These few veterans, only little more than a half hundred, represent twelve hundred, who, in 1861, banded themselves together by a solemn oath to defend their country in its greatest peril. They represent not only twelve hundred, but twelve hundred depleted and depleted, recruited and recruited, till the roll of honor contained about three times twelve hundred names. That body of men from our own State of Maine constituted a regiment, and made a record, that had no superior and but few equals, in the great War of the Rebellion. I do not make this statement upon my own judgment solely, because my relations to it were too intimate and too interested for me to be an impartial judge. But I make it upon what I know was the judgment and knowledge of our superiors, expressed and recorded too many times to ever be reversed. I make it upon what I know was the uniform opinion of our equals, regiments associated with us in scores of marches and battles. If, however, I were to make any qualification at all, it would be in favor of that regiment of glorious record, the Sixth Maine Infantry.

"I do not say this as a compliment to that regiment, because it does not need any compliment from me. I do not say it as a mere compliment to Eastport either, which recruited and furnished one of its companies. But I make the statement

upon no less grounds than the well known opinions of Meade, Sheridan, and Hancock; I make it upon even more impressive testimony, that of yonder monument in yonder graveyard, whose evidence no one will question. But I was saying in general terms, that the First Maine Cavalry took the cake, and as I stand here in the presence of these few comrades, I am overwhelmed by a flood of memories that comes rushing upon me, and I regret that I have not the gift nor time to give them suitable expression. I must content myself by telling a few stories, and stating a few facts.

“Early in the war, while I was a captain, my company was on picket duty in Chester Gap, Virginia. In due time we were relieved, and, while returning to camp just before nightfall, Private Leach fell out, and left the company in disregard of orders. Now Leach had been master of a vessel, and more accustomed to command than to obey, and had not been a soldier long enough to become wholly imbued with martial discipline. After getting into camp, I was sitting in my tent thinking how I would treat Leach’s absence so as to preserve discipline and not have to resort to any very unpleasant measures. While I was thinking of the matter, Leach appeared at my tent, with a tin plate heaped up with honey, a part of the trophies of his absence, and a solace I suppose to his outraged captain, and respectfully requested the captain to accept it. A *nolle prosequi* resulted, and the case was dismissed. I am happy to state, also, that Leach survived subsequent gallant services and the war, and is one of our number here to-night.

“At the battle of Shepardstown, Virginia, July 16th, 1863, in which the vigilance, promptness, and intrepidity of this regiment made it possible for a division to hold the field and win the day, two incidents occurred that I will relate. Charlie H. Bell and George P. Andrews, both of this town, were on the skirmish line together, and were seeking partial shelter behind a low ridge. They would flatten themselves upon the ground while loading their pieces, then raise themselves upon their knees, with side to the enemy, and fire over the crest of the

ridge. While Charlie Bell was thus shooting, an unfortunate shot from the enemy struck him in the *other* end of his prone body, and inflicted a severe wound. His manly pride, however, was superior to the pain of his wound, and, in tones of despair, clapping his hand upon the wound, he exclaimed, 'O George! just my luck; shot where I can never speak of it!'

"In the same battle, at another time, Peter Como, of Company K, saw one of the enemy presenting himself as a good mark. Peter rose to his feet, drew a bead on him, and called to his comrades to 'Watch and see that Johnny jump.' (When a man is shot with a bullet, he is likely to jump or fall dead, and many do both.) It subsequently appeared that the Johnny was playing the same game, that two minds were running in the same channel, so Peter fired, and so did Johnny. But it was Peter who jumped, and his first words were, 'By golly, the wrong boy jumped!' He had received a slight wound.

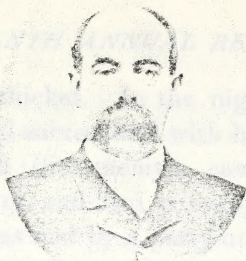
"I will relate an instance of remarkable marching by the regiment, and its unexpected escape from capture. In the autumn of 1863, the armies of Gen. Meade and Gen. Lee were watching each other from the opposite banks of the Rapidan River, when Gen. Lee conceived the idea of advancing, and Gen. Meade of retreating. This regiment was in camp near Warrenton, and, in pursuance of orders, started early one morning, marched all day, and just at dark arrived at a point far to the southwest of Culpepper Court House. The next morning, before daylight, it started again, to return over the same route, helping to cover the left flank of our retreating army, and arrived near Warrenton again at dark. The third morning, before daylight, I was ordered to proceed with this regiment to the Blue Ridge and along its base, to find out and report any movements of the enemy in that direction. The regiment started early, and proceeded to Chester Gap, through which a pike crosses the Blue Ridge to Front Royal. Only a few guerrillas and spies had been encountered. At Chester Gap I left Capt. Paul Chadbourne with his company I, to picket and observe. With the rest of the regiment

I proceeded along the bases of the mountains southward, to Little Washington, where I again halted, and selected a detachment containing the best horses to proceed to Sperryville, where a pike crosses the mountains to the Luray Valley. At the same time I sent Lieut. William Harris with twelve picked men back to Warrenton, with a report of where I was and what I was doing, and that I should return to Warrenton as soon as the detachment returned from Sperryville. That detachment returned about an hour before sunset. I gave it an hour to rest, and then started with the whole command to return. We arrived at Chester Gap after dark. Capt. Chadbourne had seen the detachment with Lieut. Harris pass at the proper time, but had not seen anything else of importance to report. I then decided to send Capt. Chadbourne with a detachment to Warrenton that night with an additional report, and to go into camp near Amissville with the rest of the regiment, and wait till morning. We had got nearly to our proposed camping place, when the detachment with Capt. Chadbourne, in advance, was fired into, and came back upon the head of my column in some confusion. Capt. Chadbourne reported to me that a large force was encamped in our immediate front, and, upon examination, I soon discovered that our regiment was completely cut off by a whole rebel corps, commanded by Gen. A. P. Hill. I at once deployed two companies to resist attack, and ordered Lieut. Col. Boothby to conduct the rest of the regiment back to Chester Gap, put out pickets, and hunt up a guide. As soon as the rest of the regiment got out of the way, I withdrew the two deployed companies, and followed. A party pursued us, from whom we captured two prisoners, whom we took with us several miles and then abandoned. They were not mounted. When I rejoined Lieut. Col. Boothby at Chester Gap, he had found a colored boy for a guide, who could conduct us by private roads and paths through woods, across the head waters of the north fork of the Rappahannock River. I directed Lieut. Col. Boothby to take the guide and conduct the regiment in the direction indicated, while I remained behind to call in the

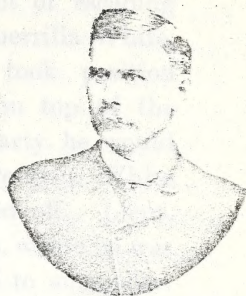
pickets, and followed as soon as the column got out of the way. There were places in the woods where the regiment had to march in single file, which resulted in extending the column to great length, and as there were delays in getting over bad places, with increased gait afterwards, the column would become broken into parts, and a race to close up would result. Scratched faces and lost caps in the dark thicket resulted of course, and I do not think it will be possible for any comrade who was there to ever forget the torments of that night's ride for freedom. Having fairly gained the north side of the Rappahannock River, our young guide had passed beyond the limits of his knowledge of the country, and it was necessary to find another guide. We fortunately discovered a country house, in which we aroused a very large, coarse-looking white man. We did not know whether he was friend or foe, but presumed that he was the latter, and he was equally ignorant as to who we were. I questioned him minutely regarding the country, the roads, distances, and prominent objects, before he had gained any idea as to where we wanted to go. I then gave him a horse to mount, and, unnecessarily, perhaps, gave him twenty dollars from my pocket, for I wanted to have him by purchase as well as by capture. Besides, I felt very grateful for a guide that night. In indicating to this guide the route I wished to take I acted upon the presumption that our forces still held Warrenton. I had no means of knowing, what I afterwards discovered, that our forces had fallen back out of Warrenton, and that the whole rebel cavalry was in possession of the town. My object was to avoid the rebel forces and reach Warrenton before morning. The most direct road led too near the camp of the enemy. I therefore selected a more circuitous and obscure route. We had passed the point of danger, as I hoped, and reached a road with which I was acquainted, so I dismissed the guide, after concealing him in a thicket, at his request, till the column got by him, because he said, 'Some of those fellows will take the horse away from me if they see me,' and I guess he was right. My next desire was to run into our pickets, because I knew that if our

forces held Warrenton they would picket against the rebel forces that we had just encountered. I was, therefore, hoping to run into our pickets, even to be fired at by them. But instead of meeting our pickets, a turn of the road revealed to us a camp of cavalry as dead and silent as those small hours of the morning were. Then I knew, beyond a doubt, that we had not 'got out of the woods,' but were still in rear of the rebel cavalry. I called for a volunteer, and was about to instruct him how to ride into the camp and ascertain whose it was, when I learned that Major S. W. Thaxter, brave and impatient with delay, had ridden into camp with a feeling of assurance that it was part of our cavalry. After getting into the camp, Major Thaxter demanded, 'What regiment is this?' A drowsy soldier answered from beneath his blanket, 'The Twelfth.' 'The Twelfth what?' demanded Major Thaxter. 'The Twelfth Virginia, you damn fool!' was the reply. (No other Southern State had twelve regiments of cavalry.) Major Thaxter returned in haste, and reported in a very loud whisper, 'Colonel! Colonel, it is the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry!' It then became apparent to all that our way to Warrenton was blocked, and that our course must be changed. That rebel regiment was supposed to be in a perfectly secure position, being between their infantry and the body of their cavalry. It did not have so much as a camp guard on duty. We could have captured it without resistance, if we could have got away with our plunder. But the truth is, we were not hunting for regiments to capture, but rather to escape capture ourselves. We were the ones who were out of place and in supposed danger. I at once ordered a stone fence beside the road to be thrown down, and started the column across the country northward. New Baltimore became my objective point. I wanted to get there before morning. It was necessary to get round and beyond the enemy before daylight. We, therefore, directed our course northward by the heavens, across fields, fences, pastures, swamps, and ditches, until we came to a plantation house, in which we found an aged white man and a small colored boy, from whom we

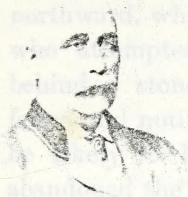
learned something more definite of the battle of the preceding day, and the changed positions of the forces. I took the boy, our third guide that night, and he conducted us to New Baltimore by a route I indicated to him, so as to avoid the Warrenton pike, and thus keep on the flank of the enemy, instead of getting behind him again, in case he had advanced as far as New Baltimore. We, therefore, approached that town from the west just before sunrise, and just in time to see one rebel trooper, who, perhaps, had been to visit his home or sweetheart, skipping over the hill towards the enemy. I then knew that we had practically 'got out of the woods,' and I at once dispatched Major George M. Brown to find and report to superior authority what we had seen and knew. He found army headquarters near Catlets Station, and Gen. Meade subsequently assured me of the very great importance and value to him of the information I sent him. After dispatching Major Brown, I moved leisurely with the regiment to Bristow Station, and learned that our army was falling back to Centreville. Our reappearance was a surprise to our friends, because they believed that the regiment had been captured, and officially reported it as captured. If it had not been important for us to get back to our army as soon as possible, to report what we had discovered, we could have escaped more easily by taking more time, and giving the enemy a wider berth. The corps of A. P. Hill, that we encountered and escaped from, arrived at Bristow Station the next day, where it attacked our Second Corps, and was repulsed. This narrative would be incomplete without an account of the adventures of Lieut. Harris and party, who were sent back from Little Washington with a report. The party had passed the point where we ran into Hill's corps before it arrived there. Proceeding to Warrenton, it ran into the rebel cavalry, which had already got there. The party then turned to come back to the regiment, and ran into Hill's corps, which had begun to arrive in the meantime, and was thus hemmed in between two hostile forces. Lieut. Harris concealed his party in a thicket till after dark, and captured two of the enemy who happened to



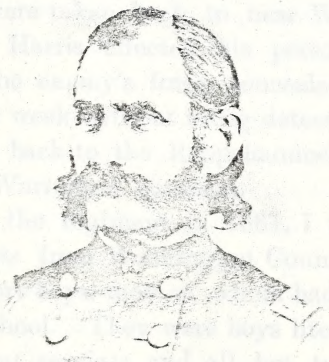
JOHN P. THOMPSON,
Co. H, 1st D.C. Cav.
Co. M, 1st Maine Cav.
Mt. Tom, Mass.



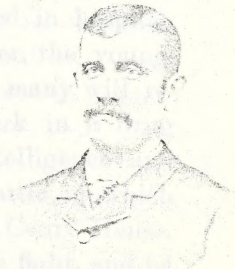
JOHN M. WARREN,
Co. H, 1st D.C. Cav.
Co. M, 1st Maine Cav.
Northampton, Mass.



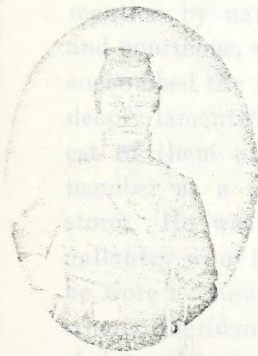
LEANDER H. PAUL,
Co. F, 1st D.C. Cav.
Transferred to Navy.
Camden, Maine.



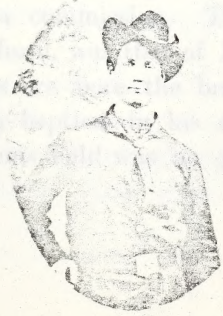
MAJOR DANIEL S. CURTISS,
1st D.C. and 1st Maine Cav.
(Deceased.)



JOHN B. PERRY,
Co. E, 1st D.C. Cav.
Co. I, 1st Maine Cav.
Northampton, Mass.



HARRISON J. JACK,
Com. Serg't Co. F, 1st Maine Cav.
Killed near Richmond, Va., on
Unhlgren Raid, March 1, 1864.



wander into the same thicket. In the night he abandoned his horses, equipments, and sabres, and with his firearms and prisoners escaped through the enemy's camp undetected, made his way across the river, and had a fair prospect of escaping northward, when he was met by a party under guerrilla White, who attempted to take him. Lieut. Harris took position behind a stone fence, posted his two prisoners on top of the fence, and notified White that if he fired at the party, he would be likely to kill two of his own men. Whereupon, White abandoned the attempt to capture him, and moved off. Lieut. Harris then proceeded as far as Thoroughfare Gap, where he was met by Mosby with a large force, to whom he had to surrender. He and his party were taken back to near Warrenton, where, after dark, Lieut. Harris effected his personal escape, and being far within the enemy's lines, concealed and sustained himself more than a week without being detected; and, finally, when Lee again fell back to the Rappahannock, made his way into our lines near Warrenton Junction.

"When I joined the regiment in 1861, I took with me to Augusta the recruits from Washington County, among whom were a dozen Eastport boys, most of whom had been my pupils in the Boynton School. They were boys literally, and all of them rendered gallant services, and all but two survived the war, and returned to their homes. Those two I desire to mention by name. Young Leslie B. Gardner, mild-mannered and courteous, whose devotion to duty excelled his strength, succumbed the first summer in the field, and died in hospital, deeply lamented by all his comrades. The other, the youngest of them all, was James E. Stayner, whom many will remember as a pale-faced, light-haired boy, a clerk in a drug store. He was delicate as a girl, but his intelligence and gallantry won him a commission. The first battle in which he wore his new uniform, was that of Dinwiddie Court House, where Sheridan says we bore the brunt of the fight, and he christened it there by baptism in his own young blood. His death on that victorious field was as gallant as his short life had been noble.

"On the seventh day of April, 1865, during our pursuit to Appomattox, we had the enemy on the run near the town of Farmville. My brigade had the advance. Rufus A. Smith, of Company I, First Maine, was one of my orderlies. I sent him with a message to Col. Clark of the Thirteenth Ohio, who was moving too far to the right, and too much in advance. It happened that Gen. W. H. F. Lee's brigade of rebel cavalry was in our left front, and many of his men wore our army blue. The orderly mistook that rebel brigade for the Union regiment, and, riding deliberately up to it with his message, was taken prisoner. Two days later the surrender of Appomattox occurred. In the mean time, the orderly, as a prisoner, had been robbed of his shoes, half his clothing, and every article of value about him, and was half famished with hunger. He was released as soon as the terms of surrender were signed, and lost no time in getting back to his friends. It was towards evening when he joined us. I was sitting near a camp-fire thinking. The events of that day evolved too much for quick consideration. It was delicious to feel the security of peace, that we were no longer confronted by an enemy, that there would be no more wounding nor killing, nor pursuing the enemy, nor fleeing from him, but that the blue and the gray might mingle as friends, and vie with each other in acts of kindness, as they sometimes did. As I was thus sitting and thinking, my lost orderly approached from behind me, and, quietly passing to the front of me, took the position of a soldier. Then with real dramatic effect, and in a manner as composed as if nothing unusual had happened, he saluted me and said, 'Sir, I have to report that I could not find Col. Clark.' That cool young soldier has become a valuable citizen in his native town of Dayton of this state, and I had the pleasure of dining with his happy and prosperous family only a few weeks since.

"I will give one more illustration of war. Private William L. Foss, of Machias, was one of our earliest recruits. After serving out his time he re-enlisted. He never missed a duty, and never grumbled. Just before the last campaign of the

army. I detailed him for special messenger, as a slight reward for his faithful services. His special duties did not require him to unduly expose himself in battle, but his fearless, unselfish, gallant nature impelled him to do so. In a charge at Briery Creek, during the pursuit to Appomattox, Foss was seen in the very front, but was missing after the charge was over. The regiment marched on to Appomattox, and gained the most advanced and most exposed position the morning of the ninth of April. It was directly between the rebel army and Lynchburg, and, with the brigade, was posted across the road by which that army hoped to escape. The regiment held the post of honor, received the first attack, and fired the first Union shot on that memorable morning. It also kept on firing till all firing ceased and victory and peace were proclaimed. Then we came marching back with victory on our banners, and peace in our hearts and throughout the land. We were recrossing the battle-field of Briery Creek, where Foss was last seen in the van of the charge, when his well-known horse that he had ridden so often and so fearlessly, was discovered pierced by three bullets. Near the dead horse was a fresh grave, that told a sad tale. A few handfuls of earth were removed, and the face of Foss was revealed. We, living, stood in the presence of his death. His gallant life had been tolled, that we might live on to victory and the enjoyment of victory. Now William L. Foss was only a dead soldier! Only one of the many thousand who were sacrificed by the war. It is, therefore, most fitting, as I stated in effect when I began, that these annual reunions of those living should be held to honor and keep alive our memories of so many comrades who fell at our sides."

POEM BY LIEUT. TOBIE.

Capt. Bibber then introduced Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, now of Pawtucket, R. I., who read the following original poem, prepared for the occasion:—

THE LAST MAN OF THE OLD FIRST MAINE.

The years are passing swiftly by;
Our comrades, one by one,
Are being slowly mustered out,
Their earthly service done;

And as we meet each year, to taste
Reunion's pleasures sweet,
Our hearts are saddened, as we miss
Some one we loved to greet.

We miss some well-remembered form
We miss some features dear,
We miss some kindly voice and tone
We dearly loved to hear.

Each year our ranks are growing thin
The time is coming fast,
When only one of us is left,
Of all our comrades—last ;

When only one of all who made
The gallant old First Maine
Is left on earth—for all the rest
The bugle calls in vain.

I see him bending 'neath the weight
Of more than four-score years,
A man at peace with heaven and earth
Who has for death no fears ;

A man who's held in high esteem,
All over our grand State,
Is loved and honored everywhere,
Revered by small and great.

His history is known to all,
His deeds of long ago
Are treasured up as household words
Which it were well to know.

Large-hearted, social, kind, and true,
'Tis pleasure him to meet—
At every home a welcome guest
Whom all delight to greet.

His aged eyes are gleaming bright,
With light as from above,
And all alike look up to him
With reverence and love.

He loves to sit the livelong day,
With children at his knee,
And tell them stories of the war
That made four millions free.

And while they listen unto him,
As well they love to do,
They learn from him the lessons grand,
Of patriotism true;

Of loyalty to duty; of
Devotion to the right;
Of love of country that shall dare,
When she's assailed, to fight.

And older ones as well as young
Delight to hear him tell
How nobly his brave comrades fought,
How gallantly they fell.

And as he tells the tales of camp,
That you and I oft tell,
The same old smile lights up his face,
We used to know so well.

And, as he tells of battle scenes,
Of full a score of fights,
The same old fire beams in his eye
We saw on Brandy's heights.

The glory of the old First Maine
Will brighter shine, because
He tells how bravely and how well
We fought in freedom's cause.

The history of the country, too,
Will clearer be, by far,
Because he tells, and tells so oft,
The stories of the war.

The closing years of his long life
Pass quietly away;
Peace reigns supreme, and happiness
Beams on his face alway.

Surrounded by his loved ones true,
Whose care for him ne'er ends,
He knows no want that's not supplied
At once, by loving friends.

He spends his days in pleasantness,
And, like the ancient sage,
Enjoys, in all its blessedness,
A happy, green old age.

He lives in blissful consciousness
Of duty nobly done
To God, to country, and to man,
To each and every one,

And has no fear of what may come
Beyond the shores of time;
His faith in God is bright as day,
His trust in him sublime.

At length the summons comes to join
His comrades gone before;
His prompt response as fearless is
As when, in days of yore

He sprang at sound of bugle call
And rushed into the fight,
Fearing not danger, pain, nor death,
But braving all for right.

It comes at midnight — he responds
Without a fear or doubt:
And with a smile the old First Maine
At last is mustered out.

A male double quartette, under the direction of Prof. B. L. Whelpley, then sang "The Soldier's Farewell," receiving much applause.

REMARKS BY DR. SHEAHAN.

Capt. Bibber then called upon Comrade John P. Sheahan to act as toastmaster. Comrade Sheahan introduced himself in a characteristic manner, as a member of Company K who was raised to the rank of corporal for distinguished services, and after serving three weeks in this official capacity, resigned and was reduced to the ranks. He wished only to establish his reputation for veracity. "I promised the veterans at their last reunion that the people of Eastport would feed them well. Haven't they done it?" An emphatic "Yes" was the response. "I promised also that you would be waited upon by the handsomest ladies of the State of Maine. Has not that been fulfilled?" Another still more emphatic "yes" responded.

REMARKS BY GEN. CILLEY.

Toastmaster Sheahan then announced the first toast:—

“The Rank and File,”

and called upon Gen. J. P. Cilley, who responded as follows:—

“At Auburn, last year, the comrades of Eastport promised to open their houses to us, give us the best of the land, and have the prettiest girls in Maine wait on us. To-day Eastport has more than redeemed her promise. At the very first we reported to, and were assigned homes, by a lady of Juno-like beauty and majesty. Eastport’s care for us was not only generous and full, but through it all ran a delicacy of flattery most enjoyable, but impossible to set forth in words. I can give one sample which will indicate the flavor of such flattery. After having breathed and realized in some degree the home flavor and extent of your hospitality, I, with my comrades, went to the wharf to welcome an expected portion of our regiment. While waiting, your Baptist clergyman, Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, who had commenced conversation with me as one of the new family of Eastport guests, asked me ‘what church at the present time was under my charge?’ (great laughter). Could kindness be better illustrated or flattery more insidious?”

“My subject is: ‘The Rank and File of the Regiment.’

“I wish to say that the rank and file were the regiment. I cherish with pride,—sentimental it may be, but sentiment as an ingredient of pride only exalts and confirms it,—the fact that my name stands on the rolls of the regiment from Sept. 3d, 1861, to Oct. 4th, 1861, as an enlisted man and private of Company B. One thing more I cherish with more than pride: that men of this regiment, in their season of affliction from death of wife or children, or when pecuniary loss has distressed them, or sickness discouraged them, have written me for sympathy, asking no assistance, only seeking the solace of giving utterance to their sorrows and desiring a word of encouragement that above the clouds the sun still shines. I rejoice in this. It awakens in me that oneness of experience that pos-

sessed me when we advanced, dismounted, through the woods on the right of the Boydtown Plank Road, Oct. 27th, 1864, and I footed it on the same level with you; and Serg't. Gurney, when I reproved him for wasting his ammunition, turned the same rebuke on me, showing he was correct and I was wrong. Or, at St. Mary's Church, June 24th, 1864, where, with battalion front, we brought our mouths to the same level, and drank from the muddy brook we crossed by wading—a type of fellowship and oneness more impressive than drinking from the same canteen.

“The rank and file were the regiment. You made the officers. The officers did not form or shape you. Every officer who endured or held on to the end, derived and received his strength from association and contact with you, who were the bone and sinew of the organization. Our own was the only regiment that kept the single-rank formation in every battle in which it was engaged. As a rule, in every engagement and in every skirmish, we occupied twice the length of line filled by any other regiment in our division. In fact, as each man stood alone with no companion behind to support him, he felt he must command himself, and fight the battle on his own responsibility and with his own manoeuvres, guiding, as every organization must, on those to his right and left, feeling and knowing that, with his trusty repeating carbine in his hands, he had the equivalent of sixteen men at his back and his order. In fact, much of the last year of the war, during a portion of which time eighteen hundred men were on the rolls, the regiment had only one field officer present, and little over one officer in each company. Count up the losses and deeds of that year, when of necessity, you of the rank and file commanded and led yourselves,—and you have your encomium.

“I would like to divide my subject, and speak of certain portions of the men of our regiment classified by similar experiences and conditions,—men who get poor justice in history or words; whose crown of glory was a crown of thorns; who suffered, who endured, who secured no visible reward. The largest class of these heroes are those who were captured in

battle, or taken exhausted by weary marches and raids. Serg't. Winsor B. Smith is a type of these men,—bright, intelligent, fitted in every way to command and direct; who, in fact, while a private and orderly for Gen. Paul, won that general's applause and the approving laughter of all his staff, by taking command of a regiment of infantry with a full set of field officers and bringing it out of its lost condition, and marching it to the division headquarters, brought it 'front into line,' and causing its officers and men to salute, turned over the command to the general with the words: 'I have the honor to report to you with the ——th New York Regiment, which none of your staff officers could find.' This same Smith, with promotion just before him, on Wyatt's Farm, Sept. 29th, 1864, while executing an order to find the connecting battalion of the regiment, rode directly into the hands of the enemy, who had occupied part of the line we had held; and all his ambitions for advancement were changed to the hunger and waiting of Andersonville. How many of our comrades suffered in like manner with nothing to compensate or reward them, while their more fortunate comrades had the exhilaration of battle, and received the rewards of valor!

Another, but not so large a class, are those whose military career and its promise was closed by wounds. It was wonderful how every wounded man was anxious to return to the front. A determination to square accounts with the enemy seemed to animate them, and, when able to return, they welcomed each contest, and were found in the fore front of each battle. But those invalided by months of suffering in hospital, or by loss of limbs—how shall honor be done them or recompense be made, other than the badge they wear, attesting their presence where blows were received as well as given!

Another large class is those, who, with high hopes and expectations, went forth to the war, and sickness was the only enemy met, and hospital the only field on which they suffered. A type of this class comes to my mind in the person of Oliver E. Copeland of Company B. He enlisted in the second year of the war, when it was evident that the war would be both hard and long,—a conscientious man, yearning to do something

to aid his country, and hoping for opportunity to make his mark. Arriving in Washington the first of August, 1862, with some thirty or more recruits, they were sent forward to join their regiment, without overcoats or tents, with information that they would find the regiment a short distance to the front. For the greater part of a month they wandered from one regiment to another, from one division to another, from one corps to another, with no power to draw rations, begging food here and there as they could get it, with no shelter from rain and little covering for night, till nearly every man was broken down with sickness. He at last found his regiment at Frederick City, Sept. 6th, only to be sent to the hospital, sick with typhoid fever. As soon as convalescent he attempted to join the company then about to move, but had a relapse of fever. Then follows hospital after hospital, attempt after attempt to join his regiment and do duty, till a year is consumed, and he is discharged, sick and discouraged, never having seen the enemy or fired a shot,—his only reward being a conscientious and persistent effort on his part to reach the front and do his duty. Disappointment and pain have been the lot of many who went forth with high hopes and true devotion. I would fain give them the poetic honor they have earned.

On the other hand, comes a host of men who served till the close of the war, veterans of three and four years' service, whose individual courage and devotion have been witnessed in scores of battles. But I cannot rise from the minor strain that flows from the chant of that large number of comrades whose only glory is 'these are they which came out of great tribulation.' At this time I would turn a little aside from the usual path, and do them honor. This can be said to their honor, that all these classes of the rank and file, love the regiment more, because much have they suffered."

REMARKS BY REV. MR. MARTIN.

Mr. Toastmaster Shehan then announced the toast:

"The Boys in Blue and the Boys in Grey,"

and called upon Rev. W. D. Martin, who served in the Con-

federate Army during the war, to respond; which he did, substantially as follows:

"Mr. President, veterans of Maine, and ladies of Eastport: It is with unfeigned gratitude that I appear in your presence to-night to respond to this toast. A thousand memories arise before me. I see the faces of men who are far away, and I ask the question, 'Is he to be forgotten,—he who stood by my side, who offered his life for what I fought?' I answer a thousand times 'No.' I do not think you would wish it. I thank you for that unanimity and generosity which closed the chasm that was between us. Several years ago I was at Washington, and, like many others, wondering what was to be done, if no one would come up and tell the story of the South. One day as I was going through the War Department, I read the following inscription: 'No. 32, Confederate battle flag, captured at Malvern Hill, near James River, Va., July 1st, 1862, by Serg't. W. J. Whithick, 83d Pa. Vols., Butterfield's Brigade. The flag was taken from a South Carolina regiment, who piled up their dead in front of our brigade.' This was a spring of hope. I felt that the day would come when the bravery of the South would be recognized. The true soldier is always generous. He is imbued with a spirit of self-sacrifice, of self-forgetfulness for something outside of himself. I have noticed throughout the country that spirit of magnanimity which carried summer to the southern soldier's heart a year ago, in the resolution by a Maine regiment, asking that in the future, maimed confederates should be provided for. There is an increase of that spirit, and there are now many who desire that time to come. The hand of brotherhood has been stretched out, and we grasp it fully and freely. Our devotion was the same, only for different objects. In the South it was devotion towards the State, while the North was taught to look with respect to the general government. Now in the South every soldier feels that his heart is pledged to the support of the general government forever after. We can only test a man by his truth to his comrades and by his duties in the past, and, therefore, we can judge of his duties for the future. We can

see that in the future our duties are one, and I know the day will come when every southern soldier will feel that if the time comes to go into the field again, we are pledged by our sacred honor to maintain that which others have won by sacrifice. Thanking you for your courtesy, I can only pledge you, as I have heretofore, that as far as my conceptions of duty are concerned, I stand here ready to do all that I can."

ADDRESS BY CAPT. BOUTELLE.

The double quartette then sang "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground," when the toastmaster gave the sentiment, "Our Country Liberated and United," and called upon Capt. C. A. Boutelle, of Bangor, who responded, in the main, as follows :

"Mr. Chairman and comrades, ladies and gentlemen: My watch admonishes me that at this late hour of the evening, the United States of America is rather a large-sized subject to attack successfully, so you will excuse me if I skim over it in a somewhat cursory manner. I am happy to be here this evening; and every American citizen ought to take a pleasure, at any time, in speaking in behalf of the greatness and goodness of his country, and especially before the men to whom we are indebted for the fact that to-day we have a country happy and free — especially in the presence of you, men of the First Maine Cavalry and of the Sixth Maine, and others of that grand army whose deeds are the glory of our happy country. 'Our country liberated and united' is a magnificent theme, and one that might well challenge the eloquence of the orator, as it has been the theme of the brush of the artist. How many of the men of the present day realize what is meant by the liberation and unification of our country? When I look about me and see these young misses, and think that to them that great and teeming history, which is so real to us, is but a story; when we remember that a year ago the child that was born while the smoke was arising above the casements of Fort Sumter deposited his vote as a free man, it is almost impossible to conceive of the flight of time. In 1861, the United

States knew nothing of war. We had a little army and a few train bands, and knew nothing about the realities of war. But that spirit which has created armies and saved nations was alive in the people of the State of Maine; and when the summons came from Washington, let it be remembered to the everlasting credit of the citizen soldiery of our State, every militia company in Maine responded to the call of the government, and went to the front. We can trace the formation of the regiments which are our pride in our history, to those little bands which responded to the call of the government at Washington in 1861. The President called for one regiment, and we offered him ten. When Maine thus promised she would send ten times the number of regiments called for, everybody thought it was a mere boast; but we sent ten, twenty, thirty regiments, until this little sparsely populated State had, from first to last, from Sumter to Appomattox, sent of the very flower of its population, seventy thousand men to follow the flag — one for every nine of its population, one for every four and a half of the male population of the State of Maine. This was Maine's gift toward the liberation and unification of this great Republic. It is well to do honor to these men. It will be a sorry day for Maine and the rest of this great nation when the people fail to come out of their homes to do honor to those who breasted the storm of war when it swept like a cyclone over the earth. We did something more than save the Union. The great armies of the Republic which marched to a conquest, not merely for the extension of power or the lust of gain, not only saved the Union, but purified and glorified it. The armies which carried our banner through the South, marched not as the hosts of the oppressor, not to inflict sorrow and suffering, but went forth bearing with them the olive branch of peace and brotherhood; and when they triumphed they invited those who had been enemies to a share in the peace and happiness of this land, — to share with them the glorious heritage of their common fathers. This was the object of the great struggle from 1861 to 1865. And now, twenty-four years after the opening of that great contest, standing as we do at this remote period from the cessation of that strife, what American citizen can fail

to look over its surface and thank God for that great struggle. The Declaration of Independence accomplished in its spirit and truth, the great blot of American slavery wiped away forever from our escutcheon, the shackles of bondage stricken away from four millions of God's creatures — these were worth sacrificing for, these were worth dying for. And to-day, under the lead of that good Providence which guided us through the darkness and hopelessness of that struggle, this great and mighty people have extended in numbers and prosperity until fifty millions of free people proudly claim allegiance to the stars and stripes. We have gone on, prospering and to prosper. To-day we lead the nations of the globe in manufacturing, until we are not only able to supply our own wants, but are turning our thoughts toward supplying the wants of the other peoples of the world. The smoke of our iron-works is not only ascending, our busy spindles are not only singing, but we have something behind them other than a down-trodden, ignorant, and poverty-stricken people. The pride and glory and safety and promise of this great land of ours is in the common people. To-day we have in this nation of ours the happiest, most intelligent, best fed, best clothed, and most contented working people on the face of the earth. That means something more than comfort and happiness to the individual — it means the bed rock on which the government of a free people must forever rest. This sort of government cannot be carried on with a population like the Russian serfs. But an intelligent, educated, patriotic people must have school-houses and churches side by side. It is such a condition of things that however humble a man may be, all possibilities of life shall be open before him. It must be, when we put a man in the highest position in the country that it can be said of him that he has done his duty in some useful position. It is our boast that President Lincoln split rails, and that President Garfield labored among the common people as a boy, driving horses on a canal path. These are the things which go to make up the glory of our achievements. What you did furnished the only guarantee which could be given at that time, that the government of our fathers should not perish from the earth."

Capt. Boutelle closed by repeating as a tribute to the comrades not here in the flesh, the lines beginning: "If the winds that sweep over our prairies," and as he finished was greeted by round after round of applause.

REMARKS BY MAJOR SUMNER.

"The Sixth Maine" was the next sentiment, to which Major A. B. Sumner, of Lubec, responded substantially as follows:

"I am very happy to be here to-night with you, and glad to be able to respond to a toast to the Sixth Maine. One of the brightest recollections of my life is that I was a member of that grand old organization. You know its record with your own gallant, brave regiment. We won many battles in our strife. I see on these walls Fredericksburg, Rappahannock Station, Cedar Creek, and the names of other battles, where we were, too. The old thrill returns as we recall the experiences of twenty years ago. Early in 1863 we broke camp and marched up the north bank of the Rappahannock in the early morning. Just before crossing the river some of our men removed their shoes and stockings. Some one inquired, 'what regiment is that?' Quick as thought came the answer, 'Sixth Maine Cavalry, going into battle.' We went across there. We took to the river as if web-footed, holding our ammunition and rations above the water, believing in the old adage, 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry.' Well do I remember when you came back with the trophies of Brandy Station. It has become a proverb with us that the Sixth Maine was a regiment of deeds, not words, and I will keep the reputation of our regiment, and give way to others who will interest you more."

REMARKS BY A. H. KELLEY.

The next sentiment was "The Sons of Veterans," to which Mr. A. H. Kelley thus responded:

"Mr. President: It is rather a difficult thing to respond to a toast so late as this, but I respond because the chairman of ceremonies here happened to discover that I am the son of a veteran of the Maine Sixth — Chaplain Kelley. 'The Sons of Vete-

rans' is an organization, and that organization, as its name indicates, is composed of those whose fathers served in the late war; and being a member of that organization I am now called upon to respond to this toast. We know — some of us are old enough to remember — what trials you who went into the army passed through; how our homes were influenced by news that we received from the front; the anxiety of mother, brother, and sister; how carefully the columns of the newspapers were scanned after the battles; how the list of the killed, the wounded, the missing were read to see if the names of father or brother were of that number. Some of us were too young to remember that, and some have been born to these veterans who know nothing of the trials of the war. It seems to me we should cherish as Sons of Veterans, — we should honor as citizens of Eastport, to-night, — the First Maine Cavalry; should honor the cause for which they fought; should honor the veterans who have endured the fortunes of war, and especially the cavalry — the first in the front, looking out for the foe, the last on the field, to cover the retreat. They were those who were expected to do the hard work and the fighting. When the infantry was unable to do the work, the cavalry must do it. When Gen. Pleasanton saw the fate of his army depended upon the cavalry; when Keenan led his men in that fearful charge, each man knowing it meant death to every one; when we think of this, then we know what it was to belong to the cavalry. Is it not then the duty of the Sons of Veterans to cherish in their memories these lessons of patriotism, to honor the veterans, and to teach the children who come after them that patriotism is as dear to the American heart as it was to the heart of the Roman who said: 'It is sweet to die for one's country.' Is it not as true of us — is not love of country as dear to the American as it was to the Roman heart? May we all say, with heart as full as ever Roman heart was, 'It is sweet to die for one's country,' and the fruit of that sweetness is given to the children of those who died."

REMARKS BY DR. J. M. JONAH.

The quartette sang "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and then the sentiment was given, "Eastport — the first in the United States to greet the rising sun," to which Dr. J. M. Jonah responded, substantially as follows :

"Gentlemen of the Cavalry — Ladies and Gentlemen: True, this Eastport is the point in the American Union that first greets the rising sun. This is an island, one of an archipelago over which two flags float to the breeze, and they the proudest that represent nationalities on this globe, — England and America. They possess the highest type of civilization, and always have and are still giving impetus to the forces which develop loyalty in the hearts of the people. I am not a native-born citizen, I am a son of adoption, and represent Eastport to-night; and, ladies and gentlemen, Eastport is represented here; and did I possess the prose of a Burke or the poetry of a Shakespeare, I would fail to express the patriotism, the invisible thought and emotions of this vast audience. Public assemblies such as this serve to stimulate the moral and educational powers of every community. The invisible mind is the workshop of the race, and in it was the power that caused the sons of this Eastport to volunteer their services at their country's call when a war cloud arose from the South threatening to dissolve the Union. Eastport sent its quota to the many fields you have heard recounted here to-night, to honor and protect the national flag. *Eastport was represented!* and if I am not mistaken enrolled more men during the war, according to her population, than did any town or city from the St. Croix to Kittery — four hundred and three from a population of three thousand seven hundred and fifty. These are the figures, and I challenge any members of the press represented here to-night to show that my statement is incorrect — when they do I will stand corrected; and still more, from our town six hundred and eight persons were enrolled (two hundred and five who were not citizens of Eastport). Can any town or city in our State show such a record? That loyalty which prompted a response when the nation was

in the throes of war still lives in our people, and is represented here to-night in two of the finest and best-drilled companies of volunteers in the State, and the best-looking men too (applause); and when on parade to-morrow you strangers will submit that my statement is true. Should we in Eastport not be proud of them? Yes, just returned from the capital of the State, carrying with them the flag, the first prize that was presented to the volunteers of the State for a trial of skill in shooting. Yes, they brought it home! This reminds me of what I once heard said: That *all* the other side of Kennebec recognized this side as not being up to the usual standard of intelligence, skill or art. *Our boys, our volunteers*, brought home the flag; and when that little boat was nearing the wharf on Sunday last, that flag waving to the breeze, my mind reverted to the first decade of the 17th century, when Samuel De Champlain with his little craft of Frenchmen, with patriotism in his soul, moved up among these islands dotting them on his birch-bark chart. What a mighty contrast! yet all prompted by the same invisible power, loyalty. When our volunteers go up to the next annual drill we expect them to sweep the board, bring away honorably all of the prizes, when, even should they return home on Sunday, we will greet them with three cheers expressive of our appreciation of their competitive ability on the field."

REMARKS BY COL. DRINKWATER.

The Band rendered a medley of National airs, and then came the toast, "The Ladies of Eastport," to which Col. A. C. Drinkwater, formerly of the personal staff of His Excellency, Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, was called upon to respond. Col. Drinkwater spoke substantially as follows:

"Mr. President, and Ladies of Eastport: I don't know why this has been put upon me — a man so modest as I am, who hardly dares speak to a lady — but as a son of Maine, a son of a daughter of Maine, I cannot sit in my chair and not answer to this toast. 'The Ladies' — God bless them — they are more than half of all that we are. Their work is upon every hand;

— we see it upon these tables to-night. The ladies of Eastport have shown that they are what their mothers were, fitted to make the homes of young men happy. And if there is any young man within these walls who is capable of making a home, it is his duty to immediately make proposal to some of these fair daughters; and if he can find one who is not already engaged he may thank his stars if she will accept him. After drifting about considerably I chose a daughter of Maine for a wife, and I have been thankful from that day to this that I acted so wisely. It was the wisest thing I ever did in my life and I hope that the sons of Maine will not go outside the State for their wives.

“Ladies of Eastport, — I can only say that you have done everything that the veterans of the First Maine, or of any other regiment that is here to-day, can ask for. They are thankful to you, and I hope that sometime we may again meet in Eastport, and meet in larger numbers, for every member of the First Maine Cavalry who reads or hears of this reunion will say, ‘I am sorry I was not there.’”

REMARKS BY COL. DYER.

The next sentiment was “The Citizen Soldier,” to which Col. George B. Dyer, of Boston, responded as follows:

“Citizens, soldiers and boys, — for to each other soldiers always will be boys; time cannot quench the hearty feeling of comradeship they have toward each other. Boys of the First Maine Cavalry, who never lost a flag, — and who never lost a good opportunity to forage, — I, an infantry man, feel honored in being your guest. We had a great respect for you. You who were “critterback,” you had many an advantage over us, and we remember it well. We always admired your go-a-head-a-tive-ness — particularly in foraging. We did the best we could in that line, and when off your route, sometimes flattered ourselves we did pretty well; but, boys, we are both beaten to-night, and the citizens have done it. They were the advance and they must have stripped the town. I cannot make a speech, but your commander, General Smith, threatens to place me under arrest

if I do not say something — (this is about the only mistake I ever knew him to make) and I want to escape that, for I want to be at your ball to-morrow night. I belong to one military organization, the Loyal Legion, of which I am very proud; and it is in one respect a model — we never allow a speech made at one of our dinners. Consequently we are a happy and good-natured set. Sermons and speeches should both be short. Perhaps the shortest sermon on record was from a good divine to a set of most ungodly students. The sermon ought to have been a success for it was concise enough. 'Twas simply this — 'Turn, or burn.' If its brevity would be followed by most speakers we should have better natured audiences no doubt.

"Boys, you have had a hearty welcome, and you deserve it. Twenty years has not buried the gratitude Maine feels toward her sons, who, first among those who responded to the call of their country, never disgraced their uniform. The men were brave — and the women of that day — one word there. They, you remember, were all young, and all handsome, and they remain so to this day. But, seriously, we can never over-estimate the value of the consecrated work done by loyal women of the north — at home, patiently watching and waiting amid suffering and loss, in the hospital doing never-to-be-forgotten deeds of mercy, amid discouragements and defeats in the country's darkest hours — *their* patriotism never flagged. God bless the mothers and sisters, the wives and sweethearts of the soldiers of twenty years ago. You are welcome, and yet 'tis not an unmingled joy, for one after another has responded to the solemn roll-call to which we must all answer 'here,' and your thinned ranks tell many a story of sorrow.

"But to-night you carry us back to the memory of the day when the flag went down on Sumter — but it went up in every hamlet and village, town and city in the State. From church steeple and flagstaff, from window and balcony, house-top and store, the 'old flag' was flung out. We had not until then known the meaning of its heavenborn colors; but in an instant we read the full meaning of its red, white, and blue. Its message sent the blood through our veins like the play of lightning

—for it meant the Declaration of Independence, Lexington, Bunker Hill, freedom, honor, the life of the Republic.

“Then sprang into the field the citizen soldier—and when did nations ever before see such material for an army—from pulpit and workshop, plough and study, work-house and counting house, town and country, sea and land, men left all and gave their strength, their treasure, their lives to save the nation whole.

“Thank God it was saved, and well may we glory in it. Many a hard lesson had the citizen soldier to learn, and well and quickly he learned. Perhaps the hardest of all was for him who had called no man master to yield at once to strict military discipline, and obey orders promptly and implicitly without question; and, when the time came to lay down victorious arms, silently and swiftly thousands upon thousands and tens of thousands stepped from the ranks back into the channels of civil life.

“What country save this infant in birth among nations, but the infant Hercules, ever saw so mighty an army, flushed with victory, lay down their arms and in a day, from citizen soldiers, their work well done, become peaceable soldier citizens. Another victory was this for us. Look about you to-day. How few reminders in the North to tell the story of the war. On your street an empty sleeve, an ugly scar, a crutch, a Grand Army badge—almost the only reminder of the days when a nation's heart almost stopped beating.

“But do you know what these trifles mean? Under citizen coats, daily walking in your midst, outwardly like other men, walk often unnoticed the stuff of which heroes are made. These men, few as they are, could tell you of brave deeds done, of long and weary marches, of hunger and thirst, pain and sickness, of heroic deeds done that would stir your blood as only the deeds of heroes can.

“These are the men, citizens of Eastport, to whom you have given hearty and well-earned welcome. You have honored them. They are an honor to you, to your State, your country, and they are an honor to themselves.”

REMARKS BY CAPT. HALL.

Major Henry C. Hall, of Putnam, Conn., was then called upon, and spoke as follows:

"From Washington into Virginia. Incidents and Reflections.

"On our arrival at Washington in March, '62, we were ordered into camp on Capitol Hill. At noon of the 29th, five companies, A, B, E, H, and M, received orders to be in readiness to move on the following morning, Sunday. Towards evening a violent snow-storm set in, and at 'taps' the whole visible face of nature was covered with a mantle of white. Notwithstanding the storm and the order and the belief that we were about to 'pass the Rubicon,' we obtained a good night's sleep, and arose in the morning at early bugle-call, and quickly completed our preparations to march. The agitating elements of the night had all ceased, the sky was clear and cloudless, and soon the sun came up over the hills and illumined the scene with unusual beauty and splendor. Our barracks and stables were crowned with caps of purest white; the branches of the evergreens were gracefully bowing beneath the increasing weight of adhering snow, and the great marble Capitol, scarcely a mile away, was not easily discerned by a stranger to its location. No sound was heard save the solemn voices and the footsteps of preparation in our snow-clad camp, and a spirit of peace, of hallowed peace, seemed to pervade the place, and as far as the eye could scan. Oh, the sweet stillness of that first Sabbath morning in the field that had succeeded the passionate storm of the night! Was it typical of the first Sabbath that should succeed the long and relentless storm of war? Ask of him who survived the direful contest, and was present on that memorable morning at Appamattox.

"At the appointed time we were in the saddle and moving out in the direction of Georgetown and the upper Potomac. No person was seen at this early hour save an occasional darkey, who was especially conspicuous standing upon the snowy carpet and gazing at us in the bright sunlight. The snow

was already melting into little streams that were augmenting and hurrying down through the meadows and lowlands to unite their forces with the untiring Potomac on its ceaseless march to the sea. When it was nearly noon we passed through Rockville, a little village of Maryland, and soon after ascended a gentle eminence, from the summit of which a beautiful plain, not extensive, with a single farm-house in the center and many slave shanties clustered about it, came into full view. At first no signs of life were seen, but in a few moments dark forms began to emerge from the rude dwellings like bees from a disturbed hive, and all faces were turned toward the strange column approaching. They evidently understood that it was a body of troops, but of which army, union or reb, they seemed uncertain. In a little time, however, a few of the braver ones, half in hope and half in fear, ventured slowly and cautiously out on our left flank, parallel with the highway and two or three hundred yards distant, to meet us that they might the sooner satisfy their increasing curiosity. When they had approached us so near as to be certain that we wore the blue and not the gray, their swelling hopes burst into realization, and filled them with wildest excitement. They threw up their hands in greatest glee, and shouted back with all their strength of voice, 'Dey is Yankees! Dey is Yankees!'

"In an instant the whole tribe, men, women, and children, was on its way, plashing through the mud and melting snow, and leaping over ditches and fences to meet us, all yelling and screaming in a manner that would have done credit to any tribe of natives that ever whooped there in earlier ages. Such ludicrous and laughable manifestations of pleasure and gladness we had never before witnessed in human beings as found vent in these joyful creatures. Some of the younger ones would jump and skip and caper like unchained calves, and some of the women would throw back their heads, clap their hands, and scream, 'Glory! Glory! Fore God's sake am dese de Yankees!' while some of the men, electrified with their joy, would leap over high fences and over each other like professional acrobats or tumblers; and in many other ways did they amuse us and

express their intense delight at the sight of the long-wished-for Yankees. When the excitement of the sight had somewhat subsided, they would gaze at us with a look more of reverence than of respect, as though we were more than mortal — super-human beings that had been directed there by a divine hand for their deliverance. At length some ventured near enough, and stealthily touched a stirrup-hood or the haunches of a horse, as though they, too, were sacred things that were contributing to their freedom, and then darted back with an expression of satisfaction and delight on their wide open faces.

“Our little column of scarcely five hundred men seemed to them a mighty army, and they felt that if the Yankees could put such a force as that into the field, their freedom was assured. They followed us with unabated interest to the farmhouse, where, close by the roadside, stood a worn-out old man, whose dull ear had been awakened by the joyful shouts of ‘De Yankees are comin’!’ and he had left his cabin of scanty comforts and hobbled out that he might feel the inspiring presence of those who had come to make him free. His head was white with the snows of a hundred winters, his limbs were crooked and cramped with rheumatism, and he seemed to have long waited the fulfilment of a fond dream. One hand was raised above his uncovered head, while with the other he was clinging to the faithful crutch. Tears were flowing from his sightless eyes down his deep-furrowed face, and he was exclaiming and repeating in tones expressive of his joy and of his gratitude, ‘I be free! I be free! I tank God dat I hab lib to see dis day! God bress de Yankees! God bress um!’ And we left him praising God and blessing the Yankees.

“In our Northern homes and in our free schools we had read of the institution of slavery as it existed in our Southern States, and from pulpit and platform we had heard it denounced as ‘a monstrous evil; a relic of barbarous ages; the sum of all villainies,’ etc., but we had never before been permitted a personal observation or study of its character nor of its effect upon servant and served. We only knew that it

existed by virtue of the Constitution of our country, and that it was sustained by statutes not in violation of the letter or spirit of that instrument; and we felt that even were it the great crime its most embittered opponents claimed it to be, it were better to suffer it for yet a while than that the charter of our liberties should be subverted or the union of the States be imperilled. Indeed, if when the first call was made for troops the purpose announced had been coupled with 'and to free the slaves of the South,' where a thousand men sprang to arms, only one would have offered. But the slave power with its sycophantic sympathizers and supporters inaugurated rebellion, and precipitated the nation into civil war, and all for the purpose of destroying the union of the States, that they might erect a slave oligarchy upon its ruins. The despised 'mudsills and greasy mechanics' of the North, liberty-loving and loyal, were forced to meet them and the issue they had made, and yet so late as this month of March, '62, after nearly a year of defeats and reverses, there was no thought by the government nor in the army that the emancipation of the slaves by proclamation or otherwise, would become necessary to restore peace and harmony to our unfortunate country.

"The people of the loyal States believed at this time that the Union could be saved with slavery; indeed, they felt that it could not be saved without it, the copperhead element was so loud and strong in its expressions of sympathy for the South, and in its denunciation of the North for its support of the government in its efforts to enforce its laws, and to protect and perpetuate its life. They needed to be better informed as to the cause of the war and the purpose for which it was waged, and much of that information could soonest and safest come through those in the field, who themselves were yet untaught, but who were apt and willing students, and freely imparted as they received.

"This day we had learned the whole alphabet of the language, aye, had read strange passages from the dark volume, in the gushing joy and the reverent gratitude our presence had evoked in the glad throng that had greeted us. Our sleeping

sympathies were aroused as we beheld human beings, not for crime nor fault of theirs, doomed to a life of payless, thankless servitude, and realized that within their dark forms were dwarfed and struggling souls susceptible of culture and growth, and of all the possibilities enjoyed by the more favored races of men. It is true but a single ray had fallen upon the dark blot, but that had revealed to us restless, aching spirits, hoping, longing, yearning, praying for the light of liberty to illumine their sad way and restore them to the condition nature had so kindly prepared them to fill and to enjoy. What the single ray had revealed suggested that the war could not cease and permanent peace come to our land until the cause that produced the war was removed effectually and forever.

"But there was much to be done to prepare the public mind for the great event that occurred only three-fourths of a year later, and the men in the ranks of the army contributed not a little to that important end. The negro, too, unconsciously, perhaps, did much to bring about the desired result. Indeed, he won the applause and the admiration of all loyal men by the earnest zeal with which he engaged in the various duties he was permitted to perform in and about the army, and wherever opportunity offered, and, finally, by the ardor and enthusiasm with which he entered the military service and fought for his country and for his freedom, even against the black flag of Fort Pillow and other inhuman barbarisms of the enraged confederates. When the first day of January, 1863, came, the people of the North were ripe and ready for the great proclamation that, eventually, made four million slaves freemen and citizens of a free republic."

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Comrade Sheehan moved that a vote of thanks be tendered the ladies of Eastport for this entertainment, which motion was carried unanimously, amid great applause, and the pleasant exercises terminated.

The comrades were cared for by the good people of Eastport for the night. Wednesday, the exercises prepared were some-

what interfered with by the rain, yet there was pleasure in abundance for the comrades. In the forenoon quite a party visited the Queen's dominions at Campobello, and enjoyed their too brief visit. At 11 o'clock, Capt. Bibber and his wife held, at their residence, a reception which was largely attended by the comrades and was exceedingly pleasant, and the day was passed in various agreeable ways.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

OCTOBER, 1890.

CALL 2.

THE REUNION OF 1890.

It is not proposed to print the full report of the grand reunion in Boston on the eleventh of August last, at this time—that will appear in the Bugle in its proper order—yet it seems wise to make some mention of it now, while its memories are still fresh in the minds of the comrades. It was a glorious reunion, and was a remarkable gathering of the comrades of the grand old regiment. While there were not so many of the comrades present who now reside in the good old State of Maine as has been the case at previous reunions, there was a larger number from other States—from the great West, where so many of our comrades have made their homes, and from other sections of the country—the meeting of the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic in Boston, that same week, offering extra facilities to the comrades living far away to visit Boston and their old homes. So there was probably, from the nature of the case, more instances where old comrades met who

had not seen each other before since the war closed, than at any other reunion, except, of course, the first.

We met five comrades from our own company—G—whom we had not seen since their service with the regiment ended, and met as many more whom we had seen but once since the muster out. And the comrades of the other companies were doubtless as fortunate. The pleasure of such meetings cannot be told in words—cannot be understood by any but the comrades—cannot be fully realized by any except those who have served and suffered together, as did the boys of 1861 to 1865. What cordial greetings, what hearty grasps of the hand, what questionings, followed upon such meetings! What real fun it was to bring two such comrades together, tell them they knew each other well, and then watch them, as hand in hand, they looked square into each other's faces, striving each to find some familiar look by which to recognize the other, some sign which

would aid them in putting the well-remembered name to the now strange face. How they looked each other over, as if perchance, size, shape, or some peculiar motion might aid them in the recognition! How they watched each other's words, to catch a touch of the old voice, or a glimmer of the old form of expression! How often something seemed to call up the old look, and one of the comrades thought he recognized the other, only to be laughed at for his erratic guess, and then in turn have an opportunity to laugh at the other for a similar mistake! Oh, no! These instances and incidents were not among the least pleasures of the reunion in Boston in 1890.

Our old and dearly loved commander, Gen. Charles H. Smith, was present, and it just did the boys good to see him once more, clasp his hand, receive his hearty greeting, and once more hear his voice. How many old memories the sight of his face and form called up! He has been a colonel in the United States Army ever since the war—a position he well won by his services with the grand old regiment and while in command of the brigade. He should, by right and justice, be a general in the United States Army now, but, alas, fortune sometimes goes by favor in this free country of ours. He is colonel of the 19th Infantry, U. S. A., with headquarters at

Detroit. The comrades were just as glad to see him as though he were a full general, as he is by brevet, and as the boys always call him naturally. Gen. Smith was re-elected president of the Association in spite of his protest, and for once he had to obey the boys, instead of the boys being obliged to obey him. He had planned a nice little surprise for the boys, and one which they appreciated very highly, and will appreciate more and more as the days go by. He had had prepared a handsome souvenir of Gettysburg, in the form of a neatly bound book, containing the services at the dedication of the First Maine Cavalry monument at Gettysburg, on the third of October, 1889, with a fine picture of the front and reverse of the monument—a thoughtful kindness on his part, especially as few of the comrades will ever see the monument, and can only obtain an idea of it from these pictures. These souvenirs were presented to the comrades in the hall at the business meeting, and will be highly prized as long as the comrades live, and by their children long after the comrades have joined those whose bodies they left in Virginia. He also had some fine steel plate engravings of himself for the boys who wished one—another act of thoughtful kindness on his part.

Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley was

present. He is always present. As usual, he was hard at work all day long with his many duties as treasurer. Is there a treasurer of any similar organization who has half the work or half the care that he does? Read his report in the Bugle of July, study it, and then, if you can, form some idea of the immense amount of work which he has done for this Association, out of his love for the grand old regiment, and his desire that its record shall go down to history in its full glory. That report shows a marvellous amount of hard work—work that few could do, that probably no other would do. Gen. Cilley is deserving of boundless credit for his services to the Association in this line, and he has for his reward the consolation that his efforts have been successful. As usual, the reunion day was for him a day of hard work, and, as usual, a day of rare pleasure, also. By the way, he struck a key-note in his remarks at the banquet, when he suggested that the sons of the comrades be brought to the annual reunions in greater numbers, and that an organization of the "Sons of the First Maine Cavalry" be formed. This is a good idea. By all means let it be done. Let it be done at once. In the call for the next reunion, let there be a call for the sons of the comrades to come, and preparations made for their organ-

ization. The daughters of the comrades are provided for by the Ladies' Auxiliary, now let the sons be made to feel that they are welcome, and that when they go to a reunion, they shall have a reunion of their own. For some years it has been the custom of some of the comrades to take their sons to the reunions now and then, until the sons enjoy them almost as much as the fathers. And they will be made more enjoyable if the sons have some interest of their own to call them there. This matter has been thought of before, and talked over by some of the sons, but never was brought to the front until Gen. Cilley spoke of it.

Col. Samuel H. Allen was present. He was the second colonel of the regiment, and in command until the army reached Frederick, Md., in September, 1862, when he was appointed military governor of Frederick and vicinity, an office which he filled with fidelity and ability. He was a thorough down-easter, and the good people of Frederick were much astonished one frosty morning to see the military governor riding through the streets in a basket sleigh, over an inch or less of snow, which was so soft that it melted before noon. But the colonel cared little for the remarks of the people of Frederick, who could not understand his almost uncontrollable desire for a

sleigh-ride, in memory of that particular time of year in his down-east home. However, they respected him none the less for his love for his home and its customs.

Major Benjamin F. Tucker was there, and it was good to see him. But, somehow it was easier to call him "Adjutant" than "Major." He was the first adjutant in the regiment, the first officer commissioned in the regiment, and as adjutant the boys first knew him. It was from Adjutant Tucker the boys first heard the words of command after they went into camp at Augusta—old "Camp Penobscot"—and from him they received the rudiments of their soldier education. It was Adjutant Tucker who really organized the regiment, for he was not only the executive officer of the regiment, but he knew what to do and how to do it. Had the expression been common in those days, the boys, one and all, would have said: "There are no flies on Adjutant Tucker." Co. G's company street was named "Tucker Street," in his honor. When he was promoted to be captain of Co. B, the boys of the regiment, as a whole, did not know him so well, but he got into their acquaintance again when he was made major. How the recollections of the early days of the regiment came into mind at the sight of Major Tucker! He looks the same, acts the

same, and his voice sounds the same as it did in '61. Many good stories might be told of him, but they are reserved for future use.

The absence of Major Henry C. Hall was all the more conspicuous on account of his hitherto regular attendance, and he was sadly missed. But the cares of business would not allow of his attendance this year, much as he wished to be present, and much as the boys wished to see him. By doing double duty on the day of the reunion, he was enabled to go to Boston the next day with his Post, to join in the grand parade of the Grand Army of the Republic. He met many of his old comrades, recognizing them often by the new badge they wore.

Surgeon George J. Northrup was there—the second reunion he has attended, the first being at Brunswick in 1882. Although 'tis but eight years since we met the surgeon, for some reason we did not, and for a time could not, recognize him, even after talking with him for some minutes, and after hints enough had been thrown out to enable one to recognize half a dozen long-lost brothers. Finally, Gen. Cilley addressed the stranger as "doctor," when he looked as natural as ever, and we felt a bit ashamed that we had n't known him at once, and without any hesitation. It was to Surgeon Northrup that we

went twice during the last campaign, when slightly wounded and more scared than hurt, and our recollections of him in those days are still vivid and pleasant. Wasn't there a nice chat, too, after the recognition was accomplished?

Adjutant Thadeus Little was there, but only for a moment. He was on duty for his Grand Army Post, in caring for the thousands of visitors, all through the encampment week, and had time for only the briefest kind of a call and a hand-shake with his old comrades; no time for the pleasures of the reunion. He is the same jovial, hearty comrade he was in the days of yore, and his face always brings to mind the morning at Sailor's Creek, where he was wounded.

Capt. Black Hawk Putnam was there. He looks much as he used to look, but has changed more than has Major Tucker. The captain was made happy when the Association voted to meet at Houlton next year. He said they could n't give the boys such a banquet as they had in Boston, but they should have good, substantial food, and plenty of it, and a rousing good time. No one doubts that, and all will be at the reunion in Houlton who possibly can.

Capt. Isaac G. Virgin was there. He doesn't seem to have changed much since he left the regiment, at the expiration of his three years' term of service. He is just as young

as he was then, and was just as glad to see the boys as they were to see him. It just did the boys of Co. G good to shake his hand once more, and hear once more that laugh which called up so many old memories of the service.

Capt. Llewellyn G. Estes was there, and made a rattling speech at the banquet in the evening. Capt. Estes served with the regiment until March, 1863, and then was detailed as Assistant Adjutant-General on Gen. Kilpatrick's staff, remaining with that general until the end of the war, doing valiant and distinguished service, and winning a commission as major. U. S. V., and lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general by brevet.

Capt. Joel Wilson was there, looking much the same as a dozen years ago, and giving the old-fashioned dignified though cordial greeting. It was a pleasure to meet him, for if memory serves, there was no comrade of the grand old regiment who performed his duty more conscientiously than he, and no one who would be a better friend.

Capt. John P. Carson was also there, and seemed to be enjoying the reunion, albeit he has not been present so often as his comrades would like to see him.

Lieut. Calvin B. Benson was there, and the comrades were few who brought up in our

mind more pleasant memories, or whom we were more glad to see. When we were wounded and prisoners at Brandy Station, Lieut. Benson (then Sergeant Benson) stood by us all that long, dreary, halting march to Culpepper, assisting us in every way—a friend, indeed. On arriving at Annapolis, we went to the hospital, and Serg't. Benson to Camp Parole. The latter was paid off in a few days, when he promptly repaired to the hospital, and tendered his wounded comrade whatever money he wished—doubly a friend. It is always pleasant to greet Lieut. Benson.

Lieut. George F. Jewett was there, looking, for all the world, as he has looked for years. Lieut. Jewett was also taken prisoner at Brandy Station, and remembers all the incidents of that trip to Richmond, and of the tiresome days at Camp Parole—the shelling over the log barracks, the bathing for sanitary reasons and water-melons, the famous prize fight, the raid on the sutler and the fatalities of that terrible night. But he also has the memories of nearly four years of active service.

Lieut. William F. Stone was there, bringing up memories of the days at the office of Col. Allen as military governor of Frederick, where he was on duty, of his saving the life of his captor, in the spring of '63, of the days at Cavalry Depot in

the fall of '64, and all along through the service of the regiment. And, by the way, there was present a daughter of Commander Graves, of the gun-boat which lay on the James River, off Cavalry Depot, who, then a little girl, used to play around head-quarters, and was known to all the officers at the depot.

Lieut. Edward Jordan was there, looking as young and as fair as he did more than twenty-five years ago, when one day upon him and ourself depended the safety of the regiment if not of the whole army of the Potomac. This was during the unsettled days just after Stoneman's raid and Chancellorsville, when all was uncertain. The regiment was sent to the vicinity of Bealton Station alone, to do picket-duty in the rear of the army, on the lookout for guerrillas. This service was not a pleasant one, to be sure. One day, while the great portion of the regiment was on picket, rumors of approaching forces from all directions were so thick that Col. Smith deemed it wise to have pickets around the camp as well as on the more distant lines, and summoned the non-commissioned officers, sick men, etc., in camp, for that duty. Lieut. Jordan, then saddler, and ourself, then corporal, were among the number, and as luck would have it our posts came together, so we became acquainted with each other, and expressed ourselves freely about the weather,

the new kind of picket duty, the hardship of non-commissioned officers standing picket, etc., forming a friendship which has never been broken.

Col. Albion C. Drinkwater was present — a comrade of Co. A during the war, a colonel on the staff of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler when the latter was Governor of Massachusetts. Comrade Drinkwater is always present, and no more enthusiastic comrade belongs to the Association. He was President of the Association in 1889, and every comrade who attended the reunion at the Revere House, Boston, that year, well remembers how his efforts and the efforts of the other Boston comrades were crowned with most enjoyable success.

Sergeant Nelson S. Forsythe, and Privates Frank C. Adams, Charles H. Additon, Virgil P. Dillingham, and Levi W. Wheeler, all of Co. G, were at the reunion, and these five we had the pleasure of seeing for the first time since they left the service. Each one called up many recollections of the old days, and it was good to meet them once more, even though the recognition was not immediate and the ravages of quarter of a century of time had made many changes in their personal appearance. But their hearts still beat true, and their memories of service with the "Old First Maine" are still vivid. Among the recollections

called up were those of Farmville, where we were wounded and had our horse shot, when comrade Adams kindly assisted us to the field hospital, where Dr. Northrup attended to our needs with cold water and a bandage. Comrade Adams well remembers the old negro woman on the road leading down into the village of Farmville, who, frightened by the flying shells, attempted to climb the fence in a hurry, and her clothing catching, she fell and hung there, feet in the air, quivering and patiently waiting the "coming of the Lord."

Sergeant George P. Andrews, of Co. D, clerk at regimental head-quarters during the winter of 1864-5, and afterwards ordnance sergeant of the regiment, was at the reunion. He has n't changed so much in appearance as some of the boys, and his voice and his laugh seemed old-fashioned, and were sweeter than music.

Riley L. Jones, of Co. G was there, coming all the way from Michigan for the sake of being there. Riley does n't look natural, but his voice and his manner give him away. We knew he was in the city, and were anxiously watching for him to come into the hall; but seeing a lady from Maine that we knew, we grasped her hand and led her one side, only to find afterwards that the comrade we were so anxiously watching for came in as escort for this lady, and

was surprised to have her so rudely taken away by an old comrade who did not even notice him. But explanations were made, Riley forgave the oversight, and there was a jolly chat between us and a wonderful revival of old memories.

William H. Farnum, of Co. G, was there, though he came in late. Bill is the same quiet, unassuming, level-headed comrade he was in the regiment, and is a prominent citizen of his town — Rumford — one of the Town Fathers for years. Possibly Bill does n't remember one day at camp Bayard, when he and ourself were with a detail sent out after wood. It happened on the way that there was a creek or small stream or puddle of water to be crossed. We jumped it in safety, but Bill did n't quite reach the other shore. Stooping down to rub the mud and water from his pants, Bill coolly remarked, "that's one disadvantage of short legs, — when you come to buy cloth for pants the advantage is with me." It came out so coolly and sounded so comically that we never forgot it. But it is full three years' memories that comrade Farnum calls up.

Bugler Charles B. Kenney, of Co. K, was there and it was delightful to meet him. Charley was at head-quarters on duty frequently during the winter of 1864-5, and his round face, red cheeks, laughing eyes, and merry voice always brought pleasure

to head-quarters. At Farmville Charley captured a horse which we had the privilege of riding until after Lee's surrender. The comrades will find an interesting letter from him on another page.

Milton F. Ricker and Augustus D. Brown, of Co. L, were there. The presence of these two always brings up recollections of Ground Squirrel Bridge. We saw them that morning while the horses were grazing a bit before the regiment was called to the skirmish line. They were talking together about a certain Greek book, when the word came. After the fight, Comrade Ricker was missing and had a long term of imprisonment before he saw his comrades again. But he was able to make the entire march of the Grand Army of the Republic with his Post — Burnside Post of Auburn — the day after this reunion.

Leroy H. Tobie, of Co. G, was not present, but was represented by his wife and his daughter, Grace E. Tobie, the latter being elected Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary. Leroy is now travelling for the Consolidated Car Heating Company, with head-quarters in Chicago, though his family still resides in the good old state of Maine, and was unable to attend. But his heart was at the reunion just the same.

Samuel C. Lovejoy, hospital steward for the first three years,

who mixed the doses for the boys until they were either ill no longer or were so ill as to be taken to the general hospital, was at the reunion. He does n't make his appearance with the boys very often, but he is always welcome, for the boys long ago forgave him all the castor oil and Dovers powders — he could n't help it.

James T. Williams of Co. D, better known as "Jim Williams," Postmaster of the regiment for two years, was present, and was accompanied by his daughter, who made many friends by her pleasant manner. Jim is — well, Jim Williams is Jim Williams, whether in Virginia in the sixties, or in Boston in the ninety — the same jovial, jolly, large-hearted comrade — ready for fun at any time, and ready to share his last hardtack or his last penny with a comrade; or if the comrade were worse off than he, he would give the whole. When the regiment was getting ready for the Hatcher's Run expedition, in February, 1865, Jim slipped a can of condensed milk into our saddle-bags. It was a small action, maybe, looked at in these days when condensed milk is thirteen cents a can, but it was a thoughtful, kindly action, and in those days condensed milk commanded a higher premium than gold. It was one of those actions that show a great heart, and that carry comfort with them for

days — or would if the saddle-bags and contents had not been stolen the second night out from camp.

But this proposed brief mention of the reunion is stringing out wonderfully, and if not stopped will crowd everything else out of the Bugle. It must be stopped, and here and now, though there are scores of comrades and of recollections that might be put on record. Among those present who now come up in mind, were Charles F. Dam, of Co. F; Charles A. F. Emery, of Co. A, the printer of our History and of the Bugle; Volney H. Foss, Daniel W. Gage, Henry Little, and William Maloon, of Co. G; Thomas J. Long and Melvin Preble, of Co. K; Augustus L. Ordway, of Co. L; Nathaniel L. Owen, of Co. M; Thomas B. Pulsifer, of Co. D, and many others. We shall have something to say about them by and by. Here's hoping all may meet at the next reunion in Houlton, next summer.

The Ladies' Auxiliary.

The Ladies' Auxiliary held their annual meeting at the same time as the Association, and elected officers for the ensuing year. The ladies seem to enjoy our reunions as well as do the comrades, and the comrades enjoy them better by reason of the presence of the ladies. The Ladies' Auxiliary

has done grand service in thus making our reunions pleasant, and has, thank God, come to stay. It now only needs for the sons of the comrades to organize, and then the reunions of the First Maine Cavalry will be the reunions of the families of the First Maine Cavalry, and such reunions as were never before held. The President for the ensuing year is Mrs. Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I.

The Next Reunion.

As already intimated, the next reunion is to be held in Houlton, next summer, where Captain Putnam promises a hearty welcome and a jolly time. The time of the reunion is to be fixed by Capt. Putnam and the comrades there, as will best accommodate them. It will be worth one's while to attend that reunion, and if all the comrades will commence now and save a small sum of money per week from unnecessary expenses, they can all go to one of the jolliest, heartiest reunions we have ever had.

A Sailor's Visit To Japan.

We have received from Comrade Melville B. Cook, First Sergeant of Co. B., a copy of a volume entitled "Japan — a Sailor's Visit to the Island Empire," written by himself, and published by John D.

Alden, New York. Since the war closed, Comrade Cook has followed the sea as master of a vessel, in which capacity he has made two voyages to Japan, and what he saw in that strange country is related in this volume in a clear and concise manner, as is natural to a soldier and sailor. Beside the interest in the facts set forth in the volume, there is the added interest of the author's own impressions, which crop out here and there almost involuntarily, while over all there is a spirit of true loyalty to the country for which the author so nobly fought for four long years.

The Eastport Reunion.

The following extract from an Eastport paper, concerning the ball held in connection with the reunion in that city, was mislaid and did not discover itself until too late to be inserted in the account of that reunion.

"The reunion ball, under the management of the militia companies was a great success, about one hundred and fifty couples being on the floor, besides a large number of spectators. The proceeds of the dance were about fifty dollars over expenses, which amount was turned over to the manager of the Cavalry Association, to help towards the expenses of the reunion. Wyatt's orchestra of Calais, furnished excellent music for the dance. The Eastport Brass Band rendered some choice selections during the evening. The dresses worn by some of the ladies on this occasion were among the richest ever seen at a ball in Eastport, being only surpassed, perhaps in variety, at the Governor's reception here one year ago."

WHAT THE COMRADES HAVE TO SAY.

Letter from Charles B. Kenney, Co. K.

94 PINE ST., PORTLAND, ME.

October 20, 1890.

LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE:

Dear Comrade—I have finished reading your history of the First Maine Cavalry for the fourth time. It must have taken a great deal of time and hard labor to have gathered so many facts concerning the campaigns of the regiment. It is a book that every member of the regiment ought to be proud of. I have taken more interest in reading it this last time than ever before, and it has revived more recollections of my three years' experience in the army when a boy, than it did in the former readings.

My army life was not all spent in the First Maine Cavalry. My first enlistment was as drummer, at the age of fourteen, in the 25th Maine Nine Months Volunteers, Capt. Charles C. Chase's Company. I shall never forget how hard it was for my dear mother to give her consent for me to go, and what a happy boy I was when finally she said, "Yes." Oh, how proud I was when dressed in that suit of blue, with stripes across the front of the coat, such as the drummer-boys wear! I remember what a hero I was considered by all the girls and boys of my age in Ferry Village where I then lived. Then came the orders "On to Washington." There we guarded Long Bridge for two months. We had orders to kill all the "Johnnies" that came over the bridge, but none came. We then marched to Arlington Heights where we built nice winter quarters, and were not disturbed in them all winter. In the spring we were ordered a little farther to the front, and soon after that our term

of service expired. Then came the march home. That regiment was not in one battle or skirmish, nor was a gun fired by it during our twelve months in the field. It may be asked, "Whose fault was it?" It was surely not the fault of the officers or men. No, comrades, no finer regiment ever left the State of Maine than the Twenty-fifth, one thousand strong, of fine, hardy, young men; and a better drilled volunteer regiment was not in the field during the war. If they had been ordered into battle, they would have proved themselves no cowards, for after our return home the most of them re-enlisted in other regiments; and when I say there were over two hundred of them in the First District of Columbia and First Maine Cavalry, it is enough to add that the bones of hundreds of those brave men lie mouldering on the bloody battle-fields of Virginia to-day.

There were eight companies, as you all know, raised in the State of Maine for the First District of Columbia Cavalry, to guard Washington. I enlisted as a private in Capt. A. M. Benson's company, and we were soon ordered to Washington. There we remained drilling, dismounted, I do not remember how long. I would here like to relate a little incident that happened while in camp at Washington, and I think many of the District of Columbia boys will remember it. Some of the officials of that city were to review us on dress parade, one afternoon, and we were told that the one that looked the neatest in each company should have a pass for twenty-four hours. I was the one that was unfortunate enough to get the pass in our company. There was a young man of the name of Loren H. Milliken,

but I do not remember what company he was in. He and I had the pass together. We started down town that evening and went into Ford's Theatre. We had been in there only a few minutes when the provost guard came in. The sergeant asked to see our pass, which, we supposed, was all right. On looking at it, he said that we must go with them. We asked what was the trouble, and he said our pass had not been signed by the provost marshal as it ought to have been. They locked us up in an old stone cell which was extremely wet and filthy, and there they kept us that night and part of the next day. For breakfast they gave us a dry piece of bread and a dish of cold water. There was nothing to sit on or to lie on except some dirty straw, which looked as though it might have been there for months. I hardly believe there was a more filthy prison in the South than that. I remember how glad I was when we were released and allowed to return to the regiment. That was my first, and, thank God, my last experience in a cell. But how many narrow escapes I had from rebel prisons after that! Then the District of Columbia men, although they had been told they would not have anything to do but guard Washington, were ordered to the front to take their chances on the battle-field with the brave men that were already there. But was there a murmur of dissatisfaction when those orders came? No. On the contrary, every man was glad to hear them.

We were mounted at City Point and were veteran cavalymen almost before we knew it. Armed with sixteen-shooters, we were terrors to the "rebs." Every District of Columbia man will always remember Wilson's raid. Its hardships will never be forgotten by me. After destroying two or three

hundred miles of railroad, burning stations and bridges, and doing all the other damage we could, besides having a little skirmish or two every day with the rebels, and finally, after having a hard fight at Roanoake Bridge and losing a great many officers and men killed and wounded, including Capt. Benson, wounded and taken prisoner, we started on our return march. I was wounded slightly at that battle and after the doctors had bandaged my wound, I thought it not severe enough to go in an ambulance. On our way to camp with our ambulances full of wounded, the rebels had us almost surrounded, and at one time the situation was very critical. When the commanding officers found it would be impossible to get the wounded inside of our lines without all of us being taken prisoners, they took the wounded out and set the ambulances on fire. They also spiked all the artillery and cut the horses loose. Gen. Lee said he would have Wilson's raiders, if he lost Richmond, and he came very near accomplishing his threat, for it was said he had twenty to our one after us.

Just as we had crossed the swamp, where our officers were leading us to save us from being gobbled up by the rebels, my horse was shot from under me, and as I was going fast, I went some distance over his head; but I soon found that I was not hurt much; only the wound that I had received the day before was troubling me a great deal. For fear my horse might possibly live for some rebel to ride I put a bullet through his head and then started on the run. The bullets were coming thick and fast, and that rebel yell—will I ever forget it? No, not until my dying day. It did not seem more than twenty yards away. As one of the boys was riding past me he called out, "Charlie, don't let them

take you prisoner! catch hold of my horse's tail!" This I did, and held on until we arrived inside of our lines which, I was told, was twelve or fifteen miles from the place where my horse was shot. The comrade who called out to me as I have stated, and whose horse's tail saved me from being taken prisoner, was present at our last reunion in Boston. His name is Morang. Poor fellow! he is nearly blind from fragments of shell received in one of our engagements.

In a few days, after our return to camp, I was taken very ill and they put me in an old corn shed which was being used as a hospital, near where we were encamped in front of Petersburg; and there I lay on a bed of straw for eight or ten weeks, between life and death, and my being restored sufficiently to be able to join the regiment, which I did within nine or ten weeks, was something remarkable as you will see, for I firmly believe the "medicine" I took—a dish of baked beans—was what cured me, or at least effected the cure a great deal sooner than otherwise would have been the case. I was feeling very hungry one morning when one of the boys from the regiment, George Stevens, who was from the same town as I, came in to see me. He said, "Well, Charlie, how are you this morning?" My reply was, "George, I believe I am starving to death. The doctors will allow us scarcely anything to eat." I said I thought if I could have something to eat I would soon get well. He said they had baked beans in the ground the night before and he would bring me some if I thought I could eat them. I told him the doctors would not allow us to have baked beans, but if he could smuggle in some without anybody seeing him, I would bless him as long as I lived. He said he would try to

do so, and went away. He was not gone long, though it seemed a long time to me; when he came back he had the dish of beans and brought them in without being discovered. Just as I commenced to eat them I saw one of the doctors coming, and I covered them over with the straw. I shall never forget how frightened I was for fear he had seen them and would take them away from me; but he had not, and as soon as I got a chance, I ate them, straw and all. I commenced to improve right away, it seems to me now, from that minute. There was hardly a day after that while I remained in that old corn shed that my friend, George Stevens, who is now a grocer at Knightville, Cape Elizabeth, did not bring me in some little thing to eat that he had fixed for me, and I believe I owe my life to him. I am glad to have this opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness to him.

When the District of Columbia boys were transferred to the First Maine Cavalry that regiment was recruited with veteran soldiers. Every one of them had seen hard service in its worst form, and there was not a coward among them, unless it was myself. The District of Columbias kept up the good reputation of the First Maine Cavalry until the close of the war. I remember when we were on the march, time and again, expecting every hour to be ordered into battle, or to have a skirmish with the rebels, how the infantry boys used to run out to the road when they were encamped near where we would be marching along, and call out, "What regiment, boys?" and we would call back "First Maine!" then they would call for three cheers for the First Maine Cavalry, and we could hear them say to each other, "We will have a night's rest to-night,

boys, and we can look for fighting to-morrow, for the First Maine Cavalry is in our front." Oh, how those words from those brave infantry boys would make our hearts swell with pride!

Shortly after the transfer I was detailed as bugler in Capt. John D. Myrick's Company, K, and remained as such until the close of the war. It was not long before I could blow all the calls, and was detailed for a short time as bugler at head-quarters. I did not have the pleasure of being at the reunion at Auburn, but I have read about it in the "First Bugle Call." God bless our dear general and comrade, J. P. Cilley, for his kind and generous remarks regarding our dear friend and comrade Major Myrick, who had, but a short time before, passed over to the beautiful land beyond. Gen. Cilley said: "The history of Company K is largely the military history of Major Myrick;" also, that his military bearing impressed itself on his company, and that the standing of Company K was due in great measure to the bearing and appearance of its commander. I thought how true that all was. Yes, comrades, when we lost Major Myrick from our ranks, we lost a true friend and a hard and enthusiastic worker for our association. But what is our loss to that of his bereaved widow and daughters? Major Myrick was a good man, a brave soldier, and an accomplished officer. I have seen him on many a bloody battle-field and he was always at his post at the head of his company, calm and collected. I have thought many a time that he must have borne a charmed life. The same can be said of every officer that came home. And I want to say, comrades, that the fighting qualities of the First Maine Cavalry were, in a great degree, due to the brave officers of that regiment.

There was not one officer, from Gen. Smith down to the sergeant, that would ask a man to go where he would not go himself. Every man had perfect confidence in his commander, and when he said "Fight," fight it was.

A few months ago, when my mother was on her death-bed, she placed in my hands a letter she had received from Captain Myrick which I never had known of before. It was written in camp of the First Maine Cavalry at Petersburg, Va., twenty-six years ago. It is so personal and speaks in such earnest praise of and affection for me that I could not think of presenting it in this communication, but there is one passage of a more general nature which I am sure our comrades will be glad to read, as showing the leading characteristics of one whom we knew as a thoroughly conscientious, brave, Christian soldier and gentleman, combining the tenderness of a woman with the true nobility of manhood. He writes:—

"I have always felt a deep sense of my great responsibility to the men whom Providence has committed to my charge. I have watched over their welfare and interests, and labored as I thought for their good; but above all is the solemn duty I owe to the parents and friends of such as Charlie, adrift, as it were, and in the midst of the temptations of army life."

You can imagine, comrades, how a letter so full of generous words for and affectionate interest in her son must have gladdened my mother's heart in those days of strife in the field and anxiety at home.

I was in every fight the District of Columbias were in, except two or three skirmishes, and in every battle the First Maine was engaged in after the transfer. I had three horses shot from under me and never received a

scratch except the wound at Roanoke Bridge on Wilson's Raid. I will not trespass on your patience longer, comrades, and trust you will excuse me for speaking so much of myself.

I hope every comrade will tell us something of his experience while in the District of Columbia or First Maine, and that you will go to Houlton to our next re-union. It is not at many more of these that we can hope to meet on earth, as the most of us are getting along in years. I believe I was the youngest one in the regiment.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

CHARLES B. KENNEY,
*Formerly Bugler Company K, First
Maine Cavalry.*

(See pp. 345, 464, 317, History.)

*Thomas C. Gray's Experience on the
Dahlgren Raid.*

I was on the Dahlgren Raid and rode a horse called "Little Snap," a curly-haired chestnut horse formerly ridden by Capt. Spurling. In the charge of Tuesday evening and night inside of the outer lines of the enemy's work, my horse was shot and fell on my leg, holding me there for some time; just as I got my foot extricated two young rebs without any arms jumped out of the woods and grabbed me, and said, "You damned Yank, we've got you!" Said I, "What are you going to do with me?" "Damne we are going to hang you." "I do not doubt you in the least." I walked along with them a piece, looked up at them, they had hold of my shoulders, and I took my hands and reached out behind, getting them by the shoulders, and threw them on their faces in the swamp. I held the left one down while I stamped the other down into the

muck and sand and jumped on the other on the small of his back with both my feet, having on heavy cavalry boots, and then I got up and ran; looking up I saw a red horse with a white face coming towards me, which stopped by me. I mounted him. I heard the rebel pickets firing and I rode on till I came to our lines, and went into the command. The horse belonged to Lieut. Harris, commander of Co. F, from which a Co. F man had been shot.

We rode all that night, and the next morning Lieut. Harris asked me "Where did you get that horse?" I told him, and he said he would see Lieut. Foster about him; I rode the horse, say twenty-four or forty-eight hours when he was taken by Lieut. Harris; and I walked the rest of the way till we reached Butler's lines.

THOMAS C. GRAY,
Co. D First Maine Cavalry.

(See p. 519, History.)

*Letter from Corporal Herman R.
Green, Co. M.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS, May 15, 1890.

J. P. CILLEY, ESQ.

Dear Sir—I feel a certain pride in my war record, and if there are any remarks to be made, would like to have stated, as shown in regimental reports, that I was with the First Maine Cavalry three years without ever being on the sick list, without ever having one day's leave of absence, or off duty except for a few days, when wounded.

Every comrade knows what all those months and years of service meant for the First Maine Cavalry.

Yours truly,

HERMAN R. GREEN.

(See pp. 649, History and also page of illustrations in Bugle, Call No. 1.)

Letter from Roscoe R. Bangs, Co. L.

WESCOTT, Neb., August 6, 1890.

In regard to offering corrections to history, I will say that Freeland L. Holman, Sergeant of my Co., L, was taken prisoner at Ground Squirrel Bridge, May 11, 1864, instead of at St. Mary's Church, June 24, 1864. He was my tent-mate at that time, and when we mounted to charge, for some reason (and I think it was on account of his horse becoming unmanageable), he did not mount and charge with us, for when we came back over the ground we started from he was there, and still unmounted. I shouted to him to mount or something to that effect, but I know he must have been taken prisoner right there where I saw him last, and if any of Co. L boys should see this I think they will agree with me in saying that he was a brave soldier, loved and respected by all who knew him, and especially by all of Co. L.

Respectfully yours,

R. R. BANGS.

(See pp. 635, 632, History.)

A Word from George W. Eaton, Co. B.

Mrs. Eaton, wife of George W. Eaton, Co. B, writes to Gen. Cilley, under date of Aug. 4th, 1890, as follows:

"George received the Bugle all right. He was very, very much pleased with it, and also very glad to feel that he was remembered by his old comrades yet. His health is very poor; so much so that he will be unable to attend the reunion in Boston. He wishes to very much, but it would not be safe for him to go. He is very anxious to see all his old comrades again, and wishes to be remembered to them all."

(See p. 490, History.)

*Letter from W. W. Williams, Co. D,
Tenth New York Cavalry.*

ROME, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1890.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY, Rockland, Me.

"Hark! I hear the bugle sounding."—Call No. 1. That must be Reveille. If it was, its sound was not as harsh and unfeeling as a good many reveilles I have heard previously. May the First Maine Bugle sound loud enough to be heard and answered by every surviving member of Gen. D. McM. Gregg's old Cavalry Division. August 12th and 13th, the Tenth New York Cavalry Veteran Association will hold their reunion at Gloversville, N. Y., and will carry the First Maine Bugle and "blow" it for them. One error in my letter—First Pennsylvania, First New Jersey and Sixth Ohio instead of First New York Cavalry. Hope I will always have twenty-five cents to answer the Bugle Call.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

W. W. WILLIAMS.

111 E. Thomas St., Rome, N. Y.

(See Bugle Call No. 1. We have a long letter from Comrade Williams for the next Call.)

Wounding of Lieut. Cutler, Co. B.

While the regiment was near the remote part of their reconnoissance, in the fall of '63, the enemy attacked the Division, and the wounding of Lieut. Cutler, then on Gen. Gregg's staff, is thus described by Clifton W. Wiles, of Co. L, 10th N. Y. Cavalry, in a letter to Gen. Cilley:

About 2 P. M. orders were received for our regiment to re-cross the river, and we immediately moved out, crossing on the bridge, Col. J. I. Gregg, I believe, being in our advance. While we were crossing, a portion of our brigade, the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, were skirmishing dismounted with the enemy's advance. As we

moved up the hill the fire became lively, and the enemy pushed them back. When nearly to the top of the hill we formed line, mounted, and opened fire. The dismounted Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry were then ordered to make their way to the other side of the river, and they very properly lost no time in doing so. We immediately became hotly engaged, some of our squadrons charging the enemy's skirmishers back, when we discovered a battery of artillery getting into position. Just at this time my horse received a musket ball through his body, and I was ordered to get back across the river, and proceeded to follow the excellent example of the Fourth Pennsylvania as fast as the bleeding condition of my horse would permit. When near one third of the way from our line to the river, I saw a wounded officer reeling in his saddle, and a young man, whom I took to be a surgeon's assistant, or orderly, endeavoring to hold him on his saddle while they were slowly making their way back toward the bridge. I did not have much time to spare just at that time, but I could plainly see that with the progress they were making they could not reach the bridge before our lines would be broken and the bridge swept by artillery. I rode to the left side of the officer, who proved to be Lieut. Cutler of the First Maine Cavalry, and asked him if I could be of assistance in helping him from the field. He appeared to be in great pain, and begged that I would help him over the river. I placed my right arm through his left, and with the assistance of the comrade on his right succeeded in holding him upright in the saddle, he all the time urging us to make more haste, or we would surely be cut off. We appreciated and shared his anxiety, and pushed on

as fast as possible. When we reached the bridge the pioneers were pulling it up and we were the last to cross. I remember looking back just then and seeing my comrades coming, broken and flying, towards the river, while the top of the hill was covered with confederates. Just then their artillery opened and it seemed to me that a hundred tornadoes had broken upon us; how many pieces of artillery they had I never knew, there were all we cared to see. We made our way up the bank and out on the Bealton road, over which our ambulances and wagons had gone, when the storm opened. As soon as we reached partial shelter, I left the lieutenant with the comrade, after we had taken him from his horse; his strength giving out we could hold him on no longer. After some search I found an ambulance, but had some difficulty to get the driver to go back under fire of the confederate guns. I used some pretty strong language, not especially adapted for a Sunday-School class, and positively informed him if he did not go back with me, that there would be a vacancy on that driver's seat in less than one York minute, and I meant it; time was too limited to enter into any argument. He reconsidered, and accompanied me back, when we found Lieut. Cutler lying on the ground. When we were placing him in the ambulance he inquired my regiment and name, and expressed the great appreciation he felt for the little I had done; and away they went toward Bealton. As soon as my anxiety and excitement was gone I began to look around to see what condition I was in; there I was alone in a pine thicket, confederate shells making the air and trees tremble over my head, my horse reeling under me, and the blood dropping from his sides; in less than

ten minutes he was dead and I was making my way toward Bealton with my arms and worldly possessions over my shoulder. I never met Lieut. Cutler again. I am now unable to say in what part of the body Lieut. Cutler was wounded, as I made no examination, nor saw any made; but I sup-

posed he was shot through the body. I do not remember that he lost much, if any, blood while we were taking him back. I remember that we were so anxious to get him out of reach of fire that we gave his person but little attention.

(See p. 401, History.)

OBITUARIES.

Col. Daniel S. Curtiss was born June 28, 1814, and died at Washington, D. C. February 6, 1890.

His early life was passed in western New York, where he acquired an education by night study, and an apprenticeship in the office of the *Rochester Journal*, the pioneer paper of that city, edited by Henry O'Reilly. Here, during the administration of Martin Van Buren he edited *The Rochester Daily Advertiser*, and later edited and published a weekly paper at Perry, Wyoming Co., in the same state.

In 18—, with his parents, two brothers, and two sisters, he joined a then considerable exodus from New York to Michigan, settling in the village of Tecumseh, where he edited and published the first weekly paper of that town. Here he married Miss Jeannette Holmes a resident of Tecumseh, who lived but fifteen months after her marriage, and died leaving him an infant son but three weeks old. This son, Ambrose Birney Curtiss, arriving at his majority the first year of the rebellion, enlisted at Adrian, and gave to his country three years of the fierce, efficient service in the Fourth Michigan Infantry, which characterized that regiment all during the war. Later he served as second lieutenant in the Eighth United

States Cavalry, at Fort Whipple, Arizona Territory, where for gallant service he received a promotion to the rank of first lieutenant, but resigned his commission at the expiration of three years. After the death of his wife at Tecumseh, entrusting his infant son to the care of his mother and sisters, Mr. Curtiss returned to Rochester and engaged with his old-time employer, Henry O'Reilly, in constructing a line of telegraph through the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and the then territory of Minnesota. The task of selection of route, erection of lines, and establishment of offices was entrusted to Mr. Curtiss and a young companion, and during the several years of travel on that work he collected notes, and published in 1852 quite an extended description of nearly all their "principal cities and towns, with the resources of those States, their lands, mines, improvements, conveyances, markets, etc.," entitled "Western Portraiture."

During this year he again moved, with his parents and one sister, to the prairie where now stands the magnificent city of Chicago, his home being eighteen miles from the central portion of this great metropolis. Here he brought his second wife, Miss Abby Allen of Pomfret, Conn., a young authoress of some celebrity, familiarly

known to New England Journalism as "Nilla." Here he was a writer for the *Chicago Tribune*.

From Chicago he moved to Madison, Wisconsin, where he edited the *Madison Journal*, and where, in 1859, he suffered a second bereavement in the loss of his wife, who left him a daughter and a son, the latter surviving the mother but a year.

He then went to Oconomowoc, where he published the *Free Press*, but at the beginning of the war of the Rebellion he entered in the service of the Union, and recruited a Wisconsin company, going out as its captain; but subsequently was commissioned major of the First District of Columbia Cavalry, by President Lincoln, and served with honor, being three times wounded, in that body until the close of the war, when he was breveted colonel, by which title he has since been familiarly known.

After the close of the war he held a position in the Treasury Department for some years and later in the Department of Agriculture. For an interval of three years he conducted the *Maryland Farmer* at Baltimore, returning again to Washington to a post in the First Auditor's Office, Treasury Department, where he continued until his death. During this time, for several years he was a contributor to the *National Farmer*. He also wrote an article on "Wheat Culture," of which a second edition was published about a year since.

In 1883 he married his third wife, Mrs. Maria Mann of Rochester, daughter of his early patron Henry O'Reilly.

His last illness was brief, though for a year he had been in failing health. His wife and daughter survive him.

Public spirited to an eminent degree, he took an active part in various public movements, including the anti-

slavery movement many years before the war, the temperance movement then and more recently at Washington, and the organization of the "Patrons of Husbandry," especially in Virginia, where he organized local granges until there was a sufficient number to permit the establishment of a State grange. He was one of the earliest advocates of the principle finally embodied in the "Homestead law."

He was fittingly buried at Arlington Heights, where rests the country's honored dead.

(See p. 457, History.)

Abiezar Veazie, of Co. B, died Thursday morning, Aug. 14th, last. His death was caused by a sudden attack of hemorrhage, and occurred in Canton Hall, Malden, Mass., where Edwin Libby Post, with which deceased was attending the National Encampment, was entertained by Hiram G. Berry Post of that city. He seemed to be in his usual state of health during the preceding days and on that morning. He rose early, purchased a morning paper, and sat down to read it, a few of his comrades sitting near him. He suddenly rose from his chair and stepped forward, making this remark—"Look at this, boys; I am bleeding to death." The blood was flowing from his mouth. Prompt assistance was rendered him, but the hemorrhage could not be checked, and he died in twenty minutes, not speaking again. He did not appear to suffer much pain. His funeral occurred on the following Sunday afternoon at his late residence on Rankin Street, Rockland. The burial service of the Grand Army of the Republic was used, Edwin Libby Post attending in a body, four comrades of this Regiment, Frank Pacott,

Thomas H. Benner, George B. Yeaton, and Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley serving as pall bearers. Deceased was also a member of Rockland Lodge of Masons, and that fraternity was well represented on the occasion.

(See p. 496, History.)

Sergeant Major Albert C. Dam, died in Bellevue Hospital, New York, May 15th, last, of pneumonia, after an illness of about five days. Comrade Dam was the son of Thomas J. and Jane Dam, of Portland, and a grandson of the late Francis Radoux, the centennarian, who was a lieutenant under Napoleon Bonaparte. He attended the public schools, and after receiving his education became clerk for Augustus Robinson, dealer in periodicals in that city. When the First District of Columbia Cavalry was organized, he enlisted in Capt. Andrew M. Benson's company and was appointed sergeant. Upon the consolidation of that regiment with the First Maine Cavalry he was transferred to Co. M. He served as regimental ordnance sergeant until May, 1865, when he was appointed sergeant-major, and came home with the regiment. On his return he was book-keeper for Bailey & Noyes, book-sellers in Portland. When his uncle, Andrew Dam, took the Astor House and Union Square Hotels in New York City, Comrade Dam became a clerk at the Astor, and was later transferred to the Union Square. He was very popular with the patrons of these houses. For a time, while his uncle was sick at the south, attended by his son, Comrade Dam was acting manager of the Union Square. After the death of his uncle, he returned to Portland, where he formed a co-partnership with his father-in-law, W.

W. Lothrop, the firm carrying on a wholesale furnishing goods business in that city. After a year or two the firm wound up its business, and Comrade Dam became the first proprietor of the Union Station café. About two years ago he went to Atlantic City, N. J., and became clerk at the Atlantic House, but for a year previous to his death he had been cashier of the Hoffman House, New York. He was a member of Ancient Landmark Lodge, and Mount Vernon Royal Arch Chapter of Masons. He leaves a widow and two children.

(See pp. 461, 646, History.)

George R. Cameron, of Co. C, of Camden, Me., while at work rigging on board the bark J. H. Bowers, at Rockport, Monday morning, December 8th, 1890, fell from the main lower topmast to the deck, and was killed instantly. The funeral services were held at the family residence on Mechanic street the following Wednesday afternoon, and were largely attended by members of Geo. S. Cobb and Fred A. Norwood G. A. R. Posts, also G. F. Burgess Engine Co. Mr. Cameron leaves a widow and two children. He was about 43 years of age.

(See p. 305, History.)

Word has been received of the death of Lieutenant James W. Poor, in September, but no particulars have been received, therefore, a biographical sketch must be postponed to some future Call.

(See pp. 460, 481, History.)

DIED. — In Fort Fairfield, Me., August 15th, 1870, Daniel W. Haines, Commissary Sergeant.

(See pp. 461, 529, History.)

Andrew Fisher, of Co. M, died August 14th last, at his home at Peaks Island.

(See p. 651, History.)

Deacon John G. Cummings, one of the first members of the Baptist church of Biddeford, died Monday night, aged 59 years. He was widely known in York county, having for ten years been in the tin-ware business there. He was a private in Company I, First Maine Cavalry. His wife and five children survive him. One of his sons is the Rev. John E. Cummings, Baptist missionary to Burmah.

(See p. 600, History.)

Thomas P. Moore, a pensioner at the Togus Soldiers' Home, had been suffering for a long time from complaints resulting from wounds received in the army, in which he served creditably as an enlisted man in Co. E, First Maine Cavalry. Upon the 14th of this month he said to his nurse, "I believe I'm about ready to die, so I'll shave and change my clothes," which he did, and returned to bed as happy as a lark. Upon the 16th he was taken from it a corpse, says the Kennebec Reporter.

(See p. 556, History.)

[No record of the year or month accompanied these last two notices.—ED.]

THE ROLL CALL

REUNION AT PORTLAND

JUNE 24th, 1892.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. THOMAS, PORTLAND, M.E.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

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CAMPAIGN II.

JANUARY, 1891.

CALL 3.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF
THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT,
AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST
TO ALL THE MEMBERS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE ROLL CALL.

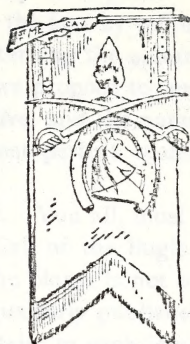
REUNION AT PORTLAND,

June 24th, 1885.

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ADDRESS J. P. CILLEY, *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.



INTRODUCTION.

This is the Roll Call. From right to left or from A to Z stretches the list of 3,028 names. Were these comrades mounted and in line, that line, allowing three feet outside from knee to knee, would extend nearly two miles, and would occupy that distance in marching in column of fours.

No command, unless voiced by the Bugle, could be heard along that front or through the extended column. The survivors of this magnificent host now cover, like an extended skirmish line, the land from Passamoquoddy Head to the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific Ocean, with advance and rear videttes from the mouth of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Red River of the North in the Dominion of Canada. To you that survive, this "Call" of the "Bugle" now comes. Will you answer to your name? Shall the report be heard, "All present or accounted for"?

The multitude of stars through the long list of names impress us as the stars that cluster wide above our heads during the darkness of night; we know that their memory shall shine distinct and enduring from the heaven that arches over our heads, where, in due time shall be our crown and our mansion. While we thus see those who have departed, though we hear them not, shall the living remain unheard, unrecorded? Behold the large number unstarred and unhomed! Among these, who are the dead? Where are the living?

This Bugle Call reaches them not, yet no comrade can pass entirely out of the knowledge of all other comrades. If the knowledge of comrades concerning each other were massed, our record would indeed show, "all present or accounted for."

This is our "objective point." If you will march in that direction, let me know the fact by writing to me the knowledge that each of you have concerning the comrades not "accounted for," and the yearly Roll Call, we propose to send forth, will ere long show where all our survivors live, and the names of all our deceased comrades, and will be the most perfect roster of any regimental organization in the wide land.

One thing more. You all, most all, ask me where is the page of portraits for this Call of the Bugle? All I can say is, they did not materialize, and the blame is not on my shoulders. The pledge and purpose of the quarterly published by the "First of Maine" was that it should contain, in each issue, a page of portraits of our comrades. Shall this pledge be violated, this purpose fail? If not, stand up and be counted.

Your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY.

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A Complete Alphabetical Roster of MEMBERS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY 1861--1865



EXPLANATORY NOTES

The figures opposite the names refer to the pages of the extended roster in the history, but are of value in this pamphlet as showing the company, etc., of each member, viz:

Pages 451-460 show the Field and Staff.

" 461-462 Non-Com. staff.	Pages 541-557 Co. F.
" 463-464 Band.	" 558-577 Co. G.
" 465-480 Co. A.	" 578-593 Co. H.
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" 526-540 Co. E.	" 644-658 Co. M.
" 660-665 Comrades of the 1st D. C. Cavalry who died prior to transfer, or were not taken up on the rolls of the First Maine Cavalry at that time.	

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FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION
OF THE
FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The fourteenth annual reunion was held at Portland, June 24th, 1885, and was rather an impromptu affair, though none the less pleasant on that account. In fact, from the numbers present, especially the numbers who came from a great distance, and from the spirit which pervaded the reunion, it may be set down as one of the pleasantest and most successful. At the reunion at Eastport, in 1884, Canton was selected as the place for the next annual reunion, "with the provision that the officers shall have discretionary power to change the place of meeting if necessary." So it was supposed that the next reunion was to be held at Canton, and some of the comrades were looking forward to the pleasures of the reunion at that place later in season. But the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Portland in June, called together so many comrades of the grand old regiment, not only those residing in the State but from all parts of the country, that after the Encampment actually commenced it was thought best to have the reunion of the regiment at that time, which was done, and though the notice was short, and reached but few except those already gathered at Portland, the attendance was very large—larger, it was estimated, than at any previous reunion of the regiment.

The arrangements for the comfort of the comrades of the regiment who attended the Grand Army Encampment were ample. Early in June a meeting of the comrades of the regiment residing in Portland was held at the office of Captain

Charles W. Ford, to consider what should be done for the entertainment of visiting comrades of the regiment during the week of the National Encampment, June 23 — 26. As but a few comrades responded to the call, no organization was effected, and no definite action was taken. Several suggestions were made, some of which were afterwards carried out. One of them was by Major Sidney W. Thaxter, to the effect that a large tent be procured from the quartermaster of the encampment, to be pitched in a suitable location, to be used as headquarters of the regiment, and to be kept open day and night for the accommodation of all who wished to avail themselves of its shelter and of the refreshments there supplied. On the morning of June 21st a place was assigned the regiment, near Congress street, and near the headquarters of the encampment, and Major Thaxter and Comrade Charles F. Dam, of Co. F, visited the designated location to see that the tent was properly pitched and that everything was made comfortable for the comrades. To their surprise they found the ground which had been assigned to this regiment, guarded by a major of another Maine regiment, who had selected this particular location for his command. Some conversation, military, emphatic and otherwise, took place, when the other major candidly informed the cavalrymen that he should hold possession of this ground if he had to fight for it. The cavalrymen wisely decided not to fight unless there was something worth fighting for, especially as they were not in good fighting trim, so they gracefully yielded the point in dispute, and departed to seek a better location, knowing full well that the ground thus kept from them was wet, uneven, and not at all a first-class place for a tent for visiting comrades. At this juncture they were joined by Comrade Winsor B. Smith, of Co. K, who, though barely able to walk, started with them to find a camp-ground. Major Thaxter was obliged to leave them to go to headquarters, but the other two continued on, and Comrade Smith selected a spot which was accepted, and was covered by the First Maine Cavalry tent during the Encampment. This was Comrade Smith's last labor for the old regiment which he loved so well. After this work was done

he started away, and when a few rods from Comrade Dam he called to him. Comrade Dam responded to the call, and on reaching Comrade Smith, the latter took from his pocket a bunch of keys, and selecting one he handed it to Comrade Dam, saying, "Charley, take this key; it is the key to the case in the Grand Army Hall wherein is kept our old regimental flag; I wish you to keep it, unless otherwise ordered by the association, until your life is, like mine, nearly closed, and then pass it to some resident comrade of Bosworth Post for further keeping." He then left Comrade Dam, his parting words being, "If I am spared to meet the old boys again I will be willing to go, but I do not think I shall." Comrade Dam said a few cheering words to him as he left, but did not see him again alive, for Comrade Smith was dying while his comrades were engaged with their business meeting.

Monday evening, June 22d, a meeting of the officers of the association was held, at which it was decided that it would be best, under the circumstances, to hold the annual reunion at Portland during that week, and the evening of Wednesday, the 24th, was chosen. It was then too late to procure a suitable hall, or a caterer for the banquet, but the local comrades took hold of the matter and did the best they could, which was remarkably well. Through the influence of Major Thaxter, who was then one of the directors of the Portland Fraternity, the use of the hall of this association on Free street was secured, on the payment of the necessary expenses. The hall was small, seating only about one hundred, but it was the only place that could be obtained in Portland at that time. The next morning a general meeting of the comrades of the regiment was held at Fraternity Hall, at which Comrade Dam was authorized to procure something for a lunch for the comrades in reunion assembled. In answer to questions as to what to procure, Major George M. Brown suggested that a generous supply of salt fish, crackers and lemonade would be satisfactory. Indeed, that seemed to be about all that could be obtained in the way of refreshments at that time. Accompanied by other comrades to share the burden, Comrade Dam procured salt fish, crackers,

bananas, oranges, lemons, ice, cheese, etc., etc., as well as paper napkins, plates, etc. The plan was to pass the loaded plates around after the meeting, while the comrades were seated, but alas, the best plans are subject to change. The comrades began to arrive about seven o'clock, and as they passed the small room where the assistants who were to pass around the plates were in waiting, they saw the display of refreshments, and in a moment their field spirit came up and they helped themselves. This was the beginning of fun not laid down in the programme. To complete the refreshment story at this point it may be said that when the time arrived for their distribution, it was found that instead of passing the refreshments around, all the assistants could do was to deposit them in a jumble on the table and let the comrades help themselves. A generous supply of lemonade had been provided for, to be served in a small ante-room, but a break in the water-pipe in an adjoining street had caused the supply of water to be limited to such an amount as Comrade Dam could carry in a single bucket from a store two blocks away, which only made matters worse, as it kept the crowd of comrades lingering in anticipation. Many were the good-natured expressions heard as to the prohibitory laws of the good old State of Maine, which on that occasion seemed to include water.

The comrades began to gather by seven o'clock in the evening, and very soon Fraternity Hall was packed with the comrades of the regiment, and their wives and daughters, while there were present quite a number from other regiments of the State, who were looking for old comrades whom they had not seen for years. And there were the usual hearty greetings of comrades toward each other, more than usual, for that matter, as there were many present who live far away, and who are able to join in the pleasures of regimental reunion but seldom. Nearly every State in the Union, and every company in the regiment were represented. A very pleasant feature of this gathering was the presence of quite a number of the comrades of the Pennsylvania regiments with which the First Maine was brigaded so long, (the Second, Fourth, Eighth, and Sixteenth

Pennsylvania Cavalry regiments), and the greetings between the comrades of the different regiments were most cordial, the sight of each other calling up many memories of marches, battles and campaigns in which each bore a noble part. The hall was decorated with yellow hues, and even the fruit served was of the same cavalry color — oranges, bananas, etc.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was presided over by Major George M. Brown. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: —

President, — Capt. Zenas Vaughan, of Skowhegan.

Vice-President, — Lieut. John R. Andrews, of Saco.

Secretary, — Lieut. Orrin S. Haskell, of Pittsfield.

Treasurer, Gen. J. P. Cilley, of Rockland.

Skowhegan was selected as the place for the next annual reunion.

The question of whether or not to continue the publication of the reunion pamphlets, which had been discontinued since the reunion in Brunswick in 1882, was called up by Gen. Cilley, and elicited a warm discussion. It was argued on the one side that it would be better to discontinue these publications, and save the money as a fund for the publication of the History of the Regiment at some future time, while on the other hand, the comrades who reside in other States far away, led by Comrade Riley L. Jones of Co. G, ("Jones of G") now of Michigan, pleaded that as they are unable to attend the reunions often, they very much like to receive the reunion pamphlets, to learn what the comrades way down in their native State are doing — that it was like receiving a good long letter from home. Before this question was decided, the Historian, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, was called upon to make a report as to the progress made on the history, and gave the gratifying information that the history was virtually completed; that through the kindness and energy of Gen. Charles H. Smith during the past year, he had been furnished with the complete rosters of all the companies the roster of which he had before been unable to obtain,

and though he had not put the material into shape, yet he was ready to do so any time the association was ready to publish the history. This statement settled the question under discussion, and it was decided to make a fund for the publication of the history instead of publishing the pamphlets. To further the matter, Comrades J. P. Cilley, George M. Brown and Edw. P. Tobie were appointed a committee on publication.

There was but little business to transact and the meeting was quickly transformed into a stirring camp-fire, in which speech and story followed each other fast and furious, and that with little formality. Several of the Pennsylvania comrades were called upon and added their quota to the enjoyment of the hour, all of them being given a rousing reception in honor of themselves, of their regiment, of the old Second Brigade, Second Cavalry Division, and of the stirring times when they served together under the loved Col. J. Irwin Gregg, and the grand Gen. David McM. Gregg, whose names were cheered to the echo. Comrade Tobie called attention to the fact that this evening was an anniversary of an engagement which every member of the glorious old Division should remember — the twenty-first anniversary of the fight at St. Mary's Church, June 24th, 1864. This turned the current of thought and story in a new direction, and that battle was fought over again. It was a rattling good camp-fire and full of real pleasure. In the course of time the refreshments were served, as stated above, and the comrades separated for the camp ground, for their Post headquarters, and for other reunions and festivities.

The next morning the comrades were saddened by the word that Comrade Winsor B. Smith of Co. K, whom all loved, and whose presence at the reunions, — anywhere that the comrades met, — was always welcome, would meet with them no more. He had passed away the evening before, at the very time that the comrades were gathering at the hall. A special meeting of the association was called to take action on his death, at which it was voted to attend his funeral in a body, and nearly fifty comrades of the regiment did so, each wearing a suitable badge of mourning procured for the occasion.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

JANUARY, 1891.

CALL 3.

The Cavalry Once More to the Front.

At a meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island, held recently, a paper was read, entitled, "The Capture of Morris Island," giving a full account thereof, and including the services of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery in the military operations. The paper was a good one, which goes without saying, as its author and reader was Chaplain of the Third Rhode Island, a respected clergyman, a good soldier, an enthusiastic veteran, and a loved comrade. At the close of the paper, as is the custom in that society, there was an opportunity for a free discussion of the paper, and the interchange of such thoughts as the subject-matter of the paper had called up. The President of the Society, a cavalryman of the First Rhode Island (the regiment which received our six companies with open arms on our first arrival at Catlett's Station in April, 1862, of which carbines were borrowed to kill beef for us), took occasion to compliment the paper, and then

to compliment the regiment. In the course of his remarks he said he was on Morris Island January 17th, 1864, when he visited the Cummings Point Battery, and saw the Third Rhode Island throwing thirty-pound Parrott shells into Charleston once in five minutes. Much to his surprise an infantryman got up, and in the name of a comrade of the Third Heavy, who sat behind him and had coached him, said he was sorry to spoil a good cavalry story, but no thirty-pound gun would throw a shot more than two or three miles, and that it was a hundred-pound Parrott that was doing the execution spoken of. To this the President replied, "I know a thirty-pound Parrott when I see it." To this the "doughboy" replied, pointing to the "heavy," "Here's the man who fired the gun." The President continued, "I don't care who fired the gun, and notwithstanding the heavy fire of infantry and artillery, the cavalry will maintain the position. In addition I will state that the thirty-pound gun I

saw there that day threw more than 4000 shells into Charleston before it burst." This last was another statement to deny, and the whole matter was ridiculed by others of the "heavies," and there was some fun made at the expense of the cavalryman President in particular, and the cavalry in general. It has been customary in this society, from its first year to the present time, to indulge in good-natured raillery against the cavalry, but in this sort of skirmishing the cavalymen have always held their own. On this occasion the laugh was turned upon the troopers by a "heavy" saying, "we don't allow any cavalymen to tell us what we did in our own regiment—they told us too many things that weren't so in the service." The chaplain, who is also the historian of the Third Rhode Island, was appealed to, and confirmed the statement of the President, saying the fact is recorded in the history of the regiment, and can also be found in Gen. Gilmore's official report, but as the chaplain was a cavalryman of the First Rhode Island before he became a "heavy" of the Third, his confirmation was looked upon simply as a cavalryman's story, which was placed by the side of that of the President. The jokes against the cavalry were kept up, and the "doughboys" and the "heavies" seemed to have

the best of it when the meeting adjourned. At the next meeting, one month later, the cavalymen were present in full force and ready for the fray, with sabres drawn, pistols loaded, carbines slung, and plenty of ammunition—not to fight on the main question, for that, they knew, would take care of itself, but to repel any attack from the opposing arms of the service. When the matter was brought up by the President, the "heavy" who fired the hundred-pound Parrott, and who coached the "doughboy" to deny the thirty-pound Parrott story in the first place, arose and sort of acknowledged that he was mistaken, but read extracts from a letter written by himself from Morris Island to his home in December, 1863, to prove that he had charge of the hundred-pound Parrott which was throwing shells into Charleston, and to show that he thought he was correct in what he said at the previous meeting. Then the "doughboy" who had been pushed to the front by the "heavy," arose, and saying he never did like to support artillery, and he never would again, made a graceful apology for contradicting the President's statement, as he had examined into the matter, and found that the statement was correct. More than this, he had written to an old artilleryman, now in the regular army, asking about the

matter, and had received a letter in reply containing a full account of this famous gun, confirming the President's statement, and ending with "I do not know which side you are on in this controversy, but if on the affirmative I congratulate you; if on the other side, I sympathize with you." There was other talk upon the subject, until all on the contrary side had acknowledged their mistake. During this it was learned that this same thirty-pound Parrott gun threw 4206 shells into Charleston, and that when it burst the pieces were gathered up and bound together, and an inscription put on the wrecked gun, giving a record of its service under Gen. Charles R. Brayton, chief of artillery, and the gun was sent to West Point as an object lesson to the cadets. In fact this gun was the most famous one in that department, if not in the whole service. To cap the climax, a light artilleryman, who had enjoyed the whole discussion, stated that while in the Army of the Potomac he had, under direction of the chief of artillery, tried the same experiment, in the same way, and met with like success. That evening there was not one bit of fun poked at the cavalry, who were well satisfied with their victory if they did not have their expected encounter and consequent fun.

The Association Badge.

At the reunion in Boston last August, the badge proposed by the committee and adopted by the association the previous year was ready for delivery, and very many of the comrades promptly supplied themselves with one. The badge, of which the illustration on the third page of this CALL gives a fair idea, is a very pretty one, and sprang at once into favor with the boys. It is of gold, mounted on a double strip of yellow ribbon ("and the right kind of yellow, too," said a comrade of the First Rhode Island Cavalry on seeing one.) The bar at the top is in shape of a Henry rifle, and bears on the stock the legend, "1st Me. Cav." Pending from this by spur straps are the crossed sabres, while rising from the centre of the sabres is a pine tree, the emblem of our loved state. Below the sabres is a horse-shoe surrounding a horse's head. The whole is neat and appropriate, and the comrades may well be proud to wear one, and to leave one to his family as a memento of his service in the grand old regiment, and of the glorious reunions of the comrades. The price of the badge is \$2.50, and any comrade may procure one by sending that amount, with twelve cents for postage, to Gen. J. P. Cilley, Rockland, Me. By the way, in the haste of preparing the badges for the reunion, some

of them were imperfectly finished, and have become tarnished. These will be exchanged and made good.

Major Henry C. Hall strikes the key note, when he says, in a private letter, "Our history is indeed valuable, but it covers but a small part of the record of the regiment. The BUGLE can, and doubtless will, be a fitting supplement wherein personal incidents of value may find a place." That's what we want, what the comrades want—personal incidents and reminiscences. Let all the comrades remember this.

Comrade Wilbur F. Lunt, formerly First Sergeant Co. G, has been honored by being appointed by the President (which appointment has been confirmed), a member of the Board of General Appraisers of Merchandise. This is a life position, with a salary of \$7000 a year, and necessitates the residence of Comrade Lunt in New York City. The comrades will all rejoice in his good fortune.

The vexatious delays by which the publication of the October CALL, as well as the present one, were postponed so long, have been overcome, and we now hope and expect to issue the BUGLE regularly in the months of its various dates.

In the CALL for April we shall publish the address delivered at the dedication of the cavalry shaft on the field of Gettysburg, by Lieut. Col. William Brooke-Rawle, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The long and interesting letter from Comrade Williams of the Tenth New York Cavalry, promised in this CALL, has been unavoidably crowded out, but will appear in the next CALL.

Annual Meeting and Banquet.

The Massachusetts branch of the First Maine Cavalry held their annual meeting and banquet on the evening of January 29th, 1891. The following report is taken from the Boston *Globe* of the next morning:—

The First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts, the Bay State contingent of that famous regiment whose deeds are enrolled high on the scroll of the nation's history, and whose colors bear the record of more battles than any other regiment in the army of the Union, held its annual meeting and dined at the Crawford house last evening.

The early portion of the evening was devoted to an informal reception in the spacious parlors of the hotel, and many of the comrades and their families who had journeyed from their homes in the Pine Tree State received a cordial welcome from the Boston veterans of the regiment.

At 8.05 Comrade G. N. Harris called the meeting to order, and after the transaction of routine business, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Maj. Henry C. Hall; first vice-president, Lieut. Geo. F. Jewett; second vice-president,

Joseph R. Curtis; treasurer, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater; secretary, Charles A. F. Emery; executive committee, Gilbert N. Harris, Patrick F. Shevlin and Albert Edgecomb.

A vote of thanks was given to the retiring president, Comrade G. N. Harris, after which "roast beef" sounded and the company marched to the mess hall, where the annual banquet was served.

Comrade G. N. Harris presided, the blessing was invoked by Comrade Augustus L. Ordway, and Col. Charles F. King and Mr. Charles B. Rohan were the guests of the association.

Among those in attendance were: Gen. J. P. Cilley, Rockland, Me., Mr. G. N. Harris, Mrs. G. N. Harris, Capt. Black Hawk Putnam, Maj. H. C. Hall, Mr. A. L. Ordway, Mrs. Ordway, Mr. C. A. F. Emery, Miss Florence Curtis, Mr. H. M. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Davis, Mr. F. W. Green, Mr. P. F. Shevlin, Mrs. Shevlin, Mr. A. M. Shevlin, Mr. D. W. Davis, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Lieut. George F. Jewett, Mrs. Jewett, Lieut. E. P. Tobie, Mrs. Tobie, Mr. A. D. French, Waltham, Mrs. E. A. French, Mr. Geo. W. Gray, Mrs. Gray, Mr. Joseph R. Curtis, Mr. Thomas B. Pulsifer, Mrs. Pulsifer, Mr. D. W. Gage, Mrs. Gage, Mr.

John M. Perkins, Mr. William Morang, Mr. N. L. Owen, Mr. C. O. Stone.

The after-dinner exercises were informal in character, and embraced reminiscences of army life and brief addresses by Comrade G. N. Harris, Gen. J. P. Cilley, Col. Charles F. King, Maj. H. C. Hall, Lieut. George F. Jewett, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Mr. Joseph R. Curtis, Mr. P. F. Shevlin and others.

First Maine Cavalry Club at Bangor.

A number of the comrades of the regiment met in Bangor on the evening of the fifteenth of September last and organized the "First Maine Cavalry Club of Bangor," with the following officers:

President. — Dr. MELVIN PREBLE.

Vice-President. — VOLNEY H. FOSS.

Secretary. — EDWARD JORDAN.

Treasurer. — WARREN A. JORDAN.

The club starts with about 35 members.

WHAT THE COMRADES HAVE TO SAY.

*Letter from Lieut. Horatio S. Libby,
Co. C.*

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 12th, 1890.

Lieut. EDW. P. TOBIE.

Dear Comrade—I recall a little episode that occurred in the early spring of 1862, while we were in camp at Warrenton Junction, which I fancy may be of interest to many comrades and readers of the BUGLE. You will remember that at this time we were in Abercrombie's Brigade.

On a sunny day, I cannot give the date, Co. C was detailed to make a reconnoissance to the Rappahannock. We were soon on the way, and without adventure approached the river and halted on a slight elevation overlooking it and near a deserted house. We observed an earthwork thrown up on the opposite shore, that seemed to be unoccupied, so we concluded, as there were no troops visible. From an embrasure a dark looking object was pointed in our direction, which we thought a "quaker," having noticed something similar at Centerville a few weeks before, as we marched through that place on our way to the front. Most of the company had dismounted and were inspecting the house and premises. I had attended to that important duty and had remounted.

In the meantime Adj. Tucker (then) who accompanied us, and also a member of the regimental band,—I do not now recall his name,—had gone forward to a point nearer the river to obtain a better view of the fort. We were watching their movements with much interest. They were using their glasses, scanning the fort directly opposite, when, far away down the river on our left-front, a white puff was

observed, and very quickly a shot struck the ground in their rear and very close, throwing the dirt over them. Following this shot the supposed "quaker" opened his mouth and put a shot in the front yard of the above-mentioned house. I remember shouting out "Look out for that 'shell'." It was entirely unnecessary. The shots from the two forts began to come very lively. Forthwith there was mounting in hot haste; furthermore, we did not wait upon the order of our going, but got back under the crest of the hill and out of range as expeditiously as possible. Comrade Reed,—who later gave his life for "his country and the flag," at Bull Run,—and myself were getting to the rear, when a shot struck near us and rolled along on the ground. We thought it would be a big "trophy" to take to camp, and when it stopped rolling we dismounted to pick it up. But we came to grief! It was too hot to handle and the strong smell of powder made the horses frantic. That was the first and last shot I attempted to capture. The object of the reconnoissance was eminently successful. We learned that the forts were occupied.

I am inclined to think that Co. C were the first troops to reach this point in the old Dominion at Rappahannock Station.

A year later (1863) we had a stirring little encounter of a somewhat different nature, which you graphically relate in the "History." But you are in error in that matter in this way.—You say "A and B under Maj. Boothby." The full and correct statement should be, "A, B and C under Maj. Tucker." Possibly you noticed this error after it was in print, too late to correct it. At the time I was orderly

sergeant and borrowed a carbine of a "No. 4" man and went over the open railroad bridge with the boys.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

HORATIO S. LIBBY.

(See pp. 501, 128, History.)

*Letter from James W. Harriman,
Co. E.*

NECEDAH, WIS.,

January 27th, 1891.

Dear General—I received the last copy of the BUGLE, and I can tell you that it carried me back to the old States of Maine and Virginia. I remember you very well. I have heard my father speak of your father often. I have not had the privilege of attending any reunion but one, and that was at Milwaukee in '89. I met one comrade from Co. E only. I should be so glad to meet you all at Houlton, but I fear I cannot, for I am employed in a large mill for a lumbering company, which keeps me confined in the summer but I hope to be in Detroit this year. I have not so brilliant a record as some of my comrades, but I always obeyed orders. I enlisted with Col. Goddard at Augusta in November, 1861, and was put in Co. E, as my horse was of that color. I rode him from home in Clinton, and lost him and myself in Newtown in the Valley. I was a prisoner four months, rejoined the regiment at Frederick City, Md., 1862, and stayed with it until June, 1863. I was ruptured in crossing the Rappahannock after the raid between Chancellorsville and Richmond, and was sent to general hospital with others who were unable to ride, only a few days before Col. Douty was killed. In the fall I was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps and served out my time on a body guard for Gen. Halleck at Washington. I am a

member of Maj. M. F. Daws Post, No. 245, Department of Wisconsin, G. A. R. I was mustered out at Washington, D. C., Dec. 9th, 1864, and I came here January, 1865, and in all probability I shall be mustered out here for good.

If you see any of the comrades of Co. E tell them that my latch string is always out.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

JAMES W. HARRIMAN.

(See page 534, History.)

Letter from Leland F. Davis, Co. I.

HILLS GROVE, R. I.,

January 26th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—When the BUGLE CALL No. 2 was brought to me this morning, I thought I would just glance over it for a moment, but your introduction caught my eye and I read it through. And how any one, after reading it, can do otherwise than attend to this little matter, I cannot see. Its good sturdy way of putting the appeal struck me, and I never stopped to read any further, but will unsling carbine and give you a dollar for the first shot, and may you have a whole volley of the same shot from along the entire line is the wish of

Yours most truly,

LELAND F. DAVIS,

Co. I, First Maine Cav.

(See History, page 600.)

*Letter from Charles E. McCoy of
Co. D.*

BANGOR, ME.,

January 29th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—I received CALL 2 of the BUGLE and was much interested in the doings at Eastport, as it was not my privilege to attend, being in Cali-

fornia at the time. I met many of the old regiment there. George Kitchen and Henry T. Welsh reside in San José. George is engineer in a brewery and Henry is a prominent merchant, also a city father, having served in both branches of the City Council and commander of Phil. Sheridan Post. Charles H. Bell is or was employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. He was suffering considerably from wounds which he had received in Virginia, which have not healed.

The first two were Co. E men, Bell was of Co. D. Warren S. Randall and Charles H. Walker are in the lumber business in Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz County. Randall was of Co. D, Walker of Co. A. James Peakes of Santa Cruz City keeps a fine hotel at the Beach, at which we received a warm reception at his hands. He was a member of Co. A. I met in San Francisco Lieut. James W. Poor and several more that have escaped my recollection. Maine men and comrades are numerous in the West, as I met them in all my travels in that section and in the British Dominions on my return from California. We, I mean the First Maine Cavalry Club of this city, have about forty names on our Club Rolls. I am looking forward to the time of our reunion at Houlton, where if we are not treated well I shall be greatly mistaken.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

CHARLES E. MCCOY,

Late Co. D, First Maine Cav.

(See page 520, History.)

Letter from John F. Lord, Co. I.

WATERBOROUGH, Jan. 26th, 1891.

Dear General—I received CALL 2 of the First Maine BUGLE last week, and I believe I have read every word of it, for anything connected with the

old First Maine Cavalry has ever been of great interest to me. I did little to build the great name of that grand old organization, but nothing to lower it. I was with the regiment only four months, from Jan. 11th to May 6th, 1864, when I was shot in the eye at the opening of the Wilderness Campaign May 6th, 1864. I have long wanted a copy of the history of my regiment, but poverty has thus far hindered me, and now I am flat on my back. Seeing the notices of deaths in Call 2, I thought I would send one. Albra Chadbourne of Co. I died Jan. 1st, 1891, of Bright's disease. I want to say a word for Comrade Chadbourne, for his kindness and consideration. The next morning after I was shot he obtained permission of Capt. Paul Chadbourne and came to the field where I lay with my head on a rock, and his care and kindness at that time saved my life. With all good wishes I remain as ever,

Yours in F. C. and L.,

JOHN F. LORD,

Co. I, First Maine Cav.

(See History, page 603, where a full account of his wound appears.)

(See History, page 599 for Chadbourne.)

Letter from W. S. Sylvester, Co. F.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME,

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, Box 67.

January 28th, 1891.

Dear General—Enclosed find postal note for First Maine BUGLE. Many thanks; do not miss me on next. I have a History of the regiment and will send for badge before long. Am unable to do any manual labor from injury received on the Boynton Plank road Oct. 27th, 1864, and am a veteran ex-prisoner of war. What in the world made Speaker Reed oppose the ex-

prisoner of war bill, I do not understand. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. S. SYLVESTER,
Late Co. F, First Maine Cav.

(See page 553, History).

A Tribute from a Sister.

ROCKLAND, ME.,

November 13th, 1891.

Dear Tobie—The following concerning John Mitchell, from his sister, you can use as you have opportunity hereafter, in the BUGLE.

Very truly yours,

J. P. CILLEY.

"My brother, John Mitchell, was born in East Livermore, and resided in Jay. He enlisted Oct. 9th, 1861, was mustered Oct. 31st, re-enlisted Jan. 1st, 1864, mustered out June 20th, 1865. [See page 571, Roster, and page 140 of the History.] He was a member of Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, served his three years and re-enlisted; came home for forty days when he re-enlisted, to Jay, Me., to his father's. Myself and two sisters were living in Massachusetts at that time, so that he spent a portion of his time with us. I remember well how fond I was of my soldier brother; my heart was ready to break at the thought of his going away again. I remember he said to me, 'Some one must go, Mary, and it is real fun.' That was so like him. John was of a very happy disposition;

everything went well with him, and he was always ready for action and saw the bright side of everything. He was not a Christian. I could not wish any other change in him. He was born and reared on a farm and followed the occupation of a farmer until the war broke out; then he had a very strong desire to enlist in the service. He was passionately fond of his horse, which accounts for his enlisting in the cavalry. His gun, as well as horse, were boon companions. He never married; he was in his thirty-second year when he died, the 12th of March, 1867, with consumption; sick between seven and eight months. During his sickness my husband bought the History of the Women of the War, and it afforded him a great deal of pleasure to have me read to him, and when I would have to stop for tears he would say 'It is all true, the worst not told.' Then he would cheer me up. He would relate to me some of his foraging trips, scouting through the country for something to eat and returning with his spoils suspended from the horse's back and his well known pet phrase of 'y-i-p' (yip) would send up cheers from the whole camp.

I also had two other brothers in the Sixteenth Maine, Co. C. One, my baby brother, seventeen years, six months, died in Smoketown hospital just three months after leaving home; the other was laid up five months in hospital with rheumatism, was discharged after nine months; is now in Heaven."

OBITUARIES.

Lieut. James W. Poor for the last two years of his life suffered from frequent attacks of pneumonia. He was sick last April, at the point of death for two or three days, then again in June, when in a severe coughing spell he burst a blood vessel in the brain which paralyzed his speech and partly his left side. He was rapidly recovering from that and the doctor said he would be as well as ever in a few months, when he left his home in Alturas, Cal., with all his family, intending to go to Oakland, Cal., where the climate is more equable the year round. He got to Reno, Nevada, Thursday, took cold Friday and in a few hours the doctor said there was no hope for him. He suffered intensely till the next Tuesday morning, Sept. 2d, 1890, when he breathed his last. He left a wife thirty-two years old and four children, two boys and two girls, between eight and fourteen. He was clerk of Modoc Co. at the time of his death.

(See pp. 460, 481 History.)

Mr. Sewall S. Avery of Hallowell, who has been suffering for some time with consumption, passed away Saturday morning, Dec. 26th, 1890, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Avery was a native of Winterport, Me., and has resided in our city for the past four years, where he had made many friends. He leaves a widow, one son, Harley Avery of Iceboro, and a daughter, the wife of Green V. Russell, formerly of this city. The funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon.—*Kennebec Journal*.

Mr. Avery was a resident of Vinalhaven many years before removing to Hallowell, and a member of G. A. R. Post of that place. His many friends

join with the family in this, their great affliction. He was a member of Co. L, First Maine Cavalry.

(See p. 634 History and p. 632 Picture.)

Orlando A. Hayford, died Nov. 11th, 1883, aged 45 years, 1 month, and 15 days. Our community again mourns for the sudden death of an honored and beloved citizen. Mr. Orlando A. Hayford was stricken with paralysis at half past ten o'clock, Sunday morning, and died almost instantly. He was as well as usual that morning, ate a hearty breakfast, and had prepared to attend church. He went to his room for some purpose, fell by the side of the bed unconscious, and passed away as before stated. The whole community was shocked and pained to learn of his death, although from his previous state of health it was thought that such would be the end.

Mr. Hayford was a son of Gustavus and Zilphia Hayford, both now living, though quite aged. He was born in Canton, Sept. 27th, 1839, and has spent his life here, with the exception of about two and a half years spent in the service of his country in the rebellion. He was prompt to answer his country's call and served faithfully as a private until wounded in his left thigh, at the battle of Shephardstown, Va., in 1863. The circumstances of his enlistment show as plainly as a single incident can, the character of the man. He was at work on his farm in Peru, with his father, in May 1861, when the news came of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter. Orlando said, after a moment's thought, "Father, if it was n't for my farm I would enlist for the war." His father told him if he felt it his duty to go, he would care for the farm. Orlando walked to Canton that

afternoon, had his name enrolled with the volunteers, and entered the service in the First Maine Cavalry. Mr. Hayford suffered several surgical operations, but carried a rebel bullet for many years, and never recovered from his wound. Since the war he has been in trade in Canton, for the most time a druggist, and for about fifteen years has been our faithful post-master. He was a member of John A. Hodge Post, G. A. R., Anasagunticook Lodge, I. O. O. F., and a charter member of Canton Encampment; also a member of the I. O. O. F. Relief Association. For twenty years Mr. Hayford has been a leading member of the Baptist church. He leaves a widow (formerly Miss Esther Staples) and two daughters,

the eldest being the wife of Prof. E. A. Daniels, of New York, and a large circle of friends to mourn his death. The funeral services occurred at the Baptist church to-day, in the presence of a large congregation, the G. A. R. Post and a body of Odd Fellows who conducted the ceremonies. Words of comfort were spoken by Rev. A. C. Herrick, of Freeport, assisted by Rev. A. H. Gould. The floral tributes and church drapery expressed the esteem and respect for the deceased felt by every heart present. —*Canton Telephone.*

He was a member of Co. G, and was wounded in the action at Shepards-town, July 16th, 1863.

[See p. 568 History.]

Additional Roster.

Names of men entitled to membership in the Association, from their connection with the regiment or aid given the Association.

EDWIN C. BURLEIGH, Augusta, Governor of Maine. Enlisted in the regiment, but was rejected by the examining surgeon as too young and not strong enough for active service.

HENRY G. TIBBETTS, Rockland, was clerk for Quartermaster Clarence D. Ulmer at brigade headquarters the last year of the war. He had previously served in Co. B, Fourth Maine Infantry. Mustered in June 15th, '61, promoted principal musician and quartermaster sergeant; discharged July 19th, 1864.

EDWARD B. RIPLEY, 28 Central St., Boston, was with Co. B at Augusta, Me., Great Cacapon, and Bath, Va., but was too young to enlist.

CHARLES JOHNSON, Belmont, Me., 25, farmer; unassigned recruit. Enlisted Feb. 29th, 1864, discharged April 12th, 1864, at Portland, Me., on account of injury received by a fall.

Report of the Auditing Committee.

The Auditing Committee make the following report:—

They have carefully examined the reports of the treasurer from 1883 to 1889, inclusive, also his accounts of contributions to the Cavalry Shaft at Gettysburg, his accounts of expenses and receipts in the matter of heliotype portraits for the history, and his account for histories sold and bills paid on the history, said reports appearing in Call No. 1 of the Bugle.

The accounts of the finances of said reunions, we find correct. The receipts and expenditures were verified by proper vouchers or entries in the treasurer's daily cash book made at the date of each expenditure.

We find the same to be true of the other reports. We find a few mistakes in addition, a few in book-keeping, and a few matters that need explanation to show the full facts; on these we report at length as follows, viz:—

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY FOR THE
CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

The amount contributed by the First Maine Cavalry should be increased by the following sums collected by H. S. Libby and by him paid directly to Capt. Miller, but which were not reported to the treasurer at the time he made his report. These sums increase our net total subscription \$60, making the same \$285.

The Third Pa. Cavalry gave \$639; First New Jersey Cavalry, \$94.50; First Maryland, \$20; Sixteenth Pa., \$98.50; Fourth Pa., \$61; Tenth New York, \$61; First Mass., \$50; First Mich., \$20; Fifth Mich., (Gen. Alger alone) \$125; Sixth Mich., (Gen. Geo. Gray, \$400) \$423; Seventh Mich. Cavalry, \$33.

Lieut. H. S. Libby was credited in Call No. 1 of the Bugle, with collections from J. P. Downing \$1, R. T. Barstow \$2, (printed Basters), Samuel W. Parker \$20, (misprinted Parlin), and should be further credited with the following collections, viz:—

Lieut. E. C. Bigelow, \$1; Capt. A. M. Benson, \$1; Lieut. H. F. Blanchard, \$2; Lieut. J. K. Brooks, \$1; Capt. L. H. Daggett, \$1; T. J. Neal, \$1; Albert Edgecomb, \$1; Capt. B. H. Putnam, \$1; Capt. George Prince, \$1; J. M. Toothaker, \$1; N. P. Webb, \$1, and the following named, \$1.00 each: W. B. Clark, Navy; Capt. H. T. Hall, Thirty-Fourth Mass.; Colonel H. Haven, Second Cal. Cav.; Col. T. L. Livermore, Eighteenth N. H.; J. H. O'Donnell, Navy; Col. Z. A. Smith, First Me. Heavy Artillery; Gen. S. M. Weld, Fifty-sixth Mass.; N. L. Chaffin, F. W. Carr, G. A. Carter, Col. W. W. Clapp, H. W. Dwight, A. F. Esterbook, W. Felton, T. C. Fielding, J. W. Farwell, F. W. Grant, Hon. D. W. Gooch, G. A. Hardy, F. H. Hodgman, W. S. Haseltine, G. W. Hazen, W. W. Hill, A. D. Haskell, E. H. Ingalls, N. P. Jones, H. C. Jackson, H. H. Kelley, A. C. Kendall, A. Keay, Alfred Laws, C. R. Morgan, A. R. Mitchell, J. H. Meserve, D. H. Morrissey, J. O. Norris, E. L. Potter, Elwell Parks, M. S. P. Pollard, J. S. Russell,

Capt. Nath. Spooner, J. Mont. Sears, P. A. Spoffard, H. C. Short, J. H. Stickney, J. C. Tileston, W. S. Vincent, W. S. Whitney; total \$60.

The treasurer's report in Call No. 1 showed a balance in the monument account due him of \$3.36. To meet this Fred D. Lynn of Co. B, now at Soldiers' Nat. Home at Togus, contributed Aug. 5, '90, \$1.36 and E. T. Getchell of Med. Staff paid \$2, Oct. 4, 1888.

THE HISTORY ACCOUNT.

In the treasurer's account, "cash for histories sold," he charges himself with \$525.00, cash subscribed for history fund.

The figures are correct, but need explanation to show how this amount was obtained. \$525.00 is just the footings of the account reported in circular of Jan. 29, 1887, with names of contributors. This amount was not realized; there should be deducted from it the following sums:

From Asst. Sur. Geo. J. Northrop's subscription of \$10 should be deducted two histories at \$3 and express 60 cents, \$6.60.

From Major Sidney W. Thaxter's \$10 for second copy issued should be deducted \$3 for such copy.

From Serg't Henry Little's \$10 for first copy issued should be deducted \$3 for such copy, and 30 cents express, \$3.30.

From B. S. Wood's subscription of \$10, one copy out and express, \$3.30. One subscription not paid, \$15.

To this fund should be added, April 9, 1887, the subscription of James W. Poor, \$9, Feb. 13, 1888, the subscription of Capt. S. W. Lane, \$15. Contributed by treasurer to balance this account, \$7.20, making the deductions and additions equal \$31.20.

In the account of pictures, the item under date of April 29, 1887, "Heliotype Co. for breaking negative" should be left out, as the corresponding payment to the owner of the negative was omitted. Under date of Sept. 30, 1887, the sum should be \$6, not \$6.60, and the balance due the treasurer should be as \$59.31 instead of \$56.91.

In the credit side under the date of May 9, 1887, the sum should be \$2, not \$2.09. Under date of July 28, 1887, "Col. Ingersoll," the sum should be \$35, not \$85. The total of this side \$2525.76 is correct.

In the account of histories sold the treasurer has charged himself with the loss, through the failure of the firm publishing history, of \$39.40 less \$1.90 dividend received, or the sum of \$37.50, and it is just to the treasurer to say that besides the gift of his labors, his contributions in cash have been for historical fund \$50, plus \$7.20 equal \$57.20; contributions for pictures of deceased comrades, \$25; total, \$119.70.

GEO. H. JEWETT,
A. L. ORDWAY,
A. C. DRINKWATER,
Auditing Committee.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 29, 1891.

First Maine Bugle Supplement.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second-Class Matter.

Campaign II.

April, 1891.

Call No. 4.

"Blow, Bugle, blow, set the wild echoes ringing."

Published Quarterly, July, October, January, and April. Price, one dollar a year, or twenty-five cents a "Call," by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, Rockland, Me.

TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

In July, 1890, your treasurer, in accord with the U. S. Statutes, made an application for the admission of the First Maine Bugle into the U. S. mails as second-class matter. This application received the scrutiny of the Postmaster at Rockland and was supposed to be all right. To the surprise of all concerned it came back rejected, accompanied by several pages of Postal regulations marked in a very impressive manner with red ink. These "marked" regulations were carefully considered. The several pages with their numbered paragraphs were applied seriatum to the application as made. Your treasurer failed to find where there was any conflict, and so wrote the Post Office department at Washington, and finally after requesting our congressman, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., to call at the Department and ascertain what the row was, I received word from our Representative that in my application I had made a technical error, I had followed the words of Chap. 180, Laws of 1879, and said "four times a year" when I should have said "quarterly." You have probably all noticed this change in our title page and will undoubtedly say with me, "Great is red tape!" Finally, on the 22d day of August last, the First Maine Bugle received a temporary permit to go into the mails as second-class mail matter. In January, 1891, I made application with great care, throwing one side the U. S. laws and carefully keeping in line with the Postal regulations (marked in red ink), and Jan. 26th, 1891, I received a permanent permit, "valid while the character of the publication remains unchanged." Have you noticed any change?

Well, April 22d, 1891, I received notice from the Assistant Postmaster General, that the First Maine Bugle could not be admitted as second-class matter because *it did not state what the subscription price was, and that the temporary permit of Aug. twenty-third was revoked.*

Your treasurer could not have been more astonished had he been blown to the earth by a paddy hurricane. He had the impression that every mother's son of the old regiment who had received the Bugle knew from language plain and emphatic that the price of the Bugle was one dollar a year or 25 cents a Call, and that they were to "ante up" or quit the game.

Now, comrades of the old regiment, do you propose to submit to such red tape humbug? The subscription books of the Bugle have been inspected by the Postmaster at Rockland, and I have made an exhaustive reply to the P. O. officials at Washington.

While indignant and annoyed by the above conduct, I feel the comical side of the issue, and I want the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to understand fully and emphatically that the First Maine Cavalry boys were, all the time from Sept. 3d, 1861 to Aug. 11th, 1865, just spoiling for a fight, and ever since their discharge have carried a chip on each shoulder, desiring nothing better than that some one should attempt to knock it off.

Now, I want every member of the grand old regiment to arm himself with the biggest goose-quill he can find, and if necessary, to sling ink as effectively as he unslung carbine, years ago.

If we enforced the search and seizure part of the Maine Law at Newport News, Va., in August, 1865, we do not propose to be balked by the merest kind of a merely technical construction of the Act of March 3d, 1879, Sec. 14.

In fact when it comes to a question of technicalities, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General is much more disabled than our association, for the revoking of the temporary permit of Aug. 23d, 1890 does not invalidate the permanent permit of Jan. 26th, 1891. That Mr. Red Tape is way off his base by his own forgetfulness.

If the wolfish appetite of Mr. Red Tape, who stands up stream from the lamb-like First Maine Bugle, propose to find cause for eating the lamb, by accusing him of making the stream so muddy that he cannot drink from it, then twice a thousand men from Maine shall know the reason why.

Turn now to something more refreshing and worthy of endeavor; consider the advance we have made during the past year, and how

much closer we stand because the generous subscription of the reunion at Skowhegan assured the publication of our magnificent History.

Since that inspiring endeavor we have grown fat on the viands of the Revere House and City of Boston food at Deer Island, and as each Call of the Bugle has reached us "four times a year," we have held a figurative but effectual Dress Parade.

Now then, we are going to hold these imaginative Dress Parades with fuller ranks and better music, till the answering echoes shall warm the coldest heart. "Blow, Bugle, blow, set the wild echoes ringing."

OBITUARIES.

Mrs. Edward P. Tobie.

The funeral of Mrs. Addie (Phipps) Tobie, wife of Edward P. Tobie, local agent of the Journal, was solemnized April 28th, 1891, at the residence of her husband, No. 148 Broadway. There was a large gathering of mourning relatives and sympathizing friends present to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased. There were also present a number of the members of Tower Relief Corps, W. R. C., of which the deceased was a member, besides several of Mr. Tobie's newspaper friends. The remains rested in a cloth-covered casket and appeared very life-like. On her breast was pinned the badge of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry Association, of which the deceased was a member, and also, the badge of the Women's Relief Corps. Rev. J. J. Woolley, pastor of the Park Place Congregational Church, officiated and spoke in eulogistic terms of the life and character of the deceased. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Trafton sang "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River." The gathering was given an opportunity to take a parting look at the deceased, after which the remains were conveyed to Swan Point Cemetery, where they were buried in the family lot. Messrs. Charles A. Lee, of the Gazette and Chronicle, Frank E. Greenslitt, of the Evening Telegram, Col. Alonzo E. Pierce and Capt. Henry F. Jenks, serving as pall-bearers. The floral offerings were numerous and appropriate, and included a combination pillow and bouquet with the phrase "Dear Wife" inscribed thereon, from the husband; a reclining cross upon which was the word "Mother," from her two children; a bunch of roses and mignonette, from her niece, Miss Grace E. Tobie, of Portland, Maine; bouquet of roses, from Miss Clara E. Baker; bouquet of roses, from Mrs. Avah Starbird; a large bouquet of callas tied with white ribbon, from Mrs. Jacob W. Mathewson; a sickle of roses, from Mr. and Mrs. Jacob W. Mathewson; a basket of roses, from Josiah W. Seabury; a bunch of roses, from the employees of the local branch office of the Journal; a massive reclining anchor, on the base of which was the word "Rest," from the "Newspaper Fellers"; a massive cross, from Tower Relief Corps; a wreath, from Tower Post, No. 17, G. A. R.; a basket, from Misses Charlotte and Kate O'Reilly; a large basket, from the school committee; and a bouquet of roses, from Miss Laura Roberts.—*Providence Journal.*

DEATH OF A BRAVE AND TRUE MAN.

PROF. N. B. WEBB AT LAST GIVES UP THE STRUGGLE AND RECEIVES
HIS REWARD.

The death of few persons in Boulder would cause such universal sorrow as that of Prof. N. B. Webb, which occurred Sunday afternoon, April 19, 1891. His disease was consumption, from which he had long been a sufferer. The funeral services were held at the Rogers block, where he and his wife had rooms, on Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Davis, of the Baptist church. Hundreds of his former pupils attended, each carrying a floral offering, and a large procession of them marched to the cemetery. The members of the school board acted as pall-bearers and the teachers and people generally attended, showing the strong hold the deceased had upon all.

Nathan B. Webb was a native of Maine and in the forty-ninth year of his age. He served honorably through the Civil War, enlisting September 20, 1861, in Co. D, the first Maine Cavalry. He participated in all the marches and battles of that noted regiment, until June 17, 1863, he was taken prisoner at the cavalry battle of Aldie, Va. He remained in prison until Sept. 12, 1863, when he was exchanged and rejoined the regiment. March 11, 1864, he was promoted to Sergeant for meritorious service, was wounded at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, 1864 and, on November 25, 1864, was mustered out by reason of expiration of term.

During his service was laid the foundation of the disease that finally caused his death.

He afterwards chose the profession of teaching, which he followed for seventeen years, the last seven being spent in Boulder schools, resigning last February. He had a gift of inspiring pupils with an enthusiasm and love for their work possessed by few, and was a teacher in the truest sense of the word. Prof. Webb was a modest, unassuming man, but one who did his duty under all circumstance and remained at his post long after nature ordered him to retire. His work and his memory will long survive him, and the universal respect and sorrow of the hundreds of pupils whom he instructed is perhaps the best indication of his real character and of the influence that it will exert in years to come.

On July 24, 1890, less than a year ago, he was married at Cambridgeport, Mass., to Miss Amanda M. Power, an excellent lady, who has the sympathy of all in her early sorrow.—*Boulder Col. Paper*.

His., p. 515. Picture, p. 513.

Errata Call No. 1.

Page 75, under date of Feb. 7, 1887, strike out B, and have it read "3 groups of officers."

Page 76, under date of Aug. 18, page 215 Co. L, add "Carson center."

Page 76, under date of Aug. 18, strike out 173, Co. C, and insert "page 488, Co. B, Burton center."

Page 76, under date of Aug. 25, strike out 215, and insert "page 632, Co. L, Ricker center."

Page 76, under date of Aug. 8, strike out 22, and insert 644.

The account as printed, would indicate that page 215 of pictures was paid for twice, also that page 173 was charged twice, hence the need of the above corrections.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second-Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II.

APRIL, 1891.

CALL 4.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF
THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT,
AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST
TO ALL THE MEMBERS.

REUNION AT SKOWHEGAN,

September 30th, 1886.

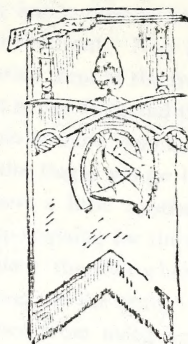
HISTORICAL ADDRESS

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS J. P. CILLEY, *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.



ATTENTION!

COMRADES of the "First of Maine," you have heard Reveille, Stable Call and Roll Call.

By the exigency of our printer, Comrade Emery, I have been forced to blow this and the two previous calls in quick succession, with hardly time to recover my breath. I never send forth a call to you without seeing in imagination your extended ranks and feeling the inspiration that comes from your presence thus brought before me. But such exaltation of feelings demands some response. Did Reveille awake you? Did Stable Call prompt you to feed your horses? Did you answer at Roll Call?

I am out of breath. My lips are swollen. They do not fit the mouth-piece of the Bugle. I know not how to designate this call of the Bugle. It is No. Four — the last of this year's issue.

I feel as I have felt often, after even a day of successful fighting, weary and waiting with somewhat of foreboding and depression to receive from the adjutant's office the report of the losses and gains of the day.

The first call of the Bugle cost \$154.05 plus postage. The Roll Call was also expensive. Not one-third of the members of our association have paid for their Bugles at this date, Feb. 2d. 1891. Please read the introduction to the Stable Call in the October number that reached you in January, 1891, and reflect on this subject a moment. If in doubt what to do, consult with your wife and children.

Of course the Bugle is going to blow, whether you do your part or not: but is it fair to call on the same detail of men time after time to contribute of their means for our financial success?

You will notice one growing feature of the Bugle which is rich and promising; namely, the increasing number of letters from our comrades. These communications possess all the interest of intimate family correspondence, and are read with pleasure by all the members of our regimental family. Simple, natural, kindly letters, just as bright and fascinating as letters from home while we were at the front. New features will be added from time to time, among which diaries kept at the front will be given in the curt, short manner they were kept in the field, and thus bring those scenes again before us, mellowed by the halo of more than a quarter of a century. Every dollar of the money paid for the Bugle will go to improve its contents and increase its size. I wish to insert a little egotism, even as St Paul inserted some egotism in his letters, apologizing for the same as he did by saying, "I speak as a fool." I do it to place the shot where it is needed. It was customary, perhaps necessary, to swear in the army. My word was simply "damn," and that word I have refrained from using since Lee's surrender. Now while I give the kindest sympathy to every letter from every comrade who is financially oppressed, or who is disabled by injuries or diseases received in the service, and is heavily burdened by cares of family or those dependent on his labors, to all of whom some comrade will send the Bugle as a gift for their encouragement and happiness, I wish to say with soldierly directness to all you who whine, and to you who whine and also find fault because the Bugle has dents on its surface, to you who write you do not consider yourselves members of the association, to all you who shirk your personal financial responsibility to the association, to all you who wish to be coddled and fed with a spoon, damn you!

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

All of which is "respectfully submitted" for your consideration and action by your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The fifteenth annual reunion was held at Skowhegan, Thursday, Sept. 30th, 1886, and was heralded by the following kind words in the *Somerset Reporter* : —

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

Every Maine man or woman, in whose breast a spark of patriotism burns, is proud of the record of the First Maine Cavalry. Other Maine regiments are entitled to high praise for their mighty deeds of valor, and there were doubtless just as good men and officers in other organizations that went forth from the Pine Tree State in support of the government during the Southern rebellion; but the cavalry service gave opportunity for a better display of those dashing, daring deeds that Maine men in the war were distinguished for, than the other branches of service: therefore, whatever regiment was second, the First Cavalry must be first. It is much to say that it was the best cavalry regiment in the service, but Maine men generally hold this to be a fact, and we strongly maintain that there never was a better regiment of cavalry than this same long-armed, stout-hearted, dashing body of patriotic troopers.

There is the kindest feeling among veterans of all Maine regiments and soldiers in the infantry and artillery arms of service, and of the navy; while as a matter of course their first love and pride is their own organization, they vie with each other in doing honor to the glorious First Maine Cavalry.

The citizens of Skowhegan are favored this year by having this veteran association hold its annual reunion with them.

The programme embraces a soldier's dinner for the members of the association only, at a room in Hesselton's new block, a parade about town under the escort of Russell Post G. A. R. and Skowhegan band, should the weather prove favorable, and a grand camp fire in the pavilion in the evening. The Ladies' Relief Corps have this in hand which is a sufficient guaranty that it will be a success. The arrangements are all made for a good time with

speeches, songs; "yarns." music by glee club and band, recitations, etc., etc. Prominent men are expected from other parts of the State. The waiters at the banquet are to be the daughters of the First Maine Cavalry veterans who reside in the town and vicinity.

The following members are residents of Skowhegan: Zenas Vaughan, George E. Goodwin, Dennis Murphy, Frank Bickford, Dow Baker, Melvin J. Allen, Charles Smith, Llewellyn Goodwin, Henry Bray, John R. Webb, Converse Webb, John H. Wyman, Charles Foster, Daniel Foster, N. S. Hawkes. Our people take pleasure in welcoming the veterans of the late war to our village and thus show their appreciation for their heroic acts during the period of our country's peril. May the day be far distant when these deeds shall be forgotten.

It was a perfect September day, just the right degree of heat for comfort, bright skies overhead, but a trifle muddy underfoot. The first detachment of fifteen arrived Wednesday afternoon, the second, including the Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Association, lately organized in Boston, arrived on the early train Thursday morning, and the last and by far the largest number came upon the special train that arrived at 11 A.M. Immediately upon its arrival the veterans gathered at Grand Army Hall, where the necessary business of the organization was transacted.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was presided over by the President, Capt. Zenas Vaughan.

The report of the Treasurer, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, was read and accepted.

The following were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Field and staff, Major George M. Brown; Co. A, Frank I. Smith; Co. B, Andrew J. Kimball; Co. C, Sergt. Lorenzo Chamberlain; Co. D, Edwin Hill; Co. E, Capt. George W. Hussey; Co. F, Capt. William S. Howe; Co. G, Lient. Henry F. Blanchard; Co. H, Sergt. George E. Goodwin; Co. I, John G. Cummings; Co. K, Sumner B. Newbegin; Co. L, Corp. William F. Ricker; Co. M, Sergt. George L. Fassett. This committee attended to their duty, and in due time reported a list of officers. The

report was accepted, and the officers as thus nominated were unanimously elected as follows:

President, COL. SAMUEL H. ALLEN, Thomaston.
Recording Secretary, LORENZO CHAMBERLAIN, Hallowell.
Corresponding Secretary, LIEUT. ORRIN S. HASKELL, Pittsfield.
Treasurer, GEN. JONATHAN P. CILLEY, Rockland.

Gen. Cilley made a report on the matter of the publication of the regimental history, urging upon the comrades to every one make an effort to have the history printed, and soliciting subscriptions for a guarantee fund for this purpose. Remarks were made upon the subject by Comrades George M. Brown, John French, Milton F. Ricker, Albion C. Drinkwater, and others, and a large amount was pledged, of which \$112 was paid before the adjournment of the meeting. The committee on the publication of the history, which consisted of Gen. J. P. Cilley, Major Geo. M. Brown, and Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, was increased by the addition of Comrades Charles A. F. Emery, Co. A, Albion C. Drinkwater, Co. A, Chas. F. Dam, Co. F, Samuel W. Lane, Co. A, John French, Co. M, Augustus L. Ordway, Co. L, and Nathaniel L. Owen, Co. M.

On invitation of a comrade, it was voted to hold the next annual re-union at Hallowell, but this vote was subsequently reconsidered and it was left discretionary with the officers to call it at some other place, if it should be found impracticable to hold it at Hallowell.

Comrade Charles E. Moulton suggested that the wives and daughters of the comrades of the regiment organize an association to be known as the "Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry." This suggestion was approved by Gen. Cilley and other comrades, and it was voted to invite the ladies to so organize, and that they be invited to attend the re-unions of the regiment.

THE PARADE.

In the afternoon the veterans formed a line and took a turn about town on foot, escorted by Co. E. Skowhegan Light In-

fantry, and Russell Post No. 96, G. A. R., with music by Skowhegan Cornet Band, passing along many of the principal streets and breaking ranks about 4 o'clock. When the line was formed for the procession the cavalry was attacked by a company of young ladies, the daughters of veterans, with pins and button-hole bouquets. It is needless to say that the cavalry was not "driven in." Every man stood the attack like a hero. There were no casualties from this sudden surprise.

THE CAMP FIRE.

In the evening a camp fire upon a grand scale was indulged in, and thanks to the Ladies' Relief Corps, assisted by the First Maine men in town, aided by citizens generally, it was a happy success. A gentleman present remarked, "The ladies of Skowhegan beat the world in getting up suppers," and the cavalrymen concurred in that sentiment, if generous praises, both individual and collective, are an indication. The hall was very tastefully trimmed with the national colors festooned about the platform, bunting and Chinese lanterns pendent from wires strung from the galleries from side to side, and plants, flowers and autumn leaves tastefully arranged. The tables were laid for three hundred, and, under the electric light, with every seat around the long tables occupied, galleries well filled by spectators, with the battle flag, guidons, names of battles etc., made a pleasant picture — an object lesson in patriotism.

Invocation was offered by Rev. C. M. G. Harwood, and then twenty-six young ladies, in white caps and white aprons, daughters of veterans, were introduced as waiters by Comrade Bickford of Russell Post, G. A. R., and on being introduced they sang "The Battle Cry of Freedom." In response to this song, Major Brown proposed three cheers for these daughters of veterans and for the person who conceived the happy idea of providing such exceedingly acceptable waiters. The cheers were hearty ones. At this juncture an advance movement took place in which cavalry, infantry, artillery, State militia, grand army, civilians and even ladies took part. The cavalry fought dismounted, every man engaged, not even leaving No. 4 to hold

the horses. After the victory had been won Capt. Vaughan rapped long and loud for order, getting it very gradually, and it was a mild type of order after he got it, but it seemed to be the best specimen of the article that the happy crowd had at hand, and the captain took it for what it was worth.

Capt. G. S. Sewall, Commander of Russell Post G. A. R., in behalf of the Post, Ladies' Relief Corps and citizens, extended to the visiting veterans words of warm welcome.

At this juncture Capt. Vaughan announced Maj. George M. Brown, the invincible Bangorian, as toastmaster and he "did himself proud" in that position.

The toast, "First Cavalry" was responded to by Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley who gave some very interesting facts and statistics in regard to this regiment. He spoke of the generous subscriptions made that day by the members of the association assembled there, and promised that by the time of the next reunion the comrades should have a history worthy of the name and reputation of the regiment, because he knew and every member of the regiment knew, that never had a call been made or a duty required of the regiment wherein the men of the "First of Maine" had not surpassed the high expectations that went forth with such call. He also read the names of those who had died since the re-union of last year, and the members at his request stood with bowed heads during the reading. The names are: Major Paul Chadbourne, whose whistle in battle was nearly as effective as the smooth pebbles in David's sling; Serg't. Windsor B. Smith of Co. K, Late Department Commander of Maine, whose measure of joy was filled by his privilege of attending our reunion in Portland last year, and the next day, in peace, he departed for "Fame's eternal camping ground;" Serg't. Christopher A. Page of Co. A, and Charles S. Davis, whose tragic death by railroad accident was followed on the day of his burial by that of his wife.

The sentiment "Our Annual Reunion" was responded to by Dr. S. A. Patten of Skowhegan; "Our Fallen Comrades," Rev. C. M. G. Harwood of Skowhegan; "Ladies' Relief Corps and Ladies of Skowhegan," Rev. J. M. Frost of Skowhegan;

"The Grand Army," Gen. Isaac Dyer of Skowhegan; "The Massachusetts Association," Col. Albion C. Drinkwater of Braintree, Mass. This concluded the regular schedule, after which Major Brown made details with more or less success upon various veterans present. Col. William S. Howe of Lewiston, Milton F. Ricker of Auburn, responded with remarks, and Frank J. Savage stood the detail on a story. The speeches were interesting and appreciated by the large audience.

The exercises were interspersed with music by a choir consisting of Messrs. A. R. Smiley, Wm. Plummer, E. E. Sturtevant, Mrs. G. A. Hawes and Miss Georgie Low, accompanied on the organ by Miss May Smith; also music by Skowhegan Cornet Band, Harvey Goodwin leader.

Miss Lillian C. Smith, daughter of Comrade Sewall W. Smith of Co. H, read the following original poem, written for the occasion:—

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

Comrades, hark! Was that the drum
To whose roll our pulses beat?
Do you hear the summons come,
Blent with tramp of horses' feet?
Listen, are our leaders calling?
For, with blood like sparkling wine,
One by one the boys are falling
Into martial rank and line.

See the old-time fire leaping
Into every veteran's eye,—
Smouldering embers may be keeping
Sparks from flames that never die;
Ha! was that the noise of battle,
Just beyond the horizon's bars?
Do you hear the cannon rattle
Round our bannered stripes and stars?

Nay, we dream; the war smoke, looming
From the field we thought to charge,
And the cannon's sullen booming
Like a desert-born mirage,
Fades away; and comrades meeting,
Gather round our camp fire's blaze,
While our hearts, in time, are beating
Marches learned in other days.

We remember many a camp fire
Canopied by heaven's blue,
Where the red flames, darting higher,
Lit up faces bronzed and true;
Faces of those seen no longer,
Still they bivouac afield —
Hearts throb requiems, deeper, stronger,
And their praise our memories yield.

Ah, my brothers, cowards linger,
Men of Maine could dare and die:
Following duty's beckoning finger
We have seen our foemen fly;
Where the fight was hottest ever,
Were the Pine State's gallant sons,
For she never bore one, — never,
Who could fear the rebel guns.

Comrades, who forgets, I wonder,
That Spring day at Middletown,
When Virginia heard war's thunder
Up the Shenandoah and down;
When we kept back foes, pursuing,
While each heart defiance beat,
Thoughts of home our strength renewing
As we covered Banks' retreat.

Brandy Station sends us greeting;
Aldie with its tongue of flames
Calls us, at this peaceful meeting,
Speaks again its hallowed names:
Here, we faced a fearful fire,
There, a noble captain fell,
He who led *your* boys up higher,
Dear old town we love so well.

In that awful day of battle,
At whose name our cheeks are white,
When men fell like slaughtered cattle
Till the welcome gloom of night.
On Antietam's field of story,
Circled by its horrors, where
Many a brave soul passed in glory,
Comrades, some of us were there.

When we met the foes advancing,
Steel of purpose clashed with steel,
And the lightning of its glancing
Lit up all that hearts can feel,
When we sent them southward, reeling
Back from Gettysburg, that day, —
Ah! your glances are revealing
That we were not far away.

Cedar Mountain, we remember ;
We have been at Chancellorsville, —
Some were there that this September,
'Neath green tents are sleeping still.
At Bull Run we saw disaster ;
Some have slept in prison walls —
Libby, Danville, — fast and faster
Frightful memories each recalls.

On the field, amidst the roaring,
How horizons will enlarge,
And we saw the world imploring
That we keep our sacred charge ;
And we felt the joy of knowing
That our leader was divine,
That the blood from brave veins flowing
Was earth's sacramental wine.

Since the thirteen stars shone, never
Was our flag so bright before,
And its starry rays, forever,
Shall illumine Freedom's shore ;
Greet it, brothers, greet our banner,
With a thousand loud huzzas !
Praise the Lord with loud hosannas
Who in heaven set our stars !

Greet the absent who assemble
In the heavenly land to-night,
They who made foul evil tremble,
They who robbed him of his might :
Greet our dead, — ah, no, our living —
Comrades, they can never die ;
Love for love hearts will be giving
While the stars and stripes shall fly.

Lo, they send us back a message
Flashing from the heavenly dome, —
Let your happy meeting presage
Our reunion in God's home,
Where each man shall know his brother
When the Great Commander calls :
" Earthly comrades, greet each other,"
Fall the words from heaven's walls.

Yes, we greet each other, gladly,
When we think of those old days :
Yes, we greet each other, sadly,
When we think of parted ways :
We have given sons and brothers,
We have given life and limb ;
Some could dare and die, but others
Needs must watch till eyes grew dim.

Where the Southern cross is beaming
 Nightly, in the Southern sky,
 By the great Pacific's gleaming,
 Where Atlantic's waves dash high,
 Where the Northern lights are streaming
 And the steady pole-star shines,
 Lives our praise, — more than our dreaming —
 Comrades, who of us repines?

If the world is growing better
 For our gospel of the sword,
 If we broke one evil fetter
 Teaching men that Christ is Lord,
 If our deeds have taught His story,
 If man knows and helps his neighbor,
 Then our eyes have seen His glory,
 We have tasted fruit of labor.

Miss Minta J. Mosher, daughter of Comrade Benjamin C. Mosher, of South Norridgewock, read the following original poem, prepared for the occasion: —

The battle of Aldie
 We shall never forget,
 For deep in our memories
 Are thoughts of it yet.
 There gallant Douty fell,
 And Summat of Co. H;
 Who the sorrowing tale can tell,
 Or relieve our hearts from ache?

Then a reb was seen advancing,
 Holding Rebellion's flag,
 The First Maine boys charge forward,
 And down he dropped the rag.

"Save me! I surrender!" he faltered,
 In piteous, cringing tones;
 The foe came bounding to his aid.
 And he shot a comrade down.

A bullet from the enemy
 In a comrade's arm found place,
 But the reb was seen retreating,
 For the ground had scratched his face.

But all those times are dim,
 And many tales can ne'er be told:
 Yet ever and ever remember that man
 Is never to be bought or sold.

And we hope to be finally quartered
 In ranks secure from sin,
 When in heaven the bugle is sounded,
 May we all be mustered in.

These poems were listened to with the closest attention, and were gratifyingly received. The following letters were read:—

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH INFANTRY,

FORT CLARK, TEXAS, Sept. 21st, 1886.

COMRADES, — Although far away from your place of meeting, I shall be with you all on that occasion in spirit and sympathy, and must borrow the voice of some comrade to convey to you this message of greeting, congratulations and good will. The First Maine Cavalry was big enough to represent the whole State of Maine, and I hope its survivors with you will be so numerous that their voices are accustomed to awaken echoes in all her hills and valleys, even to her remotest corners. Your place of meeting is well chosen. Skowhegan is a hub on the axle of the State. It is also a centre of great wealth, culture and refinement, and the home of some of our best and most distinguished soldiers. As each reunion comes round I regret my loss at not being with you. If I were only within striking distance, not a single meeting would ever be spared my presence. These meetings should become more and more sacred. Can you realize that you are already a venerable body? There is not a young man among you; and whatever else you may boast of, the airs and assumptions of youth will never become you again. I have just been forcibly reminded of this fact as it relates to myself. I had occasion to make a tour of duty through a portion of this forlorn Western Texas, which General Sheridan on one occasion unfavorably compared with h—ll! I went without wagons, tents or bedding. I slept, or tried to sleep, on the ground in the open air: but somehow the ground seemed to be harder and far more uncomfortable than it did twenty odd years ago. Even the three-cornered rails of those days were better. I find that fifty-eight years now groan at what even thirty-five years in those days bore as no burden. Then, I say, let our greetings on these occasions be heartfelt, our hand-shaking cordial and earnest, and as the blood becomes thinned by years, let the fervor of friendship supply its warmth. Let the spirit of yore that thrilled us as we rode boot to boot in the conflict, and the confidence that was wont to inspire us, as again and again we rode down the enemy, hold possession of us now and even to the end of our time, in spite of thinned ranks or thinner hair.

At each annual meeting we find that some comrade or comrades have fallen out and gone to their last and lasting bivouac, and while all such are generally and tenderly remembered, each comrade may leave his special friends. In this connection I desire to mention one whose name, I am sure, will be remembered and revered by you all. I refer to Major Paul Chadbourne, than whom a braver man or more faithful soldier never lived. Major

Chadbourne entered the service with an unusually clear perception of the duties before *him* and the magnitude of the war before *us*. He also had a firm confidence and faith in a victorious outcome of the struggle and vindication of the right. He never faltered in his duties, and I do not think his faith in a triumphant ending ever forsook him. I will relate one incident to illustrate his character. It occurred near Ground Squirrel bridge, Virginia, on the eleventh of May, 1864. The regiment was attacked and nearly overwhelmed by superior numbers. A younger brother of Major Chadbourne was wounded. The Major put forth every effort to save him from capture, but he was finally wrested from his protection and made a prisoner by the enemy. The event, sad as it was, may have its parallel. Indeed there were other scenes quite as touching within our own ranks. But, nevertheless, what a test of fortitude and heroism it was! Major Chadbourne suffered the agony of his grief, but never faltered in duty. He and that mortally wounded younger brother are now buried side by side at the home of their childhood in Waterboro, in a neighborhood of sympathetic and watchful friends. *Requiescant in pace*. Major Chadbourne was modest and unassuming, but affable in manner. He was liberal and charitable, yet firm and true to his own convictions, and, above all, an unblemished Christian character imparted grace to his daily life. He was loyal to his government, faithful to his comrades and friends, and true to himself. Surely one like him will find his reward.

Comrades, with best wishes for one and all, I bid you good night.

C. H. SMITH.

PORTLAND, Sept. 21st, 1886.

MY DEAR VAUGHAN, — Your circular in regard to the reunion is at hand. I would like very much to be present with the comrades this year, but I fear it will be impossible. In addition to my business I have several matters outside that just at present require my constant attention here. It would give me great pleasure to greet the old soldiers of the First Maine again this year, but I must give it up and wait for a more convenient season.

Yours very truly,

S. W. THAXTER.

PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 29th, 1886.

MY DEAR VAUGHAN, — I very much regret that I shall be unable to be present with you to-morrow at the reunion of the glorious old First Maine members. The regular meeting of the directors of my company occurs at 11.30 A.M., and I necessarily must be present to make my report. Though not with you in person I shall be in my thoughts and feelings. When you shake hands with the boys as they gather, will you give each of them one hearty, extra shake for me. I know I shall be extending my hand, in imagination, every few minutes, to greet some one of the old boys that I have not seen for a long time. Trusting you will have a good day, a good time, and a goodly number present, I remain

Very truly yours,

C. W. FORD, Co. K.

BOSTON, MASS. Sept. 30th, 1886.

CAPT. ZENAS VAUGHAN, President First Maine Cavalry, — Comrades, we wish you much joy on this annual reunion of our grand old regiment. Though absent in body we are with you in spirit.

JOHN B. DRAKE,
HENRY LITTLE,
Serg'ts Co. G.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27th, 1886.

COL. J. P. CILLEY, First Maine Cavalry, Skowhegan, Me.

DEAR COLONEL, — Your notice of reunion received. I regret the impossibility of being with you. With kind regards to all the comrades, I am

Yours truly,

PERLEY LOWE,
Co. H, First Maine Cavalry.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 30th, 1886.

ZENAS VAUGHAN, First Maine Cavalry, — Regretting my inability to attend our reunion, I can only send kind wishes to old comrades.

D. F. DAVIS.

BREWER, Sept. 30th, 1886.

COMRADES, — I intended being with you in Skowhegan, as I have not attended a reunion since the one in Dover, but circumstances prevented me from being with you to-day. I will enclose one dollar for regimental purposes, also one for publishing history. Wishing you all the happiness this world affords, I remain yours truly,

G. W. GETCHELL, Co. G.

WATSONVILLE, CAL., Sept. 1886.

COMRADES of the First Maine Cavalry Association, I greet you each and all with a warm heart throbbing with fraternity. As I can not be present at your reunion and ask in person the one favor above all others dearest to my heart, I will now ask through Gen. Cilley, that when you are gathered in reunion around the banquet board, and while toasts and sentiments are being offered, that you all stand with uncovered heads, for one brief moment, in silent respect for the memory of Capt. John A. Heald. A nobler spirit was never set free from its tenement of clay upon the field of carnage. But few knew him as long and well as myself; it was my good fortune to know him intimately, from the time when he was a boy of nine years until he was a man of twenty-two; when on that eventful sixth day of April, 1865, he fell in front of his command at the battle of Sailor's Creek. A noble close to a brief but glorious life.

BENJ. A. OSBORNE.

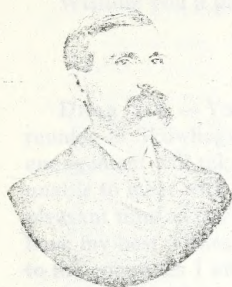
BANGOR, Sept. 21st, 1886.

DEAR SIR, — I am in receipt of your note of the twentieth inst. inviting me to attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry at Skowhegan, Sept. 30th. It would give me great pleasure to meet the members of the Cavalry as requested, but I regret to say that my engagements are such that I cannot do so.

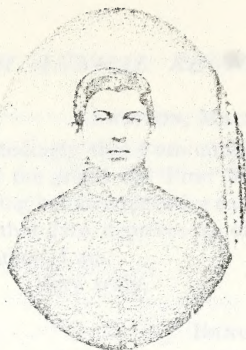
Yours truly,

Zenas Vaughan for Committee.

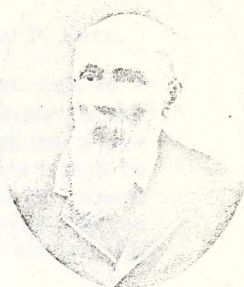
H. HAMLIN.



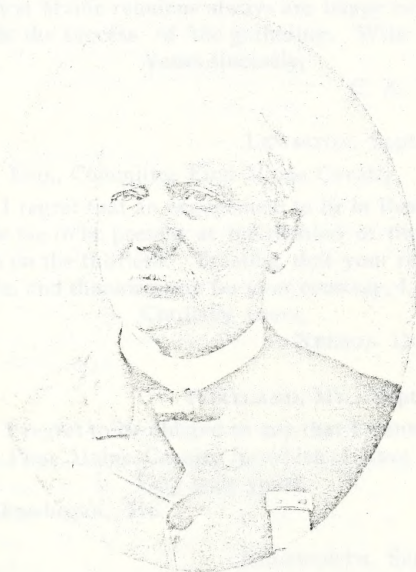
CHAS. E. MOULTON,
Co. G, 1st D. C. Cav.
Co. I, 1st Me. Cav.
Auburn, Me.



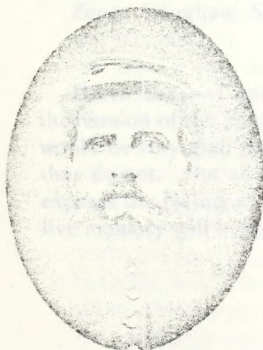
CHAS. E. MOULTON,
Co. G, 1st D. C. Cav., Co. I, 1st Me. Cav.
Auburn, Me.
Hist. p. 604.



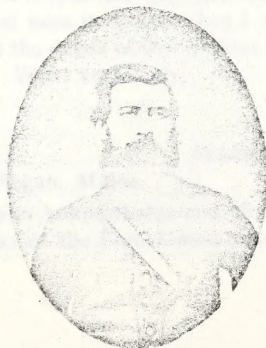
CYRUS B. KIMBALL,
Co. H, 1st Me. Cav.
Auburn, Me.
Hist. p. 587.



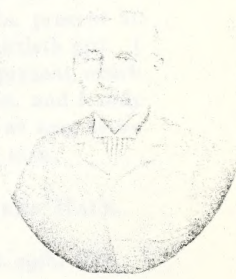
Capt. WILLIAM S. HOWE
Co. D, 1st D. C. Cav., Co. D, 1st Me. Cav.
Lewiston, Me.
Hist. pp. 321, 326, 342-351, 396-402, 513.



JOHN B. KELSEY,
Co. G, 1st Me. Cav.
Deceased.
Hist. p. 569.



Serg't CHAS. H. WALLACE,
Serg't Co. I, 1st D. C. Cav., Serg't Co. G, 1st Me. Cav.
Killed near Sycamore Church, Va., Sept. 3, 1864.



GEO. P. DAY,
Co. M, 1st Me. Cav.
Auburn, Me.
Hist. p. 651.

LEWISTON, MAINE, Sept. 25th, 1886.

DEAR SIR, — I regret exceedingly that I am unable to accept your invitation to meet with the boys of the grand old First Maine Cavalry at their reunion, Sept. 30th, 1886. Nothing but an imperative engagement to meet with a Committee of the Senate on that date, deprives me of the pleasure.

Wishing you a pleasant reunion, I am,

Very truly,

WM. P. FRYE.

BANGOR, Sept. 20th, '86.

DEAR SIR, — Your kind invitation to attend the First Maine Cavalry reunion at Skowhegan, Sept. 30th, received. I regret very much that a prior engagement will take me out of the State at that time, so that I shall be unable to meet with the comrades this year. I know you will have a most pleasant time as the First Maine reunions always are happy events, and you have my best wishes for the success of the gathering. With kind regards to the comrades I am,

Yours sincerely,

Zenas Vaughan.

C. A. BOUTELLE.

LEWISTON, Sept. 27th, 1886.

ZENAS VAUGHAN, ESQ., Committee First Maine Cavalry.

MY DEAR SIR, — I regret that an engagement to be in Boston this week makes it impossible for me to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry at Skowhegan on the thirtieth. Trusting that your reunion may be pleasant and profitable, and thanking you for your courtesy, I remain,

Cordially yours,

NELSON DINGLEY, JR.

PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 20th, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR, — I regret to be obliged to say that I cannot be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry for which I have just received your kind invitation.

Very truly yours,

Zenas Vaughan, Skowhegan, Me.

T. B. REED.

ELLSWORTH, Sept. 25th, '86.

DEAR SIR, — I have just received your kind invitation to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry at Skowhegan on the thirtieth inst. I would be very glad if my engagements would permit me to be present, which they do not. But all my good wishes are with your association, and I only express the feeling of all loyal men in Maine when I say that as long as we live memory will keep bright the deeds of that gallant body of men.

Yours very truly,

EUGENE HALE.

AUGUSTA, Sept. 29th, 1886.

ZENAS VAUGHAN, Skowhegan, Maine.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have to acknowledge and thank you for your courteous invitation to the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry. I am extremely

sorry that my necessary presence in Portland, at the trial of a case in the United States court, on that date, will prevent my giving myself the pleasure of accepting and attending. With renewed thanks, I am

Yours very truly,

ORVILLE D. BAKER.

ZENAS VAUGHAN, ESQ., Skowhegan, Me.

DEAR SIR, — Your invitation to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry, Sept. 30th, was received during my absence from home. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present on that occasion, but having just returned from New York somewhat tired out, and with a large amount of correspondence to attend to, it makes it very inconvenient for me to accept your invitation. I hope you will have an enjoyable time as it must be very pleasant for soldiers to meet their old comrades and have an evening's conversation, reciting many of the incidents of the war. There is no class of men who are nearer my heart than those who defended our country's flag. Again wishing you a pleasant time, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. R. BODWELL.

Hallowell, Me., Sept. 29th, 1886.

BANGOR, Sept. 28th, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR, — I very much regret my inability to meet the survivors of the First Maine Cavalry at their annual reunion at Showhegan. I am detained by business which I cannot avoid, otherwise I would gladly accept your courteous and kind invitation.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

Col. Z. Vaughan, Skowhegan.

CHAS. HAMLIN.

THE JOURNAL OFFICE, BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1886.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN VAUGHAN, — Accept my sincere thanks for an invitation to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association. Were I the master of my time, I should surely be at Skowhegan to see the "historic remnant" of a regiment which would have given the dear old State a most brilliant place among those which stood for the Union, if all Maine's other favored commands had made no record whatever. The First Maine Cavalry! What associations it recalls! What deeds of daring! What splendid achievements! Every Maine soldier remembers it with admiration and accords it every tribute because he knows that too much of praise cannot be said of its brilliant and patriotic record.

Permit me to refer to one occasion when its rare courage saved the division. I was in from slaughter if not from capture. It was the twenty-seventh of October, 1864, on the Boynton Plank Road. Our advance division had been nearly surrounded by the Confederates. In front and on two sides we had all that we could cope with and even more. To our left and rear the Confederate cavalry were closing in upon us, when suddenly there fell upon our ears a sharp crack of Henry rifles which soon became a roar of musketry. It was brief, for the gallant First Maine Cavalry had said to Gen. Hampton, "no

thoroughfare" and sent him to the rear in confusion. But for your gallantry on that occasion, I might not now write you this letter. The next day, retiring from the field, I saw at the head of a new-made grave the inscription, "Lieut. Winfield S. Collins." He was killed in that gallant repulse of the enemy — a friend of my boyhood and one of those gallant and soldierly spirits which made your regiment famous, and honored the State of Maine by their patriotism, their valor, and too often by their martyrdom.

Again I thank you for your very flattering remembrance of me and beg you to extend to your illustrious comrades my heartfelt regards and congratulations.

Sincerely yours,

Z. A. SMITH.

As the clock indicated that Sept. 30th would soon give way to the rapidly approaching Oct. 1st, Major Brown got in some talk that was about as warmly complimentary to Skowhegan and to Skowhegan ladies as could reasonably be expected from a modest Bangor man, two hours after supper; and, with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and cheers, the First Maine Cavalry "broke ranks," apparently thoroughly pleased with their reunion at Skowhegan.

A pleasant episode occurred at G. A. R. hall, Thursday morning. F. J. Savage, an old color sergeant, got his eye upon the old colors while carrying which he was disabled and carried from a Virginian battlefield. He had not seen the flag since that day. When his eye caught that particular "Old Glory" he said eagerly, "Let me see it! Let me get hold of it!" He did get hold of it, and carried it joyfully and proudly in the parade, as he had on the field of battle borne it heroically.

The train Friday morning bore the visiting veterans homeward, after they had given parting shots of successive cheers to the "Skowheganites," who went to the station to bid them good-bye. Should they again visit that village, their welcome will be none the less warm, albeit the ranks may be thinned by time's ruthless hand.

Among the former Skowhegan young men who were in attendance on the reunion, were C. A. F. Emery of Boston, and Nat Owens of Cambridgeport. It was with pride that they spoke of the manner in which their old comrades of the First Maine were entertained by the resident members, Russell Post, Ladies' Relief Corps, and the citizens at large.

It should be stated that on the return home, the day after the reunion, the comrades residing east of Waterville went to Augusta and visited the old camp-ground — Camp Penobscot — where they located the company streets after an absence of twenty-five years, and agreed to meet on the same ground twenty-five years hence.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

In accordance with the action taken at the business meeting, requesting the wives and daughters of the comrades to form an auxiliary organization, fifteen ladies assembled at Hotel Hesleton for the purpose of organizing. They were addressed by Gen. J. P. Cilley and others, upon the pleasures and benefits accruing from such an organization,—the meeting at the annual reunions of the regimental association, the becoming acquainted with each other and with the comrades, the joining in the festivities of these reunions, etc., when they decided to organize under the name of the "Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry," and elected officers as follows:—

President,— Mrs. C. E. Moulton, Auburn.

Vice-President,— Mrs. Dow Baker, Skowhegan.

Secretary,— Miss Ettie M. Vaughan, Skowhegan.

The fifteen present at the meeting joined the association, and subsequently nine others added their names to the rolls, and the "Ladies Auxiliary" started out with twenty-four members.

The meeting adjourned to the next reunion.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

On the nineteenth of September a number of the comrades residing in Boston and vicinity met at the hall of Post No. 7, Grand Army of the Republic, in that city, and formed a temporary organization by the election of Adjutant Thaddeus Little as President, and Charles A. F. Emery as Secretary. The President and Secretary were appointed a committee to make arrangements for transportation to this reunion, and it was decided to effect a permanent organization at the next meeting.

which was fixed for the evening of the twenty-seventh inst., at the Sherman House. At this adjourned meeting a permanent organization was formed under the name "First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts," by the choice of the following officers :—

President, — Thomas J. Long.

Vice-Presidents, — Henry C. Hall, Thaddeus Little.

Treasurer, — Albion C. Drinkwater.

Secretary, — Charles A. F. Emery.

The officers were authorized to draw up a constitution and by-laws, and report at the next regular meeting.

The committee on transportation to the reunion at Skowhegan reported that they had made satisfactory arrangements with the Boston and Maine Railroad, (Eastern Division) for one fare for the round trip, which report was accepted, and the meeting adjourned. As a result of this action quite a number from Boston and vicinity were present at the reunion. The new organization started out with fifty-five members.

GREGG'S CAVALRY FIGHT

ON THE

RIGHT FLANK AT GETTYSBURG.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS DELIVERED OCTOBER 15th, 1884, UPON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENTAL SHAFT ERECTED UPON THE SITE OF THE CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT ON THE RIGHT FLANK OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, JULY 3d, 1863, DURING THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY WILLIAM BROOKE-RAWLE,

[Formerly Captain Third Pennsylvania Cavalry and Brevet-Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V.]

We have gathered together, my comrades, to commemorate the good work done here twenty-one years and more ago. What that work was is briefly told by this Monumental Shaft of enduring granite which we are now dedicating to the truth of history. Its inscription tells us that

THIS SHAFT
MARKS THE FIELD OF THE ENGAGEMENT
BETWEEN THE
UNION CAVALRY
COMMANDED BY BRIG.-GEN. D. McM. GREGG
AND THE
CONFEDERATE CAVALRY
COMMANDED BY MAJ.-GEN. J. E. B. STUART
JULY 3d, 1863.

What memories do these simple words recall! As we stand here, looking upon this beautiful landscape, surrounded by these well-remembered hills, and fields, and woods, the recollections of that bright summer day crowd thick and fast upon us. Let us go back together in our thoughts to the eventful time when first we met on this historic field, and sanctified it with the blood then shed, the trials endured, and sacrifices made in defence of the Nation's Cause.

I have told the story of the fight before.* Here, upon

*The account here given is substantially the same as that published for the first time in *The Philadelphia Weekly Times* of September 14th, 1878, in the series of "Chapters of Unwritten History in the Annals of the War," under the title of "The Right Flank at Gettysburg," but revised with the aid of additional information and official records, and again revised since the address was delivered.

the ground where it occurred, I venture to tell it once again. It is a simple and an unvarnished tale, with no words of eulogy of men, or of exultation over the defeat of a gallant foe.

The objects had in view by the Confederate authorities when, after the battle of Chancellorsville, the invasion of the North was projected, in the spring of the year 1863, are well known. To transfer the seat of war, permanently if possible, or at any rate temporarily, to the country north of the Potomac, thus giving to those who remained at home a chance of securing the harvest from the fields of Virginia, and at the same time making probable the recognition of the Confederate cause by the hesitating powers of Europe, was a bold game to play. No time was lost in setting about it. In the early days of June, the Army of Northern Virginia began to show signs of activity. The cavalry of the Army of the Potomac had returned worn out and jaded from Stoneman's raid, but after a short rest was again put in motion, and was kept actively engaged in watching the movements of the Confederate army. On the 9th of June the cavalry battle of Brandy Station was fought, and the intended invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania was discovered through Confederate dispatches captured upon that occasion. Reconnoissances-in-force and scouting in all directions daily followed that brilliant passage-at-arms. The equally well-fought cavalry battles of Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville ensued. Hard work and starvation told heavily upon both men and horses, and when Buford's and Gregg's Divisions, covering the rear of the army, crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry during the afternoon of the 27th of June, their physical condition was far short of what could have been desired. After crossing the river Gregg's Division, consisting of the brigades of Colonel McIntosh (First), General Kilpatrick (Second), and Colonel Irvin Gregg (Third), started on the march about dusk, and, keeping it up steadily all night long, reached Frederick, Md., early on the morning of the 28th.

During a short halt at that place, General Kilpatrick was ordered to take command of Stahel's Division of Cavalry, which, as the Third Division, was assigned to duty with the

Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and Generals Farnsworth and Custer were appointed to command the two brigades of which it was composed.

In the movements of the Army of the Potomac after crossing into Maryland, the Cavalry Corps, with its three divisions, operated in its front and on its flanks. General Buford with the First Division took the left flank, General Kilpatrick with the Third Division the centre, and General Gregg with the Second Division the right flank. On June 30th, Kilpatrick, having taken the direct and shorter road from Frederick, struck the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia at Hanover, and intercepted its line of march to join Lee's army. Being thus headed off it was compelled to move over to the right, with Kilpatrick in close pursuit.

In the concentration upon Gettysburg, Gregg, with the First and Third Brigades of his division, left Hanover at day-break on the 2d of July, and about noon, after a tedious and exhausting march, took position on the Hanover (or Bonaught-town) Road near its intersection with the Low Dutch Road, about three and a half miles east of the town—McIntosh's Brigade on the right and Irvin Gregg's on the left.

These two brigades were constituted as follows:—

The First Brigade, commanded by Colonel John B. McIntosh of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, consisted of his own regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Edward S. Jones, the First New Jersey Cavalry under Major Myron H. Beaumont, and the First Maryland Cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Deems, with Captain A. M. Randol's Horse-battery E—G, First United States Artillery, of four three-inch rifled guns. It was temporarily deprived of much of its strength by the loss of the First Pennsylvania and First Massachusetts Cavalry regiments, which had been detached for special service with the Reserve Artillery and the Sixth Corps respectively. A section of a mounted battery (H) belonging to the Third Pennsylvania Artillery, under command of Captain William D. Rank, and the Purnell Troop of Maryland Cavalry, under Captain Robert E. Duvall, were also serving temporarily with the First Brigade.

having, on the evening of June 28th, while proceeding from Frederick to Baltimore, been cut off by the Confederate cavalry, and, narrowly escaping capture, having fallen in with the brigade. The Third Brigade, commanded by Colonel J. Irvin Gregg of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, consisted of his own regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel John K. Robison, the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel William E. Doster, the First Maine Cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Smith, and the Tenth New York Cavalry under Major M. Henry Avery. The Second Brigade of the division under Colonel Huey had, on July 1st, been sent back from Hanover Junction for the purpose of guarding the rear of the army, and protecting the trains which were to assemble at Westminster.

After crossing the Potomac the column had marched steadily day and night, and, having been for many days without food or forage, the two brigades arrived with wearied men and jaded horses upon the field of Gettysburg. The long march had been a terrible one. The intense heat had at times been almost unendurable, the dust almost impenetrable. Horses by the score had fallen from exhaustion along the road. Officers and men, begrimed past recognition, could have been seen tramping along on foot, leading their worn-out horses to save their strength, well knowing how much depended upon it. Those whose horses had fallen dead or dying had struggled along, some carrying their saddles and bridles, in hopes of being able to procure fresh mounts, others with nothing but their arms. All had been straining their energies in the one direction where they knew the enemy was to be found.

As has been stated, Gregg's column closed up near the intersection of the Hanover and Low Dutch Roads about noon of July 2d. Two regiments of infantry belonging to the Eleventh Corps were found in the advance, deployed as skirmishers along Brinkerhoff's Ridge, which crosses the Hanover Road nearly at right angles, about two miles or more east of Gettysburg. In their front, there was a considerable force of Confederate infantry. About three o'clock the Union infantry line was relieved

by the Tenth New York Cavalry regiment of Irvin Gregg's Brigade, and Rank's two guns were unlimbered and loaded in the middle of the Hanover Road on a hill near the Reeve house. The officers and men of the command sought what rest and shelter from the scorching heat they could, while from the hills they watched the conflict between the infantry and artillery of the opposing armies. Some of the men groomed their horses to freshen them up; some allowed theirs to nibble the rich clover; whilst others, thoroughly worn out, tried to obtain a little sleep.

During the afternoon there was some skirmish firing between the opposing lines, and about six o'clock Colonel Irvin Gregg ordered fifty men of the Tenth New York Cavalry to advance dismounted and clear the front. A regiment of Confederate infantry was at once sent out to meet them, and drove back the small party of cavalymen. Suddenly a party of the enemy appeared on the top of Brinkerhoff's Ridge where it crosses the Hanover Road. In a second Rank's men were at their guns, and put two shells into the midst of the party, causing the Confederates to fall back instantly under cover of the ridge. "To horse!" sounded at once, and the Third Pennsylvania, advancing at a trot along the road toward Gettysburg, formed close column of squadrons in an orchard back of the Cress house. The first two squadrons were quickly dismounted to fight on foot, advanced at a run, and in a few minutes were deployed at close intervals as skirmishers on the summit of the eastern spur of Brinkerhoff's Ridge north of the road. The Purnell Troop and two battalions of the First New Jersey, under Major Janeway and Captain Boyd, followed, and deployed dismounted on the left of the road on the prolongation of the same line, with the third battalion under Major Beaumont in reserve. A strong, well-built stone wall ran along the top of the ridge on the right of the road, with a field of tall wheat just ripe for cutting on the other side of the wall. This wall was the key of the position, as each of the contending parties at once perceived, and by the time our men reached it a line of Confederate infantry was seen making for it at full

speed. The fire of Rank's guns had delayed the enemy's advance for a sufficient length of time to enable us to get there first, and give a withering reception with our breech-loading carbines to the infantrymen, who were not more than twenty feet off from the wall when we reached it.

After vainly attempting to drive our men back, the enemy retired to a more sheltered position, along the edge of a piece of woods some two hundred yards distant, where he remained until after dark, the opposing forces and Rank's two guns meanwhile keeping up a brisk firing. Later in the evening the Confederates, taking advantage of the darkness, turned our right unobserved, and dislodged a portion of our line, which, however, was re-established after some trouble. Our adversaries proved to be the Second Virginia Infantry, of General Walker's celebrated "Stonewall Brigade," which latter was supporting it, close at hand, acting as a flanking party of Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps, in its advance to the attack of Culp's Hill. The threatening position occupied by the cavalrymen, and their vigorous fight, compelled the Confederate brigade to remain on the ground until too late to participate in the assault of Culp's Hill* which came so near proving successful, and which, had it succeeded, would have rendered the heights south of Gettysburg untenable.

About ten o'clock in the evening the line was withdrawn, and the two brigades moved over to the Baltimore Turnpike, where it crosses White Run, near the position of the Reserve Artillery, and there went into bivouac, in accordance with orders from Cavalry Corps headquarters, to be available for whatever duty they might be called upon to perform on the morrow.

On the morning of July 3d, General Gregg was directed to resume his position on the right of the infantry line, and make a demonstration against the enemy. Upon reaching the ground occupied by him on the previous day on the Hanover Road, he found it in possession of the Second Brigade of the Third Cavalry Division.

*Generals Johnson's and Walker's Reports, Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Vol. XXVII. Part II, Pages 504 and 518.

This brigade, known as the "Michigan Brigade," of which Brigadier-General George A. Custer had taken command on June 29th, was composed of the First, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Michigan Cavalry regiments, commanded by Colonels Charles H. Town, Russell A. Alger, George Gray, and William D. Mann, respectively, and Horse-battery M, Second United States Artillery, under Lieutenant A. C. M. Pennington, with six three-inch rifled guns. On June 28th, the brigade had been assigned to duty with the Army of the Potomac; on the 30th it had been actively engaged with the Confederate cavalry at Hanover, and again at Hunterstown on July 2d. It was a splendid body of men; its ranks were better filled than those of the other cavalry brigades, and the greater part of it was fresh from pastures green.

General Custer, after his fight with the Confederate cavalry at Hunterstown, had spent the latter part of the night of July 2d in bivouac with the rest of the Third Division at Two Taverns, a small village on the Baltimore Turnpike, about five miles southeast of Gettysburg. His earlier movements of the following day are best described in his own words:—

"At an early hour on the morning of the 3d," he states in his official report, "I received an order, through a staff officer of the brigadier-general commanding the division, to move my command at once and follow the First Brigade on the road leading from Two Taverns to Gettysburg. Agreeably to the above instructions, my column was formed and moved out on the road designated, when a staff officer of Brigadier-General Gregg, commanding Second Division, ordered me to take my command and place it in position on the Pike leading from York* to Gettysburg, which position formed the extreme right of our line of battle on that day. Upon arriving at the point designated, I immediately placed my command in position, facing toward Gettysburg. At the same time I caused reconnoissances to be made on my front, right and rear, but failed to discover any considerable force of the enemy. Everything remained

*General Custer in his report erroneously calls the Hanover Road the York Turnpike, and the Low Dutch Road the Oxford Road.

quiet till 10 A.M.,* when the enemy appeared on my right flank and opened upon me with a battery of six guns. Leaving two guns and a regiment to hold my first position and cover the road leading to Gettysburg, I shifted the remaining portion of my command, forming a new line of battle at right angles to my former line. The enemy had obtained correct range of my new position, and were pouring solid shot and shell into my command with great accuracy. Placing two sections of Battery M, Second (regular) Artillery, in position, I ordered them to silence the enemy's battery, which order, notwithstanding the superiority of the enemy's position, was successfully accomplished in a very short space of time. My line, as it then existed, was shaped like the letter **L**, the shorter branch formed of one section of Battery M, supported by four squadrons of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, faced toward Gettysburg, covering the Gettysburg Pike; the long branch composed of the remaining two sections of Battery M, Second Artillery, supported by a portion of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry on the left, and the First Michigan Cavalry on the right, with the Seventh Michigan Cavalry still further to the right and in advance, was held in readiness to repel any attack the enemy might make coming on the *Oxford Road*. The Fifth Michigan Cavalry was dismounted and ordered to take position in front of my centre and left. The First Michigan Cavalry was held in column of squadrons to observe the movements of the enemy. I ordered fifty men to be sent one mile and a half on the *Oxford Road*, while a detachment of equal size was sent one mile and a half on the road leading from Gettysburg to *York*, both detachments being under the command of the gallant Major Webber, who from time to time kept me so well informed of the movements of the enemy that I was enabled to make my dispositions with complete success."

*As there was no fighting so early in the day as 10 o'clock in the morning, it has been suggested by General Kidd in his address recently delivered at the dedication of the monument erected by the State of Michigan to the Michigan Cavalry Brigade (who in giving an account of the operations finds a difficulty in reconciling General Custer's statement to the facts) that General Custer originally wrote "1 o'clock" and in the copying of the reports the "1" and the "o" were mistaken for "10." This seems to be the correct solution of the matter. The report is not printed in the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion" inasmuch as the original is not on file in the War Department, and it was found impossible to obtain a duly authenticated copy.

General Gregg placed his two brigades to the left of General Custer's line, taking position between the Baltimore Turnpike and the Hanover Road. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, of Irvin Gregg's Brigade, was dismounted and, deploying as skirmishers, moved through the woods in the direction of Gettysburg. It had not proceeded far when a strong picket force of Confederate infantry was found. After driving in the outposts for a short distance, the cavalymen succeeded, in the face of a strong resistance, in establishing their line connecting with the infantry on the left near Wolf's Hill, and extending to the right as far as the Hanover Road. This had scarce been done, when, about noon, a dispatch from General Howard, the commander of the Eleventh Corps, to General Meade, was placed in General Gregg's hands, notifying him that a large body of the enemy's cavalry had been seen from Cemetery Hill moving toward the right of our line. At the same time an order was received from General Pleasonton, who commanded the Cavalry Corps, directing Custer's Brigade to join its division (Kilpatrick's) on the extreme left of the army. Accordingly, McIntosh's Brigade was ordered to relieve Custer's and to occupy his position covering the intersection of the Hanover and Low Dutch Roads.

While these movements were going on upon our part, the Confederate cavalry, under Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, which for some time had been cut off from all communication with the main body of Lee's army, was hastening to join it. It is needless here to follow in detail Stuart's earlier movements, but on July 2d, after having encountered Kilpatrick at Hunters-town, he arrived in the vicinity of Gettysburg, and took position on the York and Harrisburg Roads. He, too, had been marching hard and long. Men and horses had, like ours, suffered severely, but, marching as he had been through an enemy's country, his losses from straggling had, of course, been less than those of the Union cavalry.

During the morning of July 3d, Stuart moved forward to the left and in advance of Ewell's Corps, for the purpose of occupying the elevated ground east of Gettysburg, from which,

while protecting the left of Lee's army, he could command a view of the routes leading to the rear of the Army of the Potomac, and could, at the same time, be in position to move out at the proper moment, and there attack it, simultaneously with the grand assault which was to be made upon Cemetery Ridge from the other side by Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps, supported by Heth's and Pender's Divisions and Wilcox's Brigade of Hill's Corps. That this was his purpose he tells us almost in so many words.

To appreciate how well adapted was Stuart's position to such a move, one should stand on yonder hill back of Rummel's. The whole country for miles in front of him, clear up to Cemetery Hill and the Round Tops, lay at his feet. In his rear a cross-country road branches off from the York Turnpike about two and a half miles from Gettysburg, and, crossing over the high ground mentioned by Stuart, runs in a south-easterly direction toward the Low Dutch Road, which connects the York and Baltimore Turnpikes. This high ground is divided south of the cross-road by the upper valley of Cress' Run, forming two ridges, that west of the run being known as Brinkerhoff's Ridge, and that east of it as Cress' Ridge. A piece of woods crowns the easterly side of the ridge on the southerly side of the cross-road, affording protection and cover to the supports of the battery which was subsequently placed there. Screened by this and another piece of woods on the opposite side of the cross-road is a large open space on the Stallsmith farm, where the Confederate leader was enabled to mass and manoeuvre his command unobserved by his opponents.

The position occupied by the Union cavalry had none of the advantages claimed by Stuart for his own. As he himself states in his official report, the whole country for miles lay at his feet. On the other hand, the ground occupied by his opponents was less commanding, and more exposed to his view. The Low Dutch Road crosses the Hanover Road nearly at right angles, about three and a half miles south-east of Gettysburg, at the Howard house, and, continuing on about two miles farther in a south-westerly direction, strikes the Bal-

timore Turnpike about one mile and three-fourths south-east of Rock Creek and the rear of centre of our main line of battle. Another cross-country road, from half a mile to a mile nearer Gettysburg, runs nearly parallel with the Low Dutch Road from the Hanover Road at the Reeve house along the valley of Cress' run, and strikes the Baltimore Turnpike by the bridge over White Run about a mile south-east of the bridge over Rock Creek, close to which, by Powers' Hill, the Reserve Artillery and the ammunition trains were stationed. This, being the shorter and more direct road, was used by our troops in operating between the Baltimore Turnpike and the Hanover Road. By these roads the rear of our main line of battle was directly accessible. About three-fourths of a mile north-east from the intersection of the Low Dutch and Hanover Roads the cross-country road first above mentioned branches off to the north-west toward the York Turnpike and the left centre of Stuart's position. This piece of woods near which we stand, and which since the battle has been somewhat reduced in extent, covered the intersection of the Low Dutch Road and the cross-road on the side toward the enemy's position, extending about equi-distant on each road from near a lane leading down to John Rummel's house and farm-buildings on the north, to the Lott house on the south, a total distance of a half-mile or more. One side of this piece of woods faced the north-west and the enemy's position. Between the ridge on which the Howard house stands, and along which the Low Dutch Road runs, and that part of Cress' Ridge occupied by the right of Stuart's line, but close under the latter, is a small creek known as Little's run, starting from the spring-house at Rummel's. The Rummel farm-buildings eventually became the key-point of the field, which lies about three miles east of Gettysburg.

The force under Gregg numbered about five thousand men, though not more than three thousand were actually engaged in the fight about to be described. It consisted of the three regiments of McIntosh's Brigade, Irvin Gregg's Brigade, and Custer's Brigade, which, as will appear, remained on the field. On the other hand Stuart had under his command General Wade

Hampton's Brigade, consisting of the First North Carolina and the First and Second South Carolina Cavalry regiments, and Cobb's Georgia, the Jeff Davis, and Phillips' Georgia Legions; General Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Virginia Cavalry regiments; and General W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, under Colonel John R. Chambliss, consisting of the Second North Carolina and the Ninth, Tenth, and Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry regiments. To this force was added, for the proposed movements of the day, Jenkins' Brigade of cavalry, under Colonel Milton J. Ferguson, armed as mounted infantry with Enfield muskets, though short of ammunition, and consisting of the Fourteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry regiments, and the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth Virginia Battalions. The artillery with Stuart consisted of McGregor's Virginia, Breathed's Virginia, Jackson's Virginia, and Griffin's Maryland horse-batteries. This entire force has been estimated by reliable Confederate authority at between six thousand and seven thousand men.

When McIntosh, shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon, came with his brigade upon the ground occupied by Custer for the purpose of relieving him, he made the necessary inquiries as to his picket line, and the position and force of the enemy. Everything was quiet at the time. Custer reported, however, that the enemy was all around, and that an attack might be expected at any moment. The First New Jersey was at once ordered out, mounted, to relieve Custer's pickets, taking position in the piece of woods on the Low Dutch Road, facing to the north-west, and the Third Pennsylvania and First Maryland were drawn up in columns of squadrons in a clover field west of the Lott house, awaiting developments. While in this position, and a few minutes after one o'clock, the tremendous artillery firing which preceded Pickett's attack began. Not being within range, however, the officers and men of the brigade, while allowing their horses to graze, looked with astonishment upon the magnificent spectacle.

As soon as the Michigan Brigade had begun to move off for

the purpose of joining Kilpatrick near Round Top, McIntosh, who had looked well over the ground, determined to ascertain what force was in his front without waiting to be attacked. Accordingly, about two o'clock, he ordered Major Beaumont to move the First New Jersey forward toward the wooded crest about five-eighths of a mile in front of him and a short distance beyond Rummel's, expecting there to find the enemy. This movement was a signal for the deployment of a skirmish line from Rummel's barn, where a strong picket force of the enemy had been concealed, and which at once occupied a line of fences a short distance in front. The First New Jersey was dismounted and took position behind a fence running parallel with that occupied by the enemy, the right of the line under Major Janeway and the left under Captain Boyd, and immediately became hotly engaged. Two squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania, under Captains Rogers and Treichel, and the Purnell Troop, were deployed dismounted to the left in the open fields, and the three other squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania, under Captains Miller, Walsh and Hess, deployed mounted to the extreme right of the whole line in the woods covering the cross-road above mentioned running toward the enemy's position — Miller on the left of the road and Walsh on the right. To meet this movement the Confederate skirmish line was strongly reinforced by dismounted men, and a battery was placed in position in front of the wooded crest back of the Rummel house.

The Confederate battery now opened fire, and Pennington, whose battery had not yet moved off, but was still in position on the Hanover Road near the Spangler house, replied with promptness. McIntosh at once sent back for Randol and his guns, at the same time reporting to General Gregg that he was engaged with a greatly superior force, and requesting that Irvin² Gregg's Brigade be sent up at a trot to support him. That Brigade was yet some distance off, and Gregg, meeting Custer on the march in the opposite direction, ordered him to return and reinforce McIntosh, and to remain on the ground until the Third Brigade could be brought up. Custer, ever

ready for a fight, was not loth to do so. Heading his column about, he moved up at once to McIntosh's support, while General Gregg came upon the field and took command of the forces.

The enemy having filled the large barn at Rummel's with sharp-shooters, who, while picking off our men, were completely protected from our fire, Captain Randol, upon coming on the ground, placed in position, on the edge of an orchard back of the Howard house, a section of his battery under Lieutenant Chester, and opened upon the barn. Shell after shell from Pennington's battery and Chester's section struck the building, soon compelling the enemy to abandon it, and, as he did so, the centre of our line advanced and occupied the enemy's line of fences near the farm-buildings. Having thus pierced his line, a force was sent out to take the enemy in flank, which succeeded in driving back the portions of Jenkins' Brigade in front of our left centre. This movement caused the left of the enemy's line, held by the dismounted skirmishers of Hampton's and Fitz Lee's Brigades, to give way also. The centre and left of our line were thus advanced, and four squadrons of the Sixth Michigan went into position dismounted along Little's Run, on the left of the Purnell Troop, extending still further to the left, so as to cover the Hanover Road, the remainder of the regiment supporting them. Randol's second section, under Lieutenant Kinney, an officer of General Tyler's staff who had volunteered to serve with the battery, having come up, he placed it to the left and rear of Chester's section. By the accuracy of their fire and superior range, the two batteries soon silenced the enemy's guns on the crest back of Rummel's, as also some others in position more to our left on Brinkerhoff's Ridge.

Meanwhile a column of Confederate cavalry began to move out of the woods to make a charge upon the right of our line, but it was at once driven back, with some loss, by the effective fire of our artillery.

As the ammunition of the First New Jersey and Third Pennsylvania was becoming exhausted, the Fifth Michigan, armed with Spencer repeating carbines, was ordered to relieve them, and moved up to the front, dismounted, along the line of fences

which intersected the field lengthwise. No sooner had it reached the line than a dismounted regiment from W. H. F. Lee's Brigade advanced to the support of the enemy's skirmishers, and made a terrific onslaught upon the position. The Fifth Michigan, though short of ammunition from the beginning of the fight, and the troops it had come up to relieve, held the ground stubbornly. When the fire had slackened, the First New Jersey and the two Third Pennsylvania squadrons, which had been ordered to retire when the Fifth Michigan came up, endeavored to withdraw. The enemy, believing it a signal of retreat, advanced, first on the right and then on the left. The Jerseymen and Pennsylvanians came back upon the line and assisted in the repulse of the attack, and again and again was this repeated.

The right of the First New Jersey and of the Fifth Michigan remained at their part of the line until the last cartridge was used and the last pistol emptied, and then fell back, but not until they had suffered heavily, among the killed being the gallant Major Ferry of the Fifth Michigan. This movement was taken advantage of by the enemy, and the First Virginia, of Fitz Lee's Brigade, was ordered to charge upon our right centre. As it was seen to start, McIntosh rode over quickly to the Lott house, where he had left the First Maryland prepared for such an emergency. Gregg, however, upon coming on the field, had moved the regiment over to the right to cover the Low Dutch and Hanover Roads for the purpose of guarding more effectually that important quarter. The Seventh Michigan, which was to take its place, was just then coming upon the field from the direction of the Reeve house in column of fours. Custer, who was near, also saw the emergency, ordered close column of squadrons to be formed at the gallop, and advanced with it to meet the attack.

As the First New Jersey retired, the right of the Fifth Michigan swung back and took a position behind the fence which ran nearly parallel with the line of the charging column.

The Seventh Michigan advanced boldly to meet the First Virginia, but, on coming up to a stone and rail fence, instead of pushing across it, began firing with their carbines. The First

Virginia came on, in spite of the heavy fire, until it reached the fence from the other side. Both regiments then fought face to face across the fence with their carbines and revolvers, while a scorching fire was centred upon the First Virginia from either flank. The enemy's reinforcements at last came up, and assisted the First Virginia to pass the fence, whereupon the Seventh Michigan gave way, the enemy following in close pursuit.

The First Virginia, becoming strung out by this movement, was exposed to a terrific fire from the two batteries in front and the skirmish lines on the flanks, while a battalion of the Fifth Michigan, which had succeeded in mounting, advanced under Major Trowbridge to assist the Seventh. It was more than even the gallant First Virginia could stand, and it was compelled to fall back on its supports, which were fast advancing to its assistance.*

Just then there appeared in the distance, emerging from behind the screen of woods on the cross-road by Stallsmith farm, a large mass of cavalry—the brigades of Hampton and Fitz Lee.† Every one saw at once that unless this, the grandest attack of all, were checked, the fate of the day would be decided against the Army of the Potomac. They were Stuart's last reserves, and his last resource. If the Baltimore Pike was to be reached, and havoc created in our rear, the important moment had arrived, as Pickett was even then moving up to the assault of Cemetery Ridge.

In close columns of squadrons, advancing as if in review,

*The statement that this preliminary charge was made by the First Virginia Cavalry of Fitz Lee's Brigade is based upon the authority of General Stuart's report, confirmed by a letter of General Fitzhugh Lee. General Stuart further states that the First North Carolina and Jeff Davis Legion were sent to the support of the First Virginia, and that gradually the hand-to-hand fighting involved the greater portion of his command. On the other hand the Rev. George Beale, then a lieutenant in the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, in a letter written a few days after the battle, and published in vol. xi. *Southern Historical Society Papers*, p. 320, stated that the charge was made by the Ninth and Thirteenth Virginia of W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, commanded by Chambliss. General Wade Hampton states in his report that, seeing that a portion of Chambliss' command was being driven back by a large force, he ordered the First North Carolina and Jeff Davis Legion to its support, which drove our people back, but encountering our reserves in heavy force his and Fitz Lee's Brigades charged, and in the hand-to-hand fight which then occurred he was wounded.

No official reports of the battle made by General Fitzhugh Lee or Colonel Chambliss are to be found among the Confederate official records in the War Department.

†According to the writer's diary this was about three o'clock.

with sabres drawn and glistening like silver in the bright sunlight,—the spectacle called forth a murmur of admiration. It was, indeed, a memorable one. Chester, whose guns were nearest, opened fire at once, with a range of three-fourths of a mile. Pennington and Kinney soon did the same. Canister and shell were poured into the steadily approaching columns as fast as the guns could fire. The dismounted men fell back to the right and left, and such as could got to their horses. The mounted skirmishers rallied and fell into line. Then Gregg rode over to the First Michigan, which, as it had come upon the field a short time before, had formed close column of squadrons supporting the batteries, and gave the word to charge. As Town ordered sabres to be drawn and the column to advance, Custer dashed up with similiar orders, and placed himself at its head. The two columns drew nearer and nearer, the Confederates outnumbering their opponents three or four to one. The gait increased — first the trot, and then the gallop. Hampton's battle-flag floated in the van of his brigade. The orders of the Confederate officers could be heard, "Keep to your sabres, men, keep to your sabres!" for the lessons they had learned at Brandy Station and at Aldie had been severe. There the cry had been, "Put up your sabres! Draw your pistols and fight like gentlemen!" But the sabre was never a favorite weapon with the Confederate cavalry, and now, in spite of the lessons of the past, the warnings of the present were not heeded by all.

As the charge was ordered the speed increased, every horse on the jump, every man yelling like a demon. The columns of the Confederates blended, but the perfect alignment was maintained. Chester put charge after charge of double canister into their midst, his men bringing it up to the guns by the armful. The execution was fearful, but the long rents closed up at once. As the opposing columns drew nearer and nearer, each with perfect alignment, every man gathered his horse well under him, and gripped his weapon the tighter. Though ordered to retire his guns, toward which the head of the assaulting column was directed, Chester kept on firing until the enemy was within fifty yards, and the head of the First Michigan had come into

the line of his fire. Staggered by the fearful execution of the two batteries, the men in the front of the Confederate column drew in their horses and wavered. Some turned, and the column fanned out to the right and left, but those behind came pressing on. Custer, seeing the men in the front ranks of the enemy hesitate, waved his sabre and shouted, "Come on, you wolves!" and with a fearful yell the First Michigan swept on, Custer four lengths ahead.

McIntosh, as he saw the Confederate column advancing, sent his Adjutant-General, Captain Walter S. Newhall, with orders to Rogers and Treichel to rally their men for a charge on the flank as it passed. But sixteen men could get their horses, and with five officers they made for the battle-flag. Newhall, sharing the excitement of the moment, rushed in, by the side of Rogers and Treichel, at the head of the little band. Miller, whose squadron of the Third Pennsylvania was already mounted, fired a volley from the woods on the right as the Confederate column passed parallel with his line, and then, with sabres drawn, charged into the overwhelming masses of the enemy.

The small detachment of the Third Pennsylvania under Rogers and Treichel struck the enemy first, all making for the color-guard. Newhall was about seizing the flag when a sabre cut was directed at his head, and he was compelled to parry it. At the same moment the color-bearer lowered his spear and struck Newhall full in the face, knocking him senseless to the ground. Nearly every officer and man in the little band was killed or wounded. Almost at the same moment, Miller, with his squadron of the Third Pennsylvania, struck the left flank about two-thirds of the way down the column. Going through and through, he cut off the rear portion and drove it back past Rummel's up to the Confederate battery, and nothing but the heavy losses which he had suffered, and the scattering of his men, prevented his going farther and taking it, wounded though he was.

Meanwhile the heads of the two columns had met — the one led by Hampton and Fitz Lee, and the other by Custer — and were fighting hand to hand. McIntosh, with his staff and

orderlies, and such scattered men from the Michigan and other regiments as he could get together, charged in with their sabres. For minutes, which seemed like hours, amid the clashing of the sabres, the rattle of the small arms, the frenzied imprecations, the demands to surrender, the undaunted replies and the appeals for mercy, the Confederate column stood its ground. Captain Thomas of the staff, seeing that a little more was needed to turn the tide, cut his way over to the woods on the right, where he knew he could find Hart, who had remounted his squadron of the First New Jersey. In the mêlée, near the colors, was an officer of high rank, and the two headed the squadron for that part of the fight. They came in reach of him with their sabres, and then it was that Wade Hampton was wounded.

By this time the edges of the Confederate column had begun to wear away, and the outside men to draw back. As Hart's squadron and the other small parties charged in from all sides, the enemy turned. Then there was a pellmell rush, our men following in close pursuit. Many prisoners were captured, and many of our men, through their impetuosity, were carried away by the overpowering current of the retreat.

The pursuit was kept up past Rummel's, and the enemy was driven back into the woods beyond. The line of fences and the farm-buildings, the key-point of the field, which in the beginning of the fight had been in the possession of the enemy, remained in ours until the end. The enemy, however, established and maintained a skirmish line on his side of the farm-buildings, and for a time kept up a brisk firing, but all serious fighting for the day was over, for Pickett's simultaneous attack upon Cemetery Ridge had also been repulsed, and the victory along our line was complete. Skirmishing and some desultory artillery firing were kept up at intervals by both forces until after nightfall, these disturbances being for the most part caused by the enemy's endeavor to recover his killed and wounded, who were lying thickly strewn over the field in our possession. At dark Stuart withdrew to the York Turnpike, preparatory to covering the retreat of Lee's army toward the Potomac. In the evening Custer's Brigade was ordered to join its division. Gregg

remained all night in possession of the field of the hand-to-hand contest, and in the morning his Third Brigade started in pursuit of the retreating enemy.*

The brunt of the fighting in Gregg's Division was borne by the Third Pennsylvania and First New Jersey Cavalry regiments, for, by the time the Third Brigade had come up, the Michigan Brigade had gotten so deeply into the fight that it could not be withdrawn. The Third Brigade, together with the First Massachusetts Cavalry, which latter, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Greeley S. Curtis, had come upon the field during the fight, and Rank's section of artillery, had consequently been held in reserve, close at hand, drawn up in column of regiments on the south side of the Hanover Road west of the Low Dutch Road, near the Spangler house. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry remained all day, and until late into the night, upon the skirmish line established in the morning, interchanging at frequent intervals a brisk firing with the enemy's infantry, especially about the Deodorf farm-buildings which were filled with his sharp-shooters, and at one time repulsing a vigorous attack upon the line, thus efficiently maintaining the connection between our infantry and cavalry, and guarding against a flank attack from that quarter of the field. The moral effect of the presence of these troops in full view of the field of the fighting, and easily observed from the enemy's position, went far toward securing successful results of the day.

The losses of the Confederate cavalry were undoubtedly heavy, but were never ascertained. General Gregg reported his losses to be, one officer and thirty-three enlisted men killed, seventeen officers and one hundred and forty enlisted men wound-

*The Comte de Paris states (Vol III., Am. Ed., Hist. of Civil War in America, page 673. &c.) that Stuart's object was to move his command west of Cress' Ridge, so as to turn the left of the Union cavalry unobserved, and thus separating it from the rest of the army, to strike the Baltimore Turnpike without waiting for the issue of the great struggle, in order to create a panic in the rear of our main line of battle, the effect of which would be decisive on the battle-field; but that his presence having been disclosed by the debouching of Hampton's and Fitz Lee's Brigades into the open fields beyond Rummel's, and McIntosh having forced the fighting, he (Stuart) was compelled to leave these brigades to detain the Union cavalry north of the Hanover Road while he continued his movement with Jenkins' Brigade and that commanded by Chambliss, which also were soon forced to join in the fight, the consequence being that he was prevented from accomplishing his object.

ed, and one officer and one hundred and three enlisted men missing — total, two hundred and ninety-five. [Custer in his official report stated his losses to be, nine officers and sixty-nine enlisted men killed, twenty-five officers and two hundred and seven enlisted men wounded, and seven officers and two hundred and twenty-five enlisted men missing — total, five hundred and forty-two.]*

It has been said that Gregg's fight at Gettysburg was one of the finest cavalry fights of the war. To borrow the language of Custer in his report of it: "I challenge the annals of warfare to produce a more brilliant or successful charge of cavalry than the one just recounted."

Stuart, according to his custom, claimed in his official report that the Union cavalry was driven from the field of the engagement, thus insinuating that he was the victor of the fight, and the other Confederates are now doing likewise. That we, on the contrary, remained masters of the field is maintained by Generals Pleasonton, Gregg and Custer, and Colonels Town and Alger, in their official reports. In denying Stuart's unwarranted insinuation, you, my comrades, will also bear me out.†

*General Custer, in his official report of the services of his brigade in the battle, inadvertently included his losses in the whole Gettysburg campaign. Though suspected at the time the text was written, this was not definitely ascertained to be a fact until the official records in the War Department, subsequently collated, proved it to be so. The writer was careful in the text to assume no responsibility in quoting General Custer's estimate of losses. General Gregg's estimate included as well the losses of McIntosh's and Irvin Gregg's brigades as those in Custer's brigade. Owing to much fuller complement of the latter and the numbers engaged the proportion of its losses was much larger than those of the other brigades. According to the final corrected statement prepared by the War Department its records show the losses to have been as follows: July 2d, in McIntosh's and Irvin Gregg's brigades, four enlisted men killed, twelve enlisted men wounded, and one officer and three enlisted men captured and missing — total, twenty; July 3d, in McIntosh's, Irvin Gregg's and Custer's brigades, one officer and twenty-nine enlisted men killed, eighteen officers and one hundred and thirty-one enlisted men wounded, and seventy-five enlisted men captured and missing — total, two hundred and fifty-four: total on the right flank, July 2d and 3d, three hundred and nine. This estimate does not include the losses of the batteries.

In consequence of the movements of the cavalry during and following the battle, and the lapse of time before the rolls were prepared, some of the killed were included in the report of "captured and missing."

†As has been stated in the text, the Union cavalry, at one time, when the two Confederate brigades almost reached our guns, was nearly driven from the field of the main fight, but Stuart omits to report correctly what followed our counter-charge, and his words leave an incorrect impression.

Since the Union and Confederate commanders each claimed to have driven the other from the field, the Comte de Paris endeavors to settle the question by stating that the ground was abandoned by both parties.

We cavalymen have always held that we saved the day at the most critical moment of the battle of Gettysburg—the greatest battle and the turning-point of the War of the Rebellion. I know that it has not been the custom among historians to give us credit for having done so, nor, except very recently, to give us credit for having done anything. So fierce was the main engagement, of which the infantry bore the brunt, that the fighting of the cavalry passed almost unnoticed; yet this was the only battle of the War in which the three arms of the service fought in combination and at the same time, each within supporting distance and within sight of the other, and each in its proper sphere. The turmoil incident to an active campaign allowed us no opportunity to write up our achievements, and no news correspondents were allowed to sojourn with us to do it for us. But now that the official records of the campaign, both Union and Confederate, have been brought together, and, for the first time, been made accessible, and the official map of this field has been prepared, the Great Historian of the War will have at hand materials which have been denied to others. He will see the importance of the fight which I have attempted to describe, and will give it the credit due to it. Had Stuart succeeded in his well-laid plan, and, with his large force of cavalry, struck the Army of the Potomac in the rear of its line of battle, simultaneously with Pickett's magnificent and furious assault in its front, when our infantry had all it could do to hold on to the line of Cemetery Ridge, and but little more was needed to make the assault a success,—the merest tyro in the art of war can readily tell what the result would have been. Fortunately for us, fortunately for the Army of the Potomac, fortunately for our Country and the cause of human liberty, he failed. Thank God that he did fail, and that, with His Divine Assistance, the good fight fought here brought victory to our arms!

Comrades, your work here is now done—well done. This Shaft, beautiful in its simplicity, will stand when we are gone, to point out in silence, from far and near, and for all time, let us hope, the spot on which you fought so well.

Before we part, never perhaps to meet again, let us not forget to pause one moment, and in our inmost thoughts pay a reverent tribute to the memory of those brave men, our companions-in-arms, who here poured forth the full measure of their lives' devotion for the Cause they loved. And what shall I say to those who yet survive? That you, my comrades, bore each your share in that good fight will always be to you a pleasing memory, and when your children and your children's children hear and read of what you did on this historic field, it will ever be to them a source of honorable pride that you fought with Gregg on the Right Flank at Gettysburg.

"Oh! glorious field of Gettysburg!

High in the rolls of fame,

With Waterloo and Marathon

Shall men inscribe thy name!"

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

APRIL, 1891.

CALL 4.

ATTENTION, COMRADES.

With this Call ends the first year of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE. Its purpose, as you all understand by this time, is: first, to publish the reports of the reunions of our regiment, the publication of which had been suspended for many years; secondly, to present to the comrades, from time to time, such material concerning the grand old regiment and its history, as well as matters pertaining to the cavalry service generally during the war, as will be interesting to them; thirdly, and this is, after all, of the most interest and importance, to give the comrades an opportunity to tell the stories of their own experiences, in their own way, to all the comrades, and thus each one assist in the preservation of the unwritten history of the regiment. Some of the comrades have already recognized this, and have touched our elbow grandly as we have prepared for the press the copy for each succeeding Call. To such we return the heartiest soldierly thanks, and say to them, "Go on with your good work—send us

more letters and stories of the war, and thus do yourselves honor, and encourage other comrades to follow your example."

Comrades—we want you all to take hold and help us, after you have responded to the demands of Gen. Cilley. We want stories, incidents, and reminiscences, of the days of '61—'65, and we want letters written and diaries kept during those stirring days. Every one of you can give some personal recollections of the service, such as no other comrade can do. Remember that no two comrades looked upon the same thing in the same way; no two saw the same fight, the same skirmish, the same march, the same scout, the same tour of picket, the same days in winter quarters, with the same eyes, or from the same standpoint. A dozen stories of the same engagement, written by the same number of participants, would all be different, would each contain some fact or some incident that none of the others contained, and yet all would be needed to make

the whole complete. No two comrades had the same experiences. We want all those experiences, and you want us to have them all, if you will only stop to consider the matter. Consider that in this way you may put yourself on record correctly, for the benefit of history, and that your children may read, long after you have joined the majority, how their fathers fought and suffered for the country and the flag.

We want these experiences told by you in your own way. You say you cannot write them, some of you, and you honestly think you cannot. But will you allow yourselves to think that a man who served in the gallant First Maine Cavalry cannot put his service on record? You can tell of it, can you not, around the camp-fire or the hearth-stone? Of course you can, so you can write of it, if you will only think so. We do not ask for literary gems, or specimens of fine writing, or rhetorical effect, or high-sounding sentences. We want the stories just as you would tell them. Remember, your writing, good or poor, will be seen only by us and by the printer,—the comrades will not see it,—and when you see your communication, which you perhaps forwarded to us with fear and trembling, in print, you will be surprised to see how well you have told your story. You will find spelling, grammar, punc-

tuation, etc., all correct, and if you have, perchance, spelled a word wrong in writing, you will never find it in print. Tell the stories, and give the reminiscences in your own way. It is more than likely that your own mode of expression will call you back to the mind of some other comrade quicker, much quicker, than your face or your name would do. No matter if the story is long or short, tell it. Think what a treat it will be to read letters from scores of the comrades of the grand old regiment, in each succeeding Call, and make up your mind to send in your quota with the rest of them. Experiences of the camp, the field, the picket-line, the raid, the march, the hospital, the prison—of any part of the service—are what you will all like to read, and some part of which you all can write.

One of the best stories of war experience that has been printed was written by a man who went into the service a mere boy, as so many of you did. He had not the advantages of even a common-school education, in a country town. His story, when written, it was our fortune to prepare for the printer. It is safe to say that three out of five words (except the most ordinary words) were misspelled; that the rules of grammar would n't apply to three out of five of his sentences; and that the strict rules of construction would

get lonesome in reading that manuscript. We put it into shape; we spelled the words correctly, of course; we corrected the grammar except where correct grammar would weaken the force of the sentences; and as for the construction, we meddled with that very little, preferring to let the author's own quaint expressions stand. The story was printed—a small pamphlet—and in a very short time went out of print, and could be purchased only at a premium. To-day it can be purchased only at a very high premium. The secret of its success was that the comrade told his story in his own way, and that is just what we want you all to do. Do not be afraid of sending too many. When we begin to get over-crowded we will call a halt.

On the Right Flank at Gettysburg.

The comrades will all be much interested in reading the vivid description of the services of the old Second Cavalry Division (our old and loved commander, Gen. David McM. Gregg) on the right flank at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863. As indicated in the heading, it is the historical sketch prepared for and delivered at the services of dedication of the division monument, erected on the site of the engagement, by Lieut. Col. William Brooke-Rawle, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. We republish

it by the kind permission of the author, that all the comrades may have a good idea of the importance to the Union cause of the services of the cavalry on that decisive day of the engagement, and with the intention of supplementing it in the next Call with an account of the remainder of the services of dedication.

Sons of the First Maine.

To show the loyalty to the memory of our regiment that exists in our sons, the following incident is given, concerning a son of Meander Dennett, of Co. K, now assistant paymaster in one of the large Lewiston mills. The little fellow was attending a primary school in Lewiston, and one day the teacher, in talking to the school concerning the War of the Rebellion, desired to bring in Gen. Grant's name and arouse an interest, and in conversation with the scholars asked them, "Who put down the Rebellion?" Instantly young Dennett's hand went into the air, and the teacher, much pleased with the ready response, asked him to inform the school who put down the Rebellion. With the utmost confidence the little fellow replied, "The First Maine Cavalry." That's the way, comrades, to bring up your children, to love and honor the old flag and what it means, and to love and honor the grand old regiment in which their

fathers served for the stars and stripes. Then take the sons to Houlton next summer and have them organize "The Sons of the First Maine Cavalry."

The First Maine and the G. A. R.

The following items from the Twenty-fourth Annual Encampment of the Department of Maine, Grand Army of the Republic, held in Portland, Feb. 18th and 19th, 1891, will be of interest:—

The number of First Maine Cavalrymen entitled to vote, either as delegates or by office, was forty-seven.

Augustus R. Devereaux was elected a member of the Council of Administration, and Jonathan P. Cilley delegate to the National Encampment at Detroit, Mich.

Comrade Devereaux has recently been appointed Postmaster of Ellsworth, Me.

Samuel Burrows, Co. B, was present and a member of the Encampment as Commander of the G. A. R. Post at Waldoboro. He is Postmaster of Broad Bay in his town.

A large number of comrades not members of the Encampment were present, among whom was C. F. Dam, Co. F, whom Portland is about to honor by electing to her Common Council.

The Department of Maine numbers one hundred sixty-one Posts. Of these fourteen are named after comrades in our regiment, viz:—

Stephen Davis Post, No. 11, Pittsfield; Vincent Mountford Post, No. 22, Brunswick; C. S. Douty Post, No. 23,

Foxcroft; Joseph E. Colby Post, No. 41, Rumford; E. H. Bradstreet Post, No. 44, Liberty; Chas. D. Thompson Post, No. 77, Springfield; N. W. Mitchell Post, No. 80, West Newfield; Ansel G. Taylor Post, No. 95, Caribou; Eli Parkman Post, No. 119, East Corinth; Louis O. Cowan Post, No. 131, North Berwick; Edmund B. Clayton Post, No. 134, Strong; Fred A. Norwood Post, No. 146, Rockport; Chas. K. Johnson Post, No. 152, Carmel; Addison P. Russell Post, No. 159, Houlton.

A Yankee Sea-Captain in Japan.

Comrade Melville B. Cook of Co. B, in his "Japan; a Visit to the Island Empire," tells the following good story, which will be appreciated by all his comrades:—

While spending an evening in Kioto with another Yankee captain, we strayed to the billiard-room and engaged in play at the one table which the hotel afforded. Soon after, four English tourists came in, two of whom were gentlemen, while the other two were inclined to be snobbish. The two latter looked upon the game for a while with disgust, wishing to have the table themselves, and evidently, by their remarks and actions, were looking for some way to mildly insult us. At last one of them backed up to the fire, which was in an open grate, lifted his coat-tails with a deal of satisfaction, and remarked so loudly that we could not fail to hear, "This is the only thing an Englishman ever turns his back upon—a good fire in a grate." The intent of the remark was so plain that it could not help being noticed, as it was at once by my friend, who turned to the Englishman, and in a quiet manner remarked, "You must have forgotten Bunker Hill and New Orleans." It occurred to him as soon as he had spoken that there might be an objection to Bunker Hill, but there was no need to make a correction, for the fellow, muttering something, left the room, followed by his friend. His other two countrymen seemed to enjoy the retort, made our acquaintance, and we four passed a pleasant evening together.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

The North American Copperhead.

There was one character developed by the war which the political writers of the present generation appear to have neglected or overlooked—a character so unnatural and so unexpected, so conspicuous and so potent in all the years of the war, as to merit a separate page to perpetuate its infamy. I refer, of course, to the North American copperhead.

The slight of a creature so overflowing with contemptuous enmity against the national government and its adherents, from whatever cause, is no less a crime against the patriotic virtue of loyal Americans than would be an equal slight of those who fought the battles and preserved the unity of the nation.

It is true, the patriotism and the purposes of the union volunteer have been recognized and recorded, and his place upon the pages of our national history is alike honorable and enviable; the brave men of the South who fought us so hard and so long are remembered in kindness and sympathy, and all honorable Americans are proud of the record of their valor and their heroism; but the copperhead, that cowardly political assassin who lurked in the rear of our armies, is passed over in comparative silence, and children in their teens to-day have little knowledge of a character so vi-

ruent and so hostile to the cause in which we were engaged. Indeed, a just and true appreciation of the services and sacrifices of the loyal men of the North is impossible without a full knowledge and a clear understanding of the purposes and practices of that persistent and implacable host of traitorous cowards who gloried in the derisive title of copperheads.

Who were they, and why were they called copperheads? In some of our southern states is found a dangerous reptile of the rattlesnake family, best known as the copperhead. His home is in dark holes of the earth, under stones and rubbish, and he is sometimes seen in the tall grass of the meadows, but rarely ever in the bright sunlight. He seldom leaves his place of abode except forced by hunger or to gratify his insatiable passion for destroying with his deadly fangs creatures above him and better than he. In his native home he is recognized and regarded as the embodiment of all that is hideous and hateful, of all that is mean and malicious, and of all that is vile and venomous. In the early days of the war, by common consent, this expressive term was most fittingly applied to the enemies of the union in the northern or free states. It is a title, it is true, that flatters him—that poorly represents the baseness of his ingratitude and that fee-

bly indicates the contemptible meanness that characterized all his political acts when the unity of the nation was trembling in the balance and loyal men were struggling with their lives to maintain and perpetuate it.

It was he who assured the men of the South in their madness that the people of the North would tamely submit to separation or slavery, and that should any resistance by organized force to their proposed scheme for separation and disunion be offered, "the streets of the North would run with gore."

It was he who in almost every county of every loyal State sent forth his vile sheets, poisoning the springs of patriotism with his venom and befouling the streams of loyalty with his slimy influence. It was he who with a passion born of unalloyed cursedness denominated the immortal Lincoln an "ape" and loyal soldiers "Lincoln's hirelings," and publicly expressed the hope that those who volunteered to fight for the "Lincoln government" might never return. Inhuman and senseless as a Spanish bull at the sight of a red rag, the presence of our national emblem, the stars and stripes, would rouse his base passions to frenzy, and language could not express the contempt he manifested for the flag we love and for which so many of our bravest and best gave their lives to sustain.

It was he who opposed with

every device devils could invent or suggest, every means and every measure designed to augment or to make more efficient our armies in the field and our fleets upon the sea. When we were sad in defeat and when thousands of our comrades were lying lifeless on the field; when other thousands were wounded and dying, and still other thousands less fortunate were on their way to the prison pens of the South, there to suffer the tortures of slow murder; and when our homes were filled with sorrow and anguish, mourning their sad losses, he would come forth from his abode with a satanic smile upon his fiendish face and dance and howl with joy until the scene was changed — until our armies were again victorious.

Ay, it was he who in the darkest days of the war, when our armies were depleted and unpaid; when the moral influence of every civilized nation of the whole earth, save one, was against us; when England, whom we have been taught to revere as our worthy maternal ancestor, proved a remorseless old mother-in-law and while affecting neutrality as between the contending parties, openly aided organized rebellion in its efforts to destroy the only remaining republican government in all the earth, and with her men and means directed by a Confederate pirate, swept the ocean of our commerce, the sad effects of which we yet suffer and deplore;

when the cloven hoof of the degenerate Frenchman was upon the neck of prostrate Mexico and in threatening attitude he stood impatiently waiting the expiring breath of the last republic, that he might leap forth to plunder and to share the spoils of a broken union, of a ruined republic!—it was then the depraved reptiles, the brazen copper heads, met in joyful conclave, animated and controlled a great political convention that voted the war for the suppression of the rebellion a failure and demanded peace at any price, even to the planting of despotisms upon this freedom consecrated soil of ours. Then it was, the autumn and early winter of '64, we experienced our supremest peril, and well for us our sight was veiled, that we knew it not; but now we tremble as we realize how near we stood to the slippery brink of the dark abyss of disunion, anarchy and woe. During all these days of doubt and of danger, when all the elements of darkness seemed conspired against us, the copperhead was in ecstasies, but Five Forks and the consequent evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg in the spring of '65 drove him hopeless to his hole, from which he emerged in a body to curse the nation but a single time more. When Appomattox was won and the men in gray who had fought us in vain so long willingly laid down their

arms and gladly returned to their homes, when a single flag with many stars waved over a nation reunited and free indeed, when we realized that the great object for which we had so long contended had at last been accomplished, and when the whole patriotic North was ablaze with patriotic joy and delight, intelligence flashed forth from the Capitol that our beloved President had been shot by the hand of a confederate assassin! Never in the life of any nation were grief and gladness so suddenly commingled. Instantly strong men were weeping in their smiles and smiling in their tears. Brave Confederates who had sought so persistently to disrupt the union of the states, freely expressed their great sorrow and deep regrets for this causeless crime that had bereft a nation of its lawful head, and cast a cloud of gloom over all the land. But it was a gala day for the copperheads—their last glad day on earth. They were insane with joy, and insulted every loyal soul they met with blasphemous expressions of pleasure and delight. They even praised God! their god, the devil, for this crowning act in the closing scene of all those tragic years.

In his memorable address at the dedication of the monument at Gettysburg, President Lincoln gave expression to the pure sentiments of his great heart when he said "with malice

towards none, but with charity for all," etc. But I am constrained to believe that he had in mind only the erring men of the South who freely offered their lives for the cause in which they were engaged. In any event, when I remember that through the acts and influence

of the accursed copperheads the war was extended more than two long years, and in consequence more than 200,000 loyal lives were lost, I am free to confess that my charity ends and my malice begins at small-pox, yellow fever and copperheads.

H. C. HALL.

WHAT THE COMRADES HAVE TO SAY.

A Comrade's Story.

At the engagement of Black Run, while the regiment was drawn up in line on the crest of the hill, Gen. Smith, Col. Cilley and Maj. Chadbourne were dismounted and seated at the foot of a large oak tree, to the front of the regiment and about half-way down the hill, preparing to make a square meal from a ten cent box of sardines. A short distance to the right stood James T. Williams, acting orderly, who had one eye on that box of sardines and the other on his horse, thinking, no doubt, how he could capture that box. Just about that time Col. Cilley looked up from his dinner, and seeing Williams, ordered him to bring them some hard-tack to go with the sardines. As Williams turned to his horse, there was a yell from the woods below, and a column of gray-backs came charging out upon the road. Gen. Smith and Major Chadbourne immediately sprang upon their horses and dashed up the hill to the regiment. Col. Cilley was less fortunate. His horse had started down the hill in the direction of the Johnnies. He called to Williams, who was already mounted, to bring his horse. Williams immediately dashed down the hill at the top of his horse's speed, overtaking the colonel's horse within ten feet of the rebs, who ordered him to surrender, but with a "Go to —"

he wheeled and dashed back to where Col. Cilley stood, revolver in hand, amidst a shower of bullets. Col. Cilley was soon in the saddle, and both he and Williams escaped without a scratch. What troubled him most was to know what became of that box of sardines.

(See pp. 290 — 292, History.)

Letter from James T. Williams.

SALISBURY POINT STATION,

Feb. 14th, 1891.

My Dear General, — The BUGLE received; many thanks. I do not know whether I gave you a dollar for the same at our last reunion or not, the boys were all after me so when I arrived, but to make sure, I will enclose \$1 as I do not wish to be behind in anything that will tend to keep the gallant old First Maine Cavalry before the public. I wrote Comrade Tobie a few days ago, giving him an account of your narrow escape at Black Run with sardines thrown in. I shall be pleased to assist you in any way; you have only to command; you know I was always a good boy to obey orders while under you. I was unable to attend the last banquet on account of sickness; had not been out for a week at the time. Shall hope to see you at Detroit if not before.

Yours forever,

J. T. WILLIAMS.

(See p. 323, History.)

*Letter from W. W. Williams, Co.
D, Tenth New York Cavalry, and
Orderly for General Gregg.*

ROME, N. Y. Sept. 1st, 1890.

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

Dear Comrade—I received a copy of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE not long ago and I am greatly pleased with it—not with the book alone, but with the object aimed at. In the course of time you will be able to publish a full and correct history of the gallant old regiment. I have a copy of your history and I have discovered a few errors and omissions.

(Page 170, Comrade Co. M.) The night of June 20th, Gen. Gregg's headquarters were in Middleburg at the hotel. About eight or nine P. M. he called for an orderly. I answered the call. He called me into a room and said, "I am going to send you to Thoroughfare Gap to bring up Col. Taylor's brigade; here are the orders; read them so you will be sure to remember them, then hide the despatch in the lining of your clothes, and if you see there is a probability of your being captured, be sure and destroy the despatch; then if you succeed in getting through you will know what the orders were; better take a man with you, and hurry back." I took Parker G. Lunt. We got through all right. It must have been past midnight when I found Col. Taylor. I asked him how soon he would start. Said he, "As soon as light." Parker and I were very tired, so we lay down to get a little rest. If the brigade started that early we would get back to headquarters soon enough. Gen. Gregg got uneasy because we did not come back as soon as he thought we should, and concluded we had been "picked up." So he sent a sergeant and ten or twelve men, but they did not get half way before the Johnnies

run them back. After they reported, then the general called for a squadron, so you see the First Maine was instrumental in bringing the brigade.

(Page 229, Jan. 1st, 1864.) The division, under command of General Gregg left Warrenton about noon, camped the first night in a grove near Orleans. The grove might protect a person from the sun in summer, but it was no protection from cold that night. I froze both great toes so that they peeled afterwards. Next day, going over the mountains at a place called Black Rock we found a small distillery. Those in advance, most of them, got their canteens full of the liquor, but when headquarters came up the orders were to destroy it. When the barrels were overturned the whiskey ran out on the frozen ground and every imprint of a hoof or foot filled with whiskey, and the soldiers got down on their bellies and drank it off the ground. We camped at Front Royal that night. Next morning I saw about a squadron move out. I thought it was the advance guard, and decided to go with them. When we had fairly entered Manassas Gap I saw some horses on the side of the mountain to my left. I caught the best looking one, and the owner came and begged of me not to take the horse as it was a broken-down army horse that General McClellan gave him, and that was all he had to "make his crap with." When I had talked with him a few minutes, I looked for the advance guard, but they had passed out of sight, and I could see nothing of the main column coming. The thought came to me that I had better look for friends. When I rode down into the road again I saw a cavalryman with a blue overcoat on ride down the mountain on my right. He rode along the run in the direction I was going; I thought

him one of the advance guard. I could see where he would cross the run by a mill and come into the road where I was, by a house. I thought to overtake him and ride along with him. When I arrived at the house he was about eight or ten rods from me. I stopped and was about to call to him to hurry up, when he raised his revolver and fired at me. I got my revolver as soon as I could, and when we had exchanged a couple of shots apiece, two men came out of the house. I thought they might be loaded for me too, so I got out of range. When I had ridden a while I met a squad coming back to ascertain the cause of the firing. When we had overtaken the rest, I learned that what I had supposed was the advance guard was a hundred men detailed to go through to Warrenton with despatches that night, and Captain Wallstein Phillips was bearer of the despatches. He gave me some fatherly advice about foraging on my own hook. At Salem in a large white house we found quite a party of young people assembled, and among them were four or five rebels with their new uniforms on. When our men took them out there were many tears shed by the ladies. Those that were not crying were hurling their choicest epithets at us. We rode on a few miles farther and found a rebel soldier that had been with the army of Northern Virginia for two years. He had just put his horse in an old shed and was in the house ("too cold to sit on fence that day") shaking hands with his mother and sister, when he was ordered to fall in. We arrived at Warrenton about dark; Captain Phillips procured a fresh mount and escort and then proceeded to Cavalry Corps headquarters.

(Page 275.) "Went into camp on some fine bottom lands belonging to

an old lady, who was terribly exercised about it," etc. Not very old, about thirty-five or forty. The house stood on a ridge or terrace like, with a piazza facing the command. When General Gregg and staff came on the piazza she came out of the house, and stood for a minute or two looking at the cavalry (it was a beautiful sight; I remember it well—horses up to their knees in clover,—soldiers, some carrying rails, some driving stakes, some starting fires, others, with canteens, looking for water,) then she turned to the General and said, "I wish my bottom would open and swallow all you cavalry." General Gregg bit his lips and all the staff turned their heads.

(Page 223.) Courier being captured. If I remember right, this courier was Parker G. Lunt; it may have been Joseph A. Clarke,—he was captured between Fayetteville and Bealton Station almost within sight of camp. His horse was killed,—a fine mare that he got on Stoneman Raid.

Fight at St. Mary's Church, June 24th 1864—General Gregg's headquarters were by the battery towards the right of our line. When the rebel infantry attacked our cavalry the general sent me to start the ammunition and headquarter wagons toward Charles City Court House. When I had them started, I started to go back where I left the general. I had gone but a short distance when I met Major H. C. Weir, A. A. G. He asked where I was going. I said, "Up where the general is." Said he, "Come with me." He started in the direction of the left of our line. We had hardly got started when we saw Captain Phillips coming from the direction of the general. He seemed to be in the act of speaking to Major Weir when a solid shot passed back of his right leg, through his horse, and took his left leg off close to his

body. (He was riding obliquely across the field.) Horse and rider went down in a heap. The major dismounted as soon as he could and threw his bridle-rein to me, and then attempted to pull Captain Phillips from under the horse, for the horse was kicking him. Not being able to extricate him alone, he called two soldiers that were passing to assist, and while they were at work a shell burst over our heads and wounded the two men. Captain Phillips was put on a caisson and taken to Charles City Court House. He was buried under a tree and I used the only blanket I had to make him a shroud.

I think if you will investigate, you will find that Franklin McCauslin, of Co. C, was orderly at General Gregg's headquarters the winter of '64 and '65. At the battle of Hatcher's Run, Feb. 5th, 1865, during a lull in the fight, General Gregg heard a newsboy calling out his papers back in the rear. He sent Frank to get him one of each kind. Frank got the papers and folded them, then put them inside of his jacket. I was going to General Warren's with despatches and met Frank on his way back. When I had got nearly within speaking distance of him I heard a "minnie" pass my left ear; the next instant I saw Frank tumble off his horse. I got to him as soon as possible. He was dead, apparently. I saw where the bullet had entered and the exclamation I made was, "Shot through the heart." When I unbuttoned his jacket and pulled the papers out the bullet dropped on the ground. It was flattened, and over his heart was a spot about the size of a silver dollar. It was nearly two weeks before he realized anything.

There was a man from the First Maine named H. Hurd detailed at Gregg's headquarters. I have heard him tell of Great Falls, N. H. and

Great Falls, Me. The river separated them. He said he lived in Great Falls, Me.

I would be much pleased to hear from the First Maine comrades that were at division headquarters. Excuse errors, etc.

Yours in F. C. and L.

W. W. WILLIAMS.

Formerly Co. D, Tenth N. Y. Cav.

P. S. Can you give me Major H. C. Weir's address.

(See pp. 293 — 300, 508, History.)

Letter from Lieut. H. S. Libby, Co. C.

MELROSE, MASS., Feb. 23d, 1891.

DEAR COMRADE TOBIE—More than a quarter of a century has passed away since we were "mustered out." How the events of that grand and eventful period, when we were fighting for "old glory" and the perpetuation of our glorious union, "one and inseparable," come crowding on the memory when we sit ourselves down by the evening lamp light and think of those days when we were marching through the dust and heat of summer, or the winter's cold and snowy blast. Do you recall the Mine Run campaign, that occurred in November, 1863? Do you remember that Thanksgiving morning—it was "Thanksgiving" in our good old State—cold, bleak and dreary, when we crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford and pushed our way to White Hall—and all the events that followed that dismal and cheerless episode, which was a part of our army life? But we never lost heart—never doubted the final triumph of the "Stars and Stripes," and all that it stood for. When we fell back you will doubtless remember that our regiment was the rear guard of the army crossing at Ely's Ford. You will further remember that we

were not molested by the enemy. It was said at the time, that, in some way, they had learned we were protecting the rear. They had too much respect for us and did not care to stir up a "hornet's nest." However that may be, they kept at a respectful distance. And soon after we had crossed the ford they came out of the woods—I can see them now, in my mind's eye, Horatio!—and deployed skirmishers, and moved forward slowly and cautiously as though they expected opposition from some source. But what I started out to relate, was some incidents that occurred after we had returned to our side of the river. Late in the afternoon Co. C was detailed for picket duty at the ford, and along the banks of the river. I was in command of the reserve which was in bivouac in the woods near a house which was "guarded." Near the house the cattle were herded in a small enclosure.

The pickets were not posted until after dark. I had two posts near the river, two men on each, located on quite high ground, with a deep depression between them, and quite near each other. I had just reached the reserve after instructing them, when a shot was heard from the direction of the picket lines, followed quickly by another. Orders were given and the reserve were soon mounted, and we proceeded rapidly to the river. We heard a commotion on our left and soon learned that it was one of the pickets, who informed us that a boat-load of the enemy had crossed over and landed, or had attempted to do so. I told him to fall in and we would find out what it was, but after a thorough search we failed to discover anything. The pickets resumed their positions and we were not again disturbed during the night.

After we returned to our bivouac, one of the men came to me and asked permission to kill some of the cattle in the pen near the house before mentioned. Of course I could not give it, but I did not make any objections. We had not drawn fresh beef for several days.

But I cheerfully remember that we had a very enjoyable breakfast of fresh beef and no questions asked. But very soon thereafter, there was much excitement. The "guard" was searching for the culprits, but the evidence of guilt had quickly disappeared in the deep woods.

Directly after this little event we drew fresh beef from our venerable and wealthy "Uncle Sam," who never allowed his soldiers to go hungry when he could reach them.

"Old Secesh" never knew *who* got his beef, but was, no doubt, satisfied *where* it went. We were highly satisfied and ought to feel grateful to him that we had such an opportunity to "confiscate" his cattle!

During the forenoon the picket was approached by a woman, who asked the occasion of the firing the night before, and was informed, as stated, of what they thought had caused it. She then said that her husband and brother worked in a mine on the opposite side of the river; that they lived on this side and crossed over in a boat and returned at night. Of the fact that a picket line had been placed at this point they were not aware, and took their boat as usual to return home—reached the shore and attempted to land, when the pickets fired at them, when they wisely returned from whence they came. That was her thought about the matter, and she no doubt was quite right.

I recall another incident of picket firing that happened at Turkey Run—

our winter quarters, 1863-64. It was a very dark and cloudy night. We had a small fire at the reserve, around which we were taking as much comfort as possible, when suddenly a shot came flying just above our heads. I mounted my horse and rode out to the picket and asked him what he was firing at. He said that some one approached his post and fired at him, at least he thought so. In the dark he had fired in the wrong direction, and taking the little flashes of our camp-fire for the flash of an enemy's gun, blazed away. He was a new recruit!

Yours in F. L. and C.,
H. S. LIBBY.

Letter from Major Hall.

WOBURN, MASS.,
February 4th, 1891.

E. P. TOBIE:

Dear Comrade,—I want to see more of that kind of letters written by Comrade Kenney. It is just what I tried hard to get when I was President of the association for the annual pamphlets, but was not satisfactorily successful. We are all pleased with and proud of our regimental history, and when we examine it we meet with two surprises: first, that we find so much of history and other important and interesting matter; second, that we find such a dearth of personal incidents in which the old regiment was so rich and full, which were, indeed, the warp and woof of its real and true history. Now, to my mind the BUGLE is a supplement to our valued history, in which the true or full history may be completed and perfected, if the remaining comrades will but perform the duty they owe to themselves and to posterity. Surely you and Gen. Cilley have undertaken a generous and patriotic work in giving the comrades an opportunity of placing a record of their ser-

vices in a form that shall be true, gratifying and enduring. You have already merited and won success, and yet there is a mountain of material before you, waiting only for the comrades to put it in form for use.

Very truly,

H. C. HALL.

(See p. 478, History.)

Letter from Lieut. Col. William Brooke-Rawle, Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

February 6th, 1891.

EDWARD P. TOBIE:

My Dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 3rd instant, together with the number of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE, for which please accept my thanks. I certainly can have no objections to your reprinting in your magazine my address delivered at the dedication of the cavalry shaft at Gettysburg in October, 1884. Indeed I would be very much gratified to see it done. I do not quite understand from your letter whether it is the intention merely to reprint that address, or to reprint the whole of the proceedings at the dedication. If you wish a copy of one or the other for the printer, let me know and I will send it to you.

I am very much pleased with the BUGLE. You may perhaps remember that copies of the reports of reunions of the First Maine Cavalry were sent to me. I do not remember which is the last one that I received, as the reports are up at my house, but I will send you word which is the last one I have, and if any reports of reunions have been issued since my last one I would like to have them. I would also like to receive the back numbers of the BUGLE as well as the future ones.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM BROOKE-RAWLE.

Letter from R. R. Bangs, Co. L.

WESCOTT, NEB., Feb. 24th, 1891.

TO EDITOR FIRST MAINE BUGLE:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find description of an incident that happened at the battle of Deep Bottom. If you care for such, I shall be pleased to have you use it.

As members of Co. L have furnished but few notes for the History, I am afraid the readers of the History will be led to believe that Co. L had not the same fighting qualities that some of the other companies had. I can relate an incident that will show that there was one man in Co. L that could fight. It was at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16th, 1864. After the rebels were reinforced and were making sad havoc among our men and horses (we being mounted at that time and the rebels close upon us), the command was given to "fours right-about!" in order to fall back as I suppose and dismount and fight on foot. After the command was given, but before we had time to execute it, Edmund Whitney's horse was shot dead. Whitney was my tent-mate at that time and was riding at my right hand. After we executed the command, I looked back to see if he was all right, but saw that his horse had fallen on his leg and that he was unable to get out. The rebs were but a short distance from us and they were sending their bullets around us pretty lively, and about that time opened on us with artillery, and were making it rather hot for us. I did not stop to think of anything except that I must get Whitney out, so I rode back to him, dismounted and gave him hold of the halter of my horse, then I took hold of his dead horse's head and tried to roll his horse up so he could get his leg out, but failed in my first attempt. When he saw that I had failed to release him, he requested me to leave

him and get out before I was taken prisoner, but I told him I would try once more. I did so, and got my knees down under his horses neck and lifted every pound I was able to, and had the satisfaction of seeing him pull his leg out and stand on his feet. We could see the rebels but a few rods from us through the scrub pines, and knew that we were liable to be taken prisoners any moment.

I asked him to get on my horse, but he said no, that he was all right but for me to mount myself. I did so, and looked around to see what had become of him, when I saw him crouched behind a stump taking aim at a reb. I called to him to come on, and just at that moment a bullet struck my horse and he went down. We both got out dismounted. Just as my horse was shot, Sergeant Webster of our company came back to see if we were likely to get out, and ordered us to get out of there double quick. But what I wish to show is the fighting qualities that Whitney showed. After lying under his horse and expecting it to be the rebs that would take him out, and after getting out and knowing that he was likely to be taken prisoner every moment, still he was ready to fight. He had a very nice horse and he was mad to think the rebs had shot it, and I believe he would have faced a regiment and fought to the last moment. Hoping to hear from some of Co. L. boys through the Bugle, I remain,

Yours in F. C. and L.,

R. R. BANGS,

*Late Co. L, First Maine Cav.**Letter from James V. Wood, Co. I.*

DAVID CITY, Nebraska, 1888.

Our history, page 612, speaks of Winsor B. Smith, of "K" Co. (of Portland, formerly department commander of Maine, and now deceased)

being left with General Wadsworth at Gettysburg, and I beg leave to claim to be the other orderly who was left with the general. Every staff officer was either away, dismounted, or wounded. My brother, J. P. Wood, also Co. I, was color bearer; his horse was killed early in the fight, before Reynolds fell. Several times during the day each of us (W. B. S. and myself) were left alone with the general, the general sending one or the other of us to different parts of the field to perform such work as would usually fall to a staff officer. Occasionally some of the staff would be with the general. They were kept busy that day. At the last stand on Seminary Ridge, where we were out-flanked right and left, Wadsworth says to me, "orderly, help limber up that gun." It was the right-hand piece of the 2d Maine Battery, or it may have been Stewart's Battery B, 4th U.S. Artillery.

I did as ordered, the general holding my horse while I did so. The rebs were so near and were so sure they had us captured that they quit firing and were crying "Halt! Halt!" when General Wadsworth put spurs to his little chestnut sorrel mare and rode off the field, and turning in his saddle emptied his revolver at the rebs. I

tried to do the same, but only two chambers would go off.

JAMES V. WOOD.

(See p. 608, History.)

Letter from Frank J. Savage.

FAIRFIELD, ME.,

February 10th, 1891.

Dear General, — Enclosed I send you \$1 to pay for the FIRST MAINE BUGLE. I received mine last Sunday, and was very much interested in it. I prize it very highly. Perhaps I may contribute something of my experiences later.

Truly yours,

FRANK J. SAVAGE,

Late First Sergeant, Co. M, First Maine Cavalry.

(See page 646, History.)

Letter from Capt. William E. Miller, Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

CARLISLE, PA.,

February 2d, 1891.

EDW. P. TOBIE:

Dear Sir, — I have your favor of January 30th; also the copy of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE sent me. I will read with interest the latter, as the First Maine was always a favorite with me, and I feel an interest in anything relating to it.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM E. MILLER.

OBITUARIES.

The following letter tells its own sad story:

NO. ABINGTON, March 8th, 1891.

COL. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of my beloved father, Calvin B. Benson, who died very suddenly on the 24th day of February. He was unwell for about a week with a severe cold, but got much better and was able to go out of doors. On the evening of the 24th he was present and took an active part in a caucus, and was apparently quite well (although he had not been well for some time past, but had been at his business most of the time), but late in the evening he was taken with severe pains in his side and chest and was conveyed home, when two doctors were summoned and all was done that was possible, but he passed away at 11.30 that night. The doctors' report was that he died from rupturing the aorta. His death was very sudden and a great shock to his friends as well as family. He leaves a widow and three sons. Mr. Edgecomb of Boston and others have asked me to let you know of his death, so I have done so. Enclosed please find \$1.00 to pay for the last "BUGLE," and I wish you would continue sending them to me and I will forward money as directed.

Yours respectfully,

FRED. F. BENSON,

P. O. Box, 421. No. Abington, Mass.

Comrade Benson was buried February 28th from his residence, McPherson Post No. 73, G. A. R., Department of Massachusetts, of which he was a comrade, turning out in large numbers and officiating at the grave.

Following is the action of his Post, concerning his death.

HEADQUARTERS MCPHERSON POST }
73, DEPARTMENT OF MASS., }
G. A. R. }
ABINGTON, MARCH 10, 1891. }

Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Commander to call hence the soul of our beloved comrade, Calvin Bisbie Benson; therefore,

RESOLVED, that we reverently bow to the divine behest, acknowledging that even in the afflictions which He permits to befall, He doeth all things well; and we would take this opportunity to record a brief account of the life of the deceased, and express our high appreciation of his excellencies of character.

Comrade Benson was born in Hartford, Maine, August 25th, 1838. He came to Abington in '57-8 and worked at shoe-making. April 16th, 1861, he enlisted in Co. H. M. V. M. Infantry. He was discharged July 22d by expiration of his term of service. October 10th he enlisted at Canton, Maine, for three years or during the war, as a private in Co. G, First Maine Cavalry. He was promoted to corporal March 1st, '62, and to Q. M. Serg't October 28th. He was made a prisoner at Brandy Station June 9th, '63, and taken to Libby prison. He was, however, detained less than a week, being paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md., June 13th. He was exchanged, and rejoined his Company January 16th, 1864, at Warrenton, Va. He was promoted to First Lieutenant February 9th, '64, and commanded an attachment of picked men on the Dahlgren raid just after. He also was in command of his company during May in the Wilderness and with Sheridan on his raid toward Rich-

mond. He had a horse shot under him in a skirmish at Beaver Dam Station, May 10th, and had another shot under him and was sunstruck and ruptured in action at St. Mary's Church, Va., June 24th. He was discharged for disability November 1st, and returned to his home in Hartford, Maine, in such a condition of health that many thought he could live but a few months.

He was with his regiment in action some sixty times, and was in so many skirmishes besides, that he could count up, as he did, over one hundred and sixty occasions in which he was under fire. All this was because he was a picked man, with a detachment of picked men, often ordered out for special scouting, or other such duty. This all shows the high grade and character of the man.

January 6th, 1865, he married Rosabel Cushman at Sumner, Maine, and five children were born to them, three sons and two daughters, the sons surviving him.

In November, 1866, he moved to Abington, where he has since remained. He was a member of the First Maine Cavalry Association, and of this Post of the G. A. R.

As the chief traits of comrade Benson's character, we would name courage, strength, and kindliness; the two former being displayed conspicuously in his military career as outlined above; the latter being manifested partly in that warm-hearted spirit of comradeship which awakened such an affection for him among his companions in arms that he became a general favorite, and partly in that sympathetic tenderness of heart which led to his being made for so many years a member of the relief committee of this Post.

The expressions which have fallen from the lips of various comrades since the departure of comrade Benson, show that he had so warm a place

in the regard of his fellows, that few among us would be missed as he will be.

RESOLVED, that to the widow and sons, and all the surviving kin, we tender our sympathy, and assure them that while the deceased must have been far more dear to them than he could be to us, and their loss is altogether beyond what we can feel, yet nevertheless they have the comfort of the memory of the happy companionship with such a man, and the assurance that while his comrades remain an affectionate recollection of him will not fade from among men.

(Signed.) In behalf of the Post,
 JESSE H. JONES,
 J. P. BEAL,
 ALEXANDER McDONALD, } Com.
 A. W. WRIGHT,

The news of the sudden death of comrade Benson comes to us with a deep sense of personal loss. During his entire service in the grand old regiment, he was in the same company with ourself, and we knew him well. Indeed, more than once he proved himself to be a friend indeed, and that at times when "being a friend" meant something—meant sacrifice to him, and possibly lasting benefit to us. We tender our sympathy to his stricken family, feeling at the same time the futility of mere words. As long as life lasts we shall remember comrade Benson and honor his memory, and at the last grand roll-call, we trust our name will, as it was a quarter of a century ago, be on the same muster roll as his.

(See pp. 257, 558, History.)

With unfeigned sorrow we record the death of W. F. Fuller, at Portland, Me., July 20th. The death of such a man is a public calamity. Though still a young man, Mr. Fuller had by industry and perseverance, by his integrity and strict attention to business, won a place in the front rank among business men in this vicinity. When it was announced a few months since, that Mr. Fuller would move to Portland, the regret in the community was universal. Mr. Fuller was born in Jay, in 1842, on a farm in full view of the railroad just below the North Jay station.

In the year 1861 he enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry, where he served till the close of the war. It is an honor to any man to be a member of the First Maine Cavalry. Mr. Fuller came to Phillips about the year 1865, to engage in business.

In 1867 he married Miss Eldora, the youngest daughter of the late Darius Howard, of Phillips. He leaves a wife and four children.

Mr. Fuller engaged in the hardware business in 1865, which he continued with success until he sold out to Parker & Prescott, a few months since. He had held various positions of trust, had been treasurer of the town of Phillips for some years, and was a director of the Phillips Savings Bank. He was a large stock-holder in the Sandy River Railroad, was at the time of his death a director of the railroad, and of the Union National Bank. In each and every position he had acquitted himself with honor, and had won a reputation as a safe and level-headed business man.

On Saturday noon Mr. Fuller left his store in Portland, with the purpose, as was supposed by his clerks, of going to Phillips. On Sunday morning he called assistance from his window,

after a night of great suffering. A physician was summoned and repeated efforts made to notify his family; but communication by telegraph had been cut off by the storm Saturday night. We understand that Mr. Fuller was conscious during the day and exceedingly anxious to see his family, that he expressed a wish that Joel Wilbur, his brother-in-law, take charge of his business. He died Sunday evening. The Portland papers report that he died of heart disease.

The special train that went for Mr. Fuller's remains on Tuesday afternoon was beautifully decorated by the ladies of Phillips. In the head-light of the engine was a Masonic emblem, embedded in roses, while the engine was draped its full length with black and white. A good number of the Masons of the Phillips Lodge, of which Mr. Fuller was a member, went to Farmington to bear home what was left of the departed brother. A very large number of citizens were waiting at the depot when the train returned to Phillips at a quarter before seven.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Livermore, at the Union Church, Thursday, at eleven o'clock. A select choir, led by Mr. N. P. Noble with Mrs. Joel Byron at the organ, furnished music both sweet and appropriate. The address of Mr. Johnson was tender and well timed, suited to the sad occasion.

The casket rested in front of the altar, completely shadowed by the growing oleander and other flowers placed around it. At 12 m. N. B. Beal, Esq., who conducted the funeral gave the public a chance to view the remains of their former neighbor.

The burial service of the Masons was conducted at the grave, and at half past one o'clock all that was mortal of W. F. Fuller was committed to

mother earth. He is mourned by a grief-stricken family and a large circle of friends. — *Phillips Phonograph*, July 25, 1884.

On Saturday, the third of July, 1886, this community was shocked at the painful intelligence that Dr. FRANK BODFISH was stricken with insanity. Day after day the people anxiously waited and hoped for the recovery of him who was one of our most beloved citizens. But the Doctor's vitality was not strong enough to rally from the severe attack upon his nervous energies, his sickness being the result of long-continued ill-health, ending in nervous prostration. In the evening of Tuesday, the thirteenth, he sank into a stupor, from which he never aroused. His death occurred at 11 o'clock Friday night, July 16th. The funeral services were held at his late residence on Elm street, Sunday afternoon, Rev. John Kimball, pastor of the Universalist church, officiating. The Doctor was buried with Masonic honors by Northern Star Lodge of Freemasons, of which he was a member. Gen. Ord Post, G. A. R., of which he was also a member, acted as escort to the procession, composed of the relatives of the deceased, one hundred and twenty Masons, and a long line of carriages containing citizens of this and surrounding towns. A special train from Norridgewock brought many Masons and others from that town and Madison, while many came with teams from Madison, Embden, Solon and New Portland. There was a large concourse of people. Drs. Twaddle and Wing of Anson, Drs. Stevens and Bennett of New Portland, Dr. Hussey of Norridgewock, and Comrade George F. Moore of Anson, were the pall bearers. All the people

seemed eager to show their respect to one they liked so well.

Dr. Bodfish was born in Fairfield in 1841, but passed the most of his youth in Gardiner and Waterville. He graduated from Waterville College (now Colby University) in 1862. Immediately after his graduation he enlisted in the Twenty-first Regiment of Maine Volunteers, and was assigned to the position of hospital steward, it being his business to compound medicines. After a while he left the army to enter upon medical study, with a view of returning to the army. Accordingly, he graduated from the Maine Medical School at Brunswick, in 1864, having previously studied with Dr. Boutelle, of Waterville. After his graduation he re-enlisted, and was assigned to duty as assistant surgeon in the Fifty-sixth Illinois Regiment of Volunteers, and was with Sherman on his march to the sea. Later he was assigned to the same position in the First Maine Cavalry, with which he served to the close of the war. Afterward he attended a course of medical lectures at Harvard and at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. In 1866 he came to this village to establish a drug store, and has built up, in the last twenty years, a large and lucrative business. The doctor leaves a widow, the daughter of Hon. Albert Moore, and one son.

On account of his feeble health and a natural shrinking from the responsibility and hardship attending the practice of medicine as an exclusive business, the doctor preferred the quieter life of a druggist; but his thorough medical education, sound judgment, and great caution abundantly qualified him as a safe and able medical adviser. His extreme diffidence and lack of conceit forbade his exhibiting his knowledge, but those that have sought

it have always been benefited thereby, and many have from time to time urged him to abandon the drug business and enter upon the regular practice of medicine and surgery.

As a friend he was true and constant; as a man, honorable in his dealings, free from gossip and slander, friendly to every one, and every one was friendly to him. Mild and pleasant and kind-hearted, it would have pained him to hurt another by his tongue or his acts. He led a quiet, unobtrusive life, content with enjoyment in his happy home and among his friends. He believed in God and a happy future, and died as peacefully as a child falls asleep on the bosom of his mother; then his weary, troubled spirit felt once more the joy of returning reason.

ANSON, 1886.

S.

(See p. 459, History.)

The following list of the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry belonging to the Department of Maine, Grand Army of the Republic, who have died during the year, is taken from the report of the Department Chaplain, presented to the Encampment at the session in Portland, February 18th and 19th last:

Post 2, Andrew S. Fisher, age 54 years, 7 months, Co. F, died Aug. 12, 1890.

Post 7, Geo. W. Hussey, age 58 years, Co. E, died March 24, 1890.

Post 17, Abiezer Veazie, age 58 years, Co. B, died Aug. 14, 1890, at Malden, Mass.

Post 36, John H. Bickford, age 66 years, Co. K, died July 30, 1890.

Post 44, Geo. D. Palmer, age 68 years, Co. B, died Feb. 12, 1890.

Post 84, William H. Gray, age 70 years, Co. B, died Sept. 20, 1890.

REUNION AT BANGOR.

October 26, 1887.

ARRANGED AT THE REUNION OF THE

CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

EDITED BY J. P. CHASE, TREASURER, BANGOR, ME.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

AMERICAN J. P. CHASE, TREASURER, BANGOR, ME.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second-Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II.

JULY, 1891.

CALL 5.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL
CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE
FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO
THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTER-
EST TO ALL OF ITS MEMBERS.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

REUNION AT BANGOR,

October 4th, 1887.

SERVICES AT THE DEDICATION OF THE
CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. P. CILLEY, *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

ATTENTION!

THIS IS BREAKFAST CALL.

Fatty, Fatty, Fatty, Fatty,
Not a mite of lean,
Soupy, Soupy, Soupy, Soupy,
Not a darned a bean.

Comrades, many of you have acted as if Reveille was a request for you to turn over and go to sleep on the other side.

Stable Call only induced you to snore the louder; while at Roll Call you were as dumb as the wooden horse left by the Greeks before the walls of Troy.

Call No. 4 found you among the "led horses," still asleep. My only recourse is now to sound "Breakfast Call" in hopes you will open your mouths even if your eyes remain closed in slumbers. I know from practical observation, when it comes to a matter of eating, you are a brilliant success. It has been repeatedly demonstrated to those who have entertained us, that you can act well the part of the aforesaid wooden horse and eat as if you had a regiment of hungry men safely locked within, demanding full rations. You ate \$1,000 worth of provender at the Revere House and almost bankrupted the City of Boston by your lunch at Deer Island the next day.

We have fed you during the past year with quarterly Bugles, full and juicy. Like Oliver Twist you call for "more," all of which is delightful and commendable, but why do you not, like a good chicken, walk up to the dough dish and settle your bill?

The last time I stood in imagination before you, I told you frankly just how I felt and how anxiously I waited for the returns from the adjutant's office. That date was Feb. 2d, 1891. It is now June 2d, 1891, and behold the returns received up to this date:

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, in account with the

FIRST MAINE BUGLE	Dr.	Cr.
To Cash from 127 Subscribers for the Year	127 00	
" " 67 " " individual Calls	16 75	
By Cost of Printing Call One		154 05
" " " Two		95 00
" " " Three		175 37
" " " Four		98 60
Postage, Express and all Expenses except Ins. on Hist.		36 89
Balance Due	416 16	
	559 91	559 91

This apparent cloud of doubtful financial success is disheartening, but I tell you it has a silver lining, rich and promising. Comrade after comrade has contributed to send a Bugle to comrades earnestly desiring the same, but unable to spare the money to pay for it. Thus the heart of him who has given has been enlarged and the heart of him receiving has been made happy, and our regimental association has felt a glow of life akin to eternity.

No matter if these gifts have been few they are in the right direction and are bright with fresh fragrance.

I was led to propose the plan by receiving a letter from a comrade who served in another company and at a different time, and who had not a personal acquaintance with the comrade, saying, "I have read the letter of John F. Lord in the January issue and I desire you to send him a History and charge the same to me, but I do not want my name mentioned."

The question came home to me, are there not other warm hearts in the regiment? Are not other comrades "flat on their backs"? Thus the ball started, and may it keep on rolling.

Tobie now gives you a larger Bugle as a promise of the coming year and the comrades are gradually rousing themselves to bring their tithes to this our storehouse, till its "right to left" shall extend through a portly volume. Besides incidents of army life, it is hoped that hereafter it will also give us a view of your own present life, with what you are doing and the names of your wife and children, what comrades live near you, and still better, your own picture. It will not be long before the portraits of our wives and children shall adorn the pages of our quarterly.

It is now proposed to run "Campaign Two" till we work up our past reunion proceedings at the rate of one in each Call. This will make ten Calls. Campaign Three will then commence and we shall be ready for any improvements that the Association in its personality may determine as most fitting and appropriate.

If you will only "fall in" and keep step to the Calls of the Bugle, we will add some literary triumphs of peace to a war record second to none.

I will now ask you to attack the Breakfast Call with a good appetite and just enjoy what you eat and pay for the same or write that you desire some one to pay for you.

Your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY.

Leaves found in the Bottom of the Teakettle after the Tempest.

It is the same old story. Adam said it was Eve who asked him and Eve said it was the serpent who tempted her.

Mr. Red Tape in the P. O. Department blames the "unfamiliar clerk" and the "unfamiliar clerk" says the "Debil".

All of which is very clear and you reply that the serpent's head was bruised, but where is there any precedent or authority for putting the official heel of Mr. P. O. on the head of the First Maine Bugle?

This can only be explained by showing that the new revised edition of the book of Genesis on file at headquarters can be so read, that instead of the serpents head being bruised, the innocent apple was crushed and made into cider.—

"And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home again.
Hurrah!"

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION
OF THE
FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The sixteenth annual reunion was held at Bangor, Tuesday, October 4th, 1887, it having for some reason been deemed impracticable to hold it at Hallowell in accordance with the vote at the previous reunion. Headquarters were at the Windsor Hotel, where the comrades began to gather Monday evening. Tuesday morning the number was largely augmented as the trains arrived, and before noon there was more than two hundred comrades present at the reunion,—a reunion which one of the local papers pronounced "one of the best and most successful reunions in the history of the Association." As usual many old acquaintances were renewed, sometimes in cases where the comrades had not met each other since they were mustered out of the service.

BUSINESS MEETING.

At two o'clock the Association held a business meeting in Grand Army Hall, which was closely filled by as fine a looking body of men as are often seen together.

The meeting was called to order by the President of the Association, Colonel Samuel H. Allen, of Thomaston, and Lieutenant Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, acted as Secretary.

The first business was the appointment of a committee to nominate officers and to present the names of three places for the meeting next year. The committee was as follows: Field and Staff, Major George M. Brown, Bangor; Co. A, Sergeant

Milton C. Chapman; B, Captain Jacob B. Loring, Thomaston; C, Sergeant William A. Winter; D, Corporal Simeon A. Holden, Tremont; E, Sergeant Lorenzo B. Hill, Augusta; F, Sylvanus L. Hanscom, Bucksport; G, Sergeant Volney H. Foss, Bangor; H, Private Charles Smith; I, Private Albert McDonough; K, Lieut. George F. Jewett, Boston; L, Private Augustus L. Ordway, Boston; M, Lieut. Edward Jordan, Bangor.

The names of Bar Harbor, Houlton and Pittsfield were presented and Bar Harbor was unanimously selected.

The committee presented the following names for officers of the Association, and they were unanimously elected:

President, - - - - EDWARD P. TOBIE, Pawtucket, R. I.
Vice-President, - - - - AUGUSTUS R. DEVEREAUX, Ellsworth.
Secretary, - - - - CHARLES A. F. EMERY, Boston.
Corresponding Sec'y, - ORRIN S. HASKELL, Pittsfield.
Treasurer, - - - - GEN. J. P. CILLEY, Rockland.

The following committee was appointed to obtain designs and erect a monument on the Gettysburg battlefield to commemorate the position held by the First Maine Cavalry during the battle, with full power to act: Major Sidney W. Thaxter, Col. Samuel H. Allen, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Major Henry C. Hall, and Dr. John P. Sheahan.

Major S. W. Thaxter in speaking on the subject announced that General Charles H. Smith had given \$100 toward the expense of the monument in addition to the amount given by the State, and stood ready to help make up deficiencies. The announcement was greeted with applause.

A committee consisting of Comrades J. P. Cilley, Albion C. Drinkwater, George M. Brown, George F. Jewett, and William S. Howe was appointed to select and adopt a design for a badge for the association.

THE BANQUET.

At half-past six o'clock the comrades formed in line at the Windsor Hotel, and, to the music of the Bangor Band, marched down Harlow street, across Kenduskeag bridge, through Central street and Central bridge to Norembeaga Hall, making a fine appearance and attracting much attention. When they entered the

hall, whither they had been preceded by those of the comrades accompanied by ladies, seats were at once assigned at the tables. These were six in number, five extending lengthways of the hall and one across the hall in front of the stage, and the hall had been very prettily and appropriately decorated for the occasion. Three hundred and twenty-five plates were laid and they were speedily occupied. The galleries were soon crowded with Bangor people, friends of the comrades, who were admitted by ticket.

Col. S. H. Allen, the retiring President of the Association, occupied the head of the main table. On his right was seated Governor Bodwell, and on his left Major George M. Brown, who was to preside at the post-prandial exercises. The rest of the seats at the table were occupied as follows: Judge T. H. Haskell, Ex-Gov. Davis, Gen. Charles Hamlin, Hon. C. A. Boutelle, Gen. J. P. Cilley, Gen. Henry L. Mitchell, Col. Jasper Hutchings, Gen. J. S. Smith, Col. A. B. Farnham, Major W. L. Whitney and wife, Capt. B. H. Putnam, of Houlton, Capt. W. S. Howe, of Lewiston, Major Sidney W. Thaxter, John L. Crosby, Esq., Col. James Dunning, Charles S. Pearl, Esq., Mrs. Calvin S. Douty, wife of the late gallant colonel of the regiment, Dr. D. A. Robinson, Hon. E. C. Burleigh, of Augusta, Col. A. C. Hamlin, Col. J. B. Peaks, Mr. E. M. Blanding, Mr. J. Swett Rowe, of the Whig, and Mr. C. S. Lunt, of the Commercial. At seven o'clock Col. Allen called the comrades to order, and said:

"Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry: I congratulate you one and all most heartily upon the highly flattering circumstances under which you assemble this evening upon your sixteenth anniversary. And in accordance with your time honored custom to open your reunion by returning thanks to a kind Providence, and as our State and people have been bountifully blessed and prospered in the past year, let us earnestly supplicate continued blessings. I now have the pleasure of calling upon comrade and Professor Sewall, of Bangor, who will invoke the Divine blessing."

In his invocation Prof. Sewall referred to those of the regiment who are no more with us but who gave their lives in the defense of their country, and asked God's blessing and wisdom upon those remaining. After grace had been said Major Brown

said the comrades needed no instructions as to the next movement, and an assault was at once made, "company front," on the delicacies with which the table was loaded.

After an hour had been devoted to a discussion of the repast provided, which was served to the company by a bevy of bright-eyed young ladies, most of them daughters, if not of the regiment, of soldiers of the war, the company was again called to order by the President and the post-prandial exercises were begun.

Major George M. Brown, chairman of the local committee of arrangements, was introduced and in behalf of the comrades in that city extended a cordial welcome to their comrades. He referred to the pleasure afforded by the presence of their comrades, and their wives and daughters. He also referred touchingly to names inscribed around the hall — names of engagements in which the regiment took part during the war, names merely to outsiders, but fraught with terrible meaning to surviving comrades. Major Brown made a most touching allusion to two comrades of the regiment who lay side by side, one pierced with a sabre cut and the other by a gun shot wound, and who met again for the first time at this reunion.

Col. Allen responded to this address substantially as follows:

"Comrades, in justice to my own feelings and in confidence that I voice yours, I desire to thank Major Brown for his eloquent address of welcome, so generous, hearty and bountifully extended to us;" and addressing Major Brown he said: "I assure you that when we veterans go to our homes we shall carry with us a vivid and grateful remembrance of your words of good cheer so gracefully bestowed on this occasion." Then addressing the assemblage, Col. Allen said: "Ladies, gentlemen and comrades: We have with us our distinguished comrade, scout and forager, who never got left, or left a chicken to encourage the enemy. I have the pleasure of introducing Major Brown, who will preside as your toast master."

Major Brown in accepting the position, said there would be no toasts, but that short speeches and poems would be given and that though some expected were not present there would be enough to occupy all the time. In some felicitous remarks, and his manner of introducing the speakers throughout the even-

ing was very happy, he introduced as the first speaker Col. and Dr. A. C. Hamlin.

Col. Hamlin responded in his characteristic manner, full of wit and sentiment, beginning by saying he never saw Major Brown in quite so high feather and with quite so much war paint on since the time when he captured the noted southern spy, Belle Boyd. The doctor made some apt remarks and told some apt stories of the war, and spoke with much feeling of the work of the First Maine in the Army of the Potomac. In that army were thousands of men from Maine and our good citizen, Gen. Hodsdon, stood god-father to them all. At this point Dr. Hamlin was interrupted by Major Brown who proposed three cheers for Gen. Hodsdon and they were given with a will. Dr. Hamlin eulogized in the most eloquent words the work of the Army of the Potomac.

Major Brown read a letter from Gen. Charles W. Roberts and a telegram from Judge Foster expressing regret at their necessary absence.

The Major then introduced Governor Bodwell, who was received with cheers. Governor Bodwell said it was very gratifying to him to be present on such an occasion and he esteemed it a great privilege to be there. He thought it his duty to represent the State at such a time. "To these valiant comrades is due more gratitude than can ever be given and the Chief Magistrate of Maine should ever recognize their services by his presence at every reunion. I told a friend of mine in Washington, as I, with him, watched you march through that city to the front, that one of the best regiments that would be in the war was passing. In appearance you were one of the best, while the record of your battles show how you fought, and it is a matter of history that the First Maine Cavalry was one of the best in the field. But I do not care to take your time. I feel that there are many others whom you would care to hear from more than from me."

Comrade Francis E. Saunders, of Co. M, formerly of Dover, but now of Lowell, Mass., was next introduced, and made some earnest remarks. This was the first reunion of the Association which he had been able to attend, but he promised to be present with his wife at the future reunions. He closed by reading the following original poem, which was loudly applauded.

DO YOU REMEMBER, COMRADES?

Do you remember, comrades, in the spring of sixty-one,
 How the sharp and fierce report of the first rebellion gun,
 When fired from old Fort Moultrie's wall by treason's bloody hand
 Across the quiet waters at Fort Sumter's little band,
 Went echoing and echoing, again and still again,
 O'er hill and dale, from east to west, and out across the plain,
 Until within the heaving breast of every loyal man
 There rose a strong desire to firmly by our country stand,
 And to be true as long as treason showed her ugly head
 And 'gainst our country and the flag confederate armies led?

Do you remember, comrades, how we rallied to the flag;
 And when we heard the call of country none of us did lag?
 It was not pleasant, certainly, to leave our homes and all,
 But, ah! that silent monitor within said, "Heed the call;"
 And so we signed the roll and then put on the army blue,
 And by that act we signified that ever we'd be true.

Do you remember, comrades, that first little fight?
 'Twas but a skirmish with the Johnny rebs at night,
 While the main forces gathering were in battle array,
 To open the carnage awful at the break of day;
 'Twas a time to be remembered long, that first great fight,
 And many a heart was glad to see the shades of night
 That settled o'er the field so often lost and won.
 From early morn until the setting of the sun.
 So weary and so tired as we laid down to rest --
 Alas! some one beside the comrade in whose breast
 The thrill of duty would be felt again no more,
 For his last fight was fought, his spirit had passed o'er,
 While his body was numbered with the silent dead
 Who in that first battle so gallantly fought and led.

Do you remember, comrades, as days came and went,
 Of the many weary marches on which we were sent?
 Sometimes it was in full retreat o'er hill and plain,
 And then 'twould be "about face" and return again.
 And so we marched, now forth, now back, for four long years, --
 Years which were full up to the brim of hopes and fears,
 For oft we heard the welcome news of victory won,
 And then of sore defeat would the sad story run.

Do you remember, comrades, as I repeat to-night
 The name of many a terrible and gallant fight?
 Shiloh, Antietam, Vicksburg and Gettysburg, too,
 Were places where our noble men stood tried and true;
 Nor yet must we ever forget the western plains,
 Where many and many a glorious battle was fought and gained.
 Nor forget Sherman's grand Atlanta to the sea,
 Nor Grant's onward to Richmond grand, which made us free.

Do you remember, comrades, how we used to do,
While tramping and fighting, dressed in the nation's blue?
How was it with us when the hard tack run so low,
And we had still many a weary mile to go?
How was it when we slept on two fence rails at night,
And dreaming were of home and that all things were right,
We heard a voice which said, "The rebs are in our front,
Fall in, boys, lively, and we'll go upon their hunt."
Ah! comrades, those were days that sorely tried our souls;
No wonder that they often made us feel quite old,
Footsore and weary, hungry, aching, tired and wet—
Those, comrades, were the days we never shall forget.

Do you remember comrades when the war
Was o'er, and we had to tramp, tramp no more,
How our hearts thrilled at that word, glorious, "peace,"
And we knew that the civil war had ceased?
"Tis finished," then we heard the statesmen say;
"The northern soldier, brave, has won the day;
For this our nation in her sorest need
Has been protected by her patriot's deeds;"
But what, comrades, I ask, has all this cost?
How many gallant, precious lives were lost?
How many comrades brave, who signed the roll
Who never heard the story of victory told,
For in the thickest of the stubborn fight
They gave their lives for God and for the right?
And yet methinks if we could part the veil
We should not hear from them one plaintive wail,
But rather see a land of sweet perfume
Coming from flowers which always are in bloom;
A land wherein the tree of life is growing,
And soft and gentle breezes ever blowing;
A land where music sweet is heard afar
Echoing through the pearly gates ajar.
To that beautiful land our comrades were led
By the kind hand of Him who, it is said,
Calmed the angry waters and stilled the storm
On sacred Galilee's tempestuous morn.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful land,
A place where all is fair and bright
A place that's full of God's pure light,
Oh, beautiful, beautiful land.

Letters of regret were read from ex-Mayor E. B. Nealley, and
Gen. Richardson, of Gardiner.

Gen. Charles Hamlin was next introduced as the chairman

on the part of the State of Maine, of the Gettysburg Monument Association, and made a telling speech. He said that the First Maine Cavalry was peculiarly the representative regiment of the State, having been raised from every part of the State and containing citizens from every walk in life. It early made a record and had never lowered it. The State of Maine takes great pride in that noble record. Its record was a matter of history that no words of his could add to or detract from. Gen. Hamlin spoke of the work of the regiment at Gettysburg, and hoped that it might have proper recognition, and very soon, by a suitable memorial to mark the spot. He urged the comrades to keep alive the great loyalty for which they were noted. They fought for liberty and union, they did not fight for pensions. Gen. Hamlin was loudly applauded at the close.

Major Brown next read a letter from Gen. Charles H. Smith, of Eastport, the old commander of the regiment, who expressed his regret at being unable to be present, and sent many a kindly word to the comrades.

Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, of Rockland, was next introduced and was most heartily received. He spoke eloquently and feelingly, and interspersed his remarks with humorous sayings and funny stories, two of which are here given, which, by their personal and pat hits on those present were received with laughter and applause. Referring to his college mate, Gen. Hamlin, who had just spoken, he said, "Gen. Hamlin has told you how he raised a large portion of the men who went into Co. D, from Bucksport and Orland, of his bringing Gen. Spurling and Capt. Montgomery into the regiment, and how near he came himself to being a member of the regiment, and finally drifted into the Eighteenth Maine, and First Maine Heavy Artillery. "Now this remarkable flirting with the Cavalry wherein he came near being the father of Co. D, but afterwards allied himself with both the Infantry and Heavy Artillery, reminds me of an old bachelor friend of mine, a man of most estimable character and peculiar constancy, who, disappointed in his early affections, remained a bachelor, and true to his ideal. One day he met a bright looking boy on the street whose countenance fascinated him and called to mind the lineaments of one whom he had once loved. Patting him on the head he asked his name. The boy readily gave it and my bachelor friend, speaking his

thoughts by some involuntary action, said, 'Ah! Did you know how near I came to being your father!' 'How was that?' said the bright little fellow. Recalled to his senses, my bachelor friend stammered, 'I—I tried to court your mother.'

Near the close of his remarks he paid a generous tribute to the services of Col. Allen, the president of the Association, recalling the aid and encouragement he had received from him in raising and organizing Co. B, speaking of the proximity of Allen's (who was then major) tent at Augusta to his own in the line of Co. B, recalling the reverence with which he looked up to him when he was made colonel of the regiment the last of that cold winter on the fair grounds at Augusta, and related his first detail and service away from his regiment in these words. "The winter had nearly passed, we were well drilled and in good condition for active service, lacking only experience. The orders had been received or were in the air that we were soon to move to the front. Every heart in the regiment was throbbing with patriotic expectations. Late one afternoon, an orderly came to my tent and reported that Col. Allen sent his compliments and desired to see me at his quarters. Buckling on my belt and side arms, in accordance with military etiquette, I reported with military salute and stood at attention to receive instructions or orders. The colonel, who was always deliberate in his utterance, spoke more deliberately than ever. 'Captain,' said he, 'orders have been received to send one battalion to Washington immediately; the other two will follow as soon as possible. I have known about you longer than I have any other officer in the regiment. I have a great deal of confidence in you and believe I can trust you. (Did I not feel proud?) I have engaged the best horse and sleigh at the Augusta House stables and I want you (speaking slower and slower) I want you to go to Thomaston as rapidly as you can and bring my wife to Augusta to see me.' My expectations of glory were lowered, but I knew his wife was a most beautiful lady, and there were also hosts of friends in Thomaston I wished to see before I left the State. Suffice it to say that by midnight the fastest horse in Augusta was in Thomaston, fifty miles away, with orders to have him carefully rubbed dry and ready for a return trip on the morrow, and I surprised

and roused my good aunt and cousins in Thomaston to a midnight chamber reception that was as laughable as it was surprising. The next morning I called on Mrs. Allen, who was mightily glad to see me because I had come from her husband and was to take her to see him, but of course I appropriated all this pleasure at seeing me to myself personally. She had quite a number of things to perform for the colonel and I had half a day or so to see my friends in town. It was the afternoon before we got started for Augusta and in the meantime the weather had become cold and stormy.

"Mrs. Allen was always, as she is now, a most beautiful woman, but never did she look so beautiful and joyous as when I tucked those ample buffalo robes the colonel had provided, around her and took my seat beside her. How short seemed the time returning. I wished several times that the horse would become lame or get stuck in a snowdrift. At evening we had a nice supper at Bryant's, in Windsor, and were waited on by his comely daughters of Juno like proportions. Again I tucked the robes around her and occupied the seat at her side and the last ten miles of the journey to Augusta were before us. I had lived all winter in a canvass tent without fire, and during the short time I was in doors at Thomaston I was nearly killed by the apparent hot condition of the atmosphere in houses, but as I sat by the side of Mrs. Allen, I involuntarily shivered. She said, 'Are you cold?' I said, 'I feel shivery.' She said, 'Let me put this shawl around you.' I thanked her and she put the shawl around me and pinned it nicely. I kind of nestled up to her so as to keep out of the cold, and with the bells a ringing, the keen air blowing, the swift motion of the horse and beauty of the snow, I thought what a magnificent colonel, Allen was. What a pleasure it was to serve under a man of so much discrimination, and I resolved then and there to stand by him, to follow him to the fore front of battle, and even to death, and then—and then—to get a pension for his widow."

Major Brown next called upon Mr. J. S. Rowe, of the Bangor Whig, who read a letter written June 3d, 1862, by Governor Washburn to Colonel John Goddard, directing him to proceed to the front and look after the sick and wounded of the Maine soldiers, and to particularly inquire after the fate of Major J.

P. Cilley and Captain Black Hawk Putnam, and if dead, as was then supposed, to secure their remains if possible, it being a happy coincidence that both these gallant and brave officers were present at this reunion. Major Brown supplemented the reading by some happy remarks touching the wounding of the two officers and their subsequent restoration to the service.

Lieut. E. P. Tobie, Historian of the Association was next called up, and after returning thanks for the kindness shown in electing him President for the ensuing year, he told a story about a certain military order given by Gen. Smith one evening, while on Gen. Sheridan's raid toward Gordonsville, and then read the following original poem :

A STORY OF HOME IN WAR TIMES.

One day the news flashed o'er the wires a battle had been fought,
And many a loving heart that night was filled with anxious thought,
For it might be their own brave boys perchance were in the fight,
And if they were God only knew what then might be their plight.
Three days passed by—a letter reached a little home in Maine;
'Twas written in a stranger hand and filled that home with pain;
A comrade of their soldier boy the letter wrote, and told
How bravely he had fought—but when the tide of battle rolled
Against them, he was missing—left a prisoner to the foe;
He had been wounded, that they knew—how bad they did not know;
The letter closed with words of hope that he might be all right—
At all events, he nobly did his duty in the fight.

As day by day passed by with no relief to the suspense,
The strain upon the heart and nerves grew cruelly intense;
The gray-haired father said but little, and sadly shook his head
Whenever any one inquired if he'd got any news from Ed,
But all the time his heart and soul went out in earnest prayer:
"If come this sorrow must, O give us strength the blow to bear,
And faith to see 'tis for the best; O, God, protect our son—
Preserve him if it be thy will—thy will, not ours, be done."

The mother gave no outward sign of grief; her faith was strong,
And hope sang ever in her heart a sweet and cheerful song;
But yet there was a tenderer tone in every word she said,
And something in her face that told her thoughts were all of Ed;
She oft withdrew to her own room, and there awhile remained,
And now and then when she returned her eyes with tears were stained.

The elder sister, Sarah, tried the other's hearts to cheer,
Yet oft while speaking words of hope, she brushed away a tear;
She seemed to feel her mission was to comfort all the rest—

Well she performed this work of love and greatly was it blest;
Her faith and hope were ever strong in God and in the right,
And never once in these dark hours did she of these lose sight.

Another sister, Mary, nearer him in thought and years,
Who'd been the sharer of his early manhood's hopes and fears—
Ah! close the ties that bound these two—naught stronger on the earth
Than love like that she had for him o'er whom she'd watched since birth;
A better, gentler, kinder heart than hers was never known—
The sorrows of the ones she loved were added to her own;
She uttered words of cheerful hope, but ever and anon
The tears that mingled with her smiles showed hope was well-nigh gone.

A brother, 'Roy, who'd just returned from two years service done
In camp and field, and nobly done, who'd seen fields lost and won,
And better knew war's dangers and war's chances—he, too, tried
To make himself and those he loved look on the brighter side;
He kept stout heart, firm tone and cheerful face when they were by,
Nor let them e'er see him with quivering lip or moistened eye,
But in his heart was all the time, this purpose, firm and strong,
Oft spoken through his teeth, "If we don't hear from Ed e'er long,
I swear, I'll re-enlist."

In all these anxious hours, not one
Of those he loved expressed regret that he to war had gone;
They were all proud that he went forth in freedom's cause to fight,
Although e'en now he might have died for country and for right.
And still no word; one day they sat in silence, and it seemed
As if the strain could not be longer borne; the faith that gleamed
So brightly when he went to war was growing dim; and hope
Was fading fast; and each one felt they could no longer cope
With this uncertainty. Then Mary the sad silence broke—
"Well I do n't care—I'd rather be where he is," she spoke,
"Than here at home, skulking around, in terror of the draft."
With these brave words their hearts concurred; with one accord they
laughed—

The first laugh in that home for days; and with that laugh returned
Faith, hope and trust, and cheerfulness—all once more brightly burned
In every heart; and though the sorrow yet remained, they ne'er
Again lost hope;—ere long word came which brought them glorious cheer.

Major Brown held up a bouquet saying it had been presented
with a note from a friend of Lieut. George S. Kimball, who
was killed in battle, "in loving memory of my friend and com-
rade," and called upon John L. Crosby, Esq., who was his
college class-mate to speak. Mr. Crosby made some most per-
tinent remarks, paying a high tribute to the mother of the de-

ceased comrade, and closed by reciting Bishop Burgess' beautiful poem on "The Old Blue Coat the Soldier Wore," as follows:

THE BLUE COAT OF THE SOLDIER.

By Rt. Rev. Bishop Burgess, Late of the Diocese of Maine Protestant Episcopal Church.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
 Though never I passed the man before?
 Because my heart was full and proud,
 When I saw the old blue coat he wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I know not, I, what weapon he chose,
 What chief he followed, what badge he wore,
 Enough that in the front of foes,
 His country's blue great-coat he wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
 Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;
 To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
 I only marked the coat he wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line
 From Shem or Ham, in the days of yore;
 For surely he was a brother of mine,
 Who for my sake the war-coat wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He might have no skill to read and write,
 Or he might be rich in learned lore;
 But I knew he could make his mark in fight,
 And nobler gown no scholar wore
 Than the blue great-coat, the sky-blue-coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
 And perhaps, in his mood, he scoffed and swore;
 But I would not guess a spot so foul
 On the honored coat he so bravely wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He had worn it long and borne it far,
And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,
From midnight chill till the morning star,
That worn-great coat the sentry wore :
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

When hardy Butler reined his steed,
Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore,
Perhaps behind him, at his need,
Marched he who yonder blue coat wore :
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks,
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore ;
Perhaps on the mountain-side with Banks,
In the burning sun no more he wore
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamp was a bed for his form,
From the seven days battling and marching sore,
Or with Kearney and Pope 'mid the steely storm,
As the night closed in that coat he wore :
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or when, night over, as Jackson dashed,
That collar 'or cape some bullet tore,
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore :
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat that the soldier wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar ;
Or saw with Grant the unchained waves
When conquering hosts the blue coat wore :
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

That garb of honor tells enough,
Though I its story guess no more ;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
That coat is mail which that soldier wore :
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore,

He may hang it up when peace shall come,
And the moth may find it behind the door,
But his children will point when they hear a drum
To the proud old coat their father wore:
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Still bow the head, as one goes by,
Who wears the coat that soldier wore:
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

A letter from General C. P. Mattocks was then read, expressing his regret at not being able to be present.

Judge Haskell, of the Supreme Court, was next called up. He felt it an honor to be present upon this occasion. "The names of battles about the hall are not meaningless to private citizens. They indicate the places where many brave men laid down their lives for the country. Braver men never have fought than these veterans. Why? To maintain the unity of the government. These meetings should stimulate the veterans to better perform their duties as good citizens; to throw their influence in favor of purity of the ballot, an honest vote and a fair count. We should carry ourselves as becomes men whose fathers have bequeathed to them the heritage of a free government. You veterans have defended it, and I hope it will be conveyed to future generations spotless as it has been handed down to us." He also referred incidentally to the youthful appearance of the comrades, which was so generally remarked upon during their stay in Bangor.

Congressman Boutelle was loudly applauded on being called up. He wished he was a member of the First Maine Cavalry, but as he was not he was proud to have among his constituents so many of the brave men who composed it. He did not need to eulogize the First Maine Cavalry. As Daniel Webster said of Massachusetts: "There she stands. Her record is before you." That proud record of names of places in which the regiment was engaged was not only the pride of the regiment, but the pride of the State and the nation. The First Maine Cavalry taught the South that it was not in them that dwelt all the chivalry. Than the lamented Col. Douty and the gallant Boothby, no braver or more gallant men ever lived. He closed his remarks by reading the following story as told by a grim

old field piece that had been battered at Cedar Creek, of the repulse of the Union troops on that eventful morning, from the poem entitled "The Songs of the Guns," written by Francis M. Finch and by him read at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Albany, New York, June 18th, 1879.

They sacked our camp; they took our flag;
 They tore our empty tents to rags;
 They turned on us our captured guns,
 While blood from rill to river runs;
 They swept our wagon train away
 And crowned with victory blackest day.
 But where the leader, mad and grim?
 Some one has framed in battle-hymn
 The story of his angry ride,
 With spurs drove deep in charger's side.
 Bays for the poet who sweetly sings!
 But this is the way a war gun rings!

COMING, BOYS.

Hurry, Phil Sheridan!

Ride! Fly!

Race with the wind,

Out-gallop the river,

To the columns thinned

And the lines in a shiver.

Ride! for the gleam of your fortunate star

Will blaze new hope on the valley afar;

Ride! 'Tis a rout of cannon and car

Like a drift in a storm of cordage and spar;

Ride! or the glory just born of the war

Will bleed with the bullet or blush with a scar.

Sheridan, ride!

With blood on the spur,

And blood in the air;

Ride! Ride!

With your helmless hair.

Coming is Sheridan,

Hot, wild;

A speck on the hill,

A shadow far flying,

Incarnated will,

Disaster defying.

Coming! where threatens the cataract's roar,

And crossing his gallop the wild waves pour;

Coming ! where blows of the lightning tore
The oak behind and the pine before ;
Coming ! though fiends from the fiery shore
Brigade in his path the furies of yore.

Sheridan comes !
With blood on spur
And death in the air ;
Comes ! Comes !
With rage in his hair.

Hurry, O, Sheridan !
Ride ! Fly !
Rowel the steed
Till the wild hoofs rattle ;
Yonder they bleed
In the storm of the battle.
Ride ! or your flags in the valley will fall,
Torn with the bayonet, riddled with ball ;
Ride ! or the ranks that have answered your call
Will famish, and die in bondage and thrall ;
Ride ! or the smoke will wind in its fall
Gun, cannon and flag, hope, glory and all.

Sheridan, ride !
With blood on the spur,
And flame in the air ;
Ride ! Ride !
With your streaming hair.

Coming is Sheridan !
Halt ! Form !
His steed in a foam,
At the front he is riding ;
The master at hand
All the battle is guiding.
Halt ! and the fear and the terror are dead,
And they harden to heroes who hopelessly fled ;
Form ! and the front of the battle is spread
Where the blood of the moaning morning was shed ;
Charge ! and the foeman have bitterly bled,
And the sun that was clouded sets splendid and red.

Sheridan, Charge !
With blood on the spur,
And death in the air ;
Charge ! Charge !
'Tis a banner, your hair.

Glory for Sheridan!

Name! Fame!

Bays for his brow

And straps for his shoulder,

Never we bow

To warrior bolder.

Fame! for the army he galloped to save

From the bar of the prison, the mould of the grave;

Fame! for the nation whose banners he gave

New flashes of freedom from mountain to wave;

Fame! for the lesson the proud worlds crave

That "the land of the free" is "the home of the brave!"

Sheridan ride!

With gold on the spur

And fame in the air;

Ride! Ride!

We laurel your hair!

Rev. Dr. A. K. P. Small, of Portland, formerly of the First Baptist Church of Bangor, was the last speaker, and his words of thrilling and burning eloquence showed that he had lost none of his old time power with which he used to sway the hearts of the multitude in the days of rebellion and send forth men to battle for their country filled with resolve to do or die to save the nation. His references to the war meetings that used to be held in old Norumbega and in public squares of the city were deeply affecting and brought tears to the eyes of many of his hearers. His speech brought forth loud and prolonged applause and was a happy termination of a most interesting and successful reunion.

The song "Marching Through Georgia," accompanied by the Band, brought the exercises to a close.

During the evening the exercises were interspersed with choice music by the Bangor Band, stationed in the balcony.

Mrs. Douty, widow of the beloved Col. Calvin S. Douty, was present and received much attention from the veterans.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The second annual meeting of the "Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry" was held in the parlor of the Windsor Hotel on the afternoon of this reunion day. In the unavoidable absence of the officers, Mrs. Olive M. Long was chosen President pro tem, and Mrs. Emma L. Bickford secretary pro tem. After the usual

routine business, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, . . . Mrs. OLIVE M. LONG, Boston.
Vice-President, . . Mrs. EMMA L. BICKFORD, Skowhegan.
Secretary & Treasurer, Miss ETTIE M. VAUGHAN, Skowhegan.

There were thirty-one ladies present, and the meeting was an exceedingly pleasant one. Adjourned to the next reunion of the regimental association.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts, which was formed of the comrades residing in Boston and vicinity just prior to the reunion at Skowhegan, is proving itself to be a lively association, affording much benefit as well as pleasure to the comrades of the grand old regiment who are so unfortunate as to reside outside the good old Pine Tree State. On the evening of November 16th, 1886, the association tendered a reception and banquet to Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley and Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, and others, at the Crawford House, Boston, the occasion being the first meeting of the committee on the publication of the history. The evening was a most enjoyable one. The Boston Globe of the 17th gave the following account of this gathering:

A jollier set of veterans have not met for many a day than the survivors of the First Maine Cavalry regiment who reside in Massachusetts, who gathered at the Crawford House last evening. The First Maine Cavalry has an unexceptional record. It had during its terms of service 3500 officers and men on its rolls. Of that number 625 were killed or died in service, and its total lists of casualties footed up 1987. The regiment was engaged in 107 battles and skirmishes, and proudly carries on its flags three more battles in number than any other command in the Union army. The meeting yesterday was an impromptu affair, complimentary to its old commander, Colonel (now General) J. P. Cilley, of Rockland, Me. and Lieutenant E. P. Tobie of Pawtucket, both of whom were present to receive the greetings of thirty of their old comrades. The supper was served at 8 o'clock, and later speeches were made, and stories told and songs sung. President Thomas J. Long presented as the first speaker, General Cilley, who received a rousing welcome. The general made a capital speech and convulsed the boys in his narration of Comrade Tobie's experience with a black horse battery, which could have thrown broadaxes, had any ammunition of that kind been obtainable. Comrade Tobie next responded to the call and retorted by relating personal reminiscences of the colonel's experience. He closed by stating that the regimental history would be ready for the public at the next reunion of the regi-

ment. Other speeches were made by Col. Zimri Smith, of the Boston Journal, Adjutant Thad Little, Col. A. C. Drinkwater, Major Hall, P. F. Shevlin, George A. Ordway, Henry Little, Charles E. Jack, and Comrade George H. Patch of the Globe. All the comrades of the regiment rendered thanks to the officers of the association for calling the meeting, and expressed the hope that another winter meeting be held. Notice was given at the table of the death of Sergeant Ansel Drew, one of the bravest of the brave.

A meeting of the association was held in the Sherman House, Boston on the twenty-eighth of September, at which it was voted to attend this reunion, going by the Boston & Maine Railroad (Eastern Division) and to charter a Pullman car for the purpose, a committee having already made the necessary arrangements.

Comrade Thaddeus Little, from the committee appointed for that purpose, presented the report of the committee with the draft of a constitution and by-laws which were adopted. These provide that the name of the association shall be the "Massachusetts Branch of First Maine Cavalry Association;" that its object is "the binding ourselves together to perpetuate the memory of our services in the late rebellion, and for the mutual benefit of all our beloved comrades of the First Maine Cavalry wherever located;" that "any member of the First Maine Cavalry or First District of Columbia Cavalry from August 1861, to August 1865, is eligible to membership in this association;" together with the usual provisions for officers, and their duties, meetings, dues, etc.

It was voted to hold the annual meeting on the second Wednesday of the following December, and Comrades Albion C. Drinkwater, Thaddeus Little and Charles A. F. Emery, were appointed a committee to make arrangements for said meeting.

The secretary was authorized to procure a badge for the association, to read "Massachusetts Branch."

By reason of the work of this association, a large number of the comrades and their families from Boston and vicinity were enabled to attend this reunion comfortably and all together, a privilege which all appreciated.

THE HISTORY.

The committee on the publication of the History of the Regiment which was appointed at the reunion in Portland in 1885, and re-enforced at the reunion in Skowhegan in 1886, made their report at this reunion in the form of the printed book, handsomely bound, and more profusely and better illustrated than any other regimental

history yet published. Therefore a brief sketch of the work of this committee seems to naturally find a place in connection with this reunion. The committee consisted of Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Major George M. Brown, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Albion C. Drinkwater, Charles A. F. Emery, Charles F. Dam, Samuel W. Lane, John French, Augustus L. Ordway, and Nathaniel L. Owen. The first meeting was held in Boston on the sixteenth of November 1886, when a long consultation was held, different views were expressed, an estimate of the cost obtained from printers and binders, and a decision arrived at to prepare to print one thousand copies. The Historian reported, as he did at the reunion in Portland, that, through the kindness of Gen. Charles H. Smith, he had been supplied with complete rosters of the seven companies the rosters of which he did not already have, and therefore had all the material necessary; that copy for the history proper could be made ready for the printer at short notice and the rosters by the time they would be needed, and that he was ready to commence the work at any time the committee might direct. He was directed to commence at once. The matter of illustrations was talked over freely, and was finally placed in the entire charge of Gen. Cilley, as was also the financial part of the work. Of the latter portion of the programme Gen. Cilley has already told the story in Call 1 of the Bugle, while of the former he will tell his own story of struggles and triumphs a little later. Sub-committees were appointed for various parts of the work, and the work was fairly inaugurated. This meeting of the committee was rendered peculiarly pleasant from the fact that the First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts tendered a reception and banquet to Gen. Cilley and Lieut. Tobie, at the Crawford House as related on pages 23, 24.

Another meeting of the committee was held in Boston a few weeks later, at which the committee were encouraged by reports of interest in the publication of the History from comrades every where, and decided to have fifteen hundred copies printed—one thousand with illustrations, for the comrades of the regiment and their relatives, and the remaining five hundred without illustrations, or with only a few, for the general public, should the general public wish. The sub-committee on printing gave the contract for the work to Comrade Charles A. F. Emery, of the committee, who was about going into business in the firm of Emery & Hughes, and right glad was the committee to be able to give the work to a com-

rade of the regiment, as well as proud to have a comrade able to do so nice a job of printing. The appearance of the book is ample evidence that the committee were wise in their choice. At this time a fair start was made in the work. Several other meetings were held, all in Boston, before the work was completed, and it is probable the members all realized before they finished, that there was more work to do for a committee on publication than they had imagined.

The Historian at once went to work to prepare the copy. And right here he wishes to thank the members of the committee, one and all, for their unvarying courtesy and kindness, and for the assistance rendered him all through the work of preparation. To comrades of every company of the regiment he also wishes to express his thanks for their assistance, their prompt replies to his scores of letters seeking information about this or that comrade, this or that engagement, this or that expedition, and their careful revision of the rosters, all which were of benefit not only to him but to the history and memory of the regiment. His relations with the printer, too, in preparing copy, reading proof, and matters of type, style, etc. were of the most cordial from first to last.

When the Historian came to prepare the manuscript, he found he had a greater amount of work before him than he was aware. He had supposed the copy for the History proper was complete, and would require only a slight revision. So it was at the time it was done, some years before, but he found, on looking over his papers, which had been accumulating all these years and having been filed away had been forgotten, that he was in possession of many facts which he had not then known. This necessitated a large amount of work, but it made the History so much the more complete, and proved conclusively that the regiment had gained greatly by not being in a hurry about getting the History published. There were not many inaccuracies of importance to be corrected, but there was a large quantity of new material to be woven into the original text, and while doing this it was found necessary, in order to reconcile conflicting statements, to open correspondence with many of the comrades of the regiment, from Gens. Smith and Cilley all along the roster, as well as with our loved Gen. Gregg, and other officers of the Old Second Division. Only courteous treatment and prompt replies from them could have enabled him to prepare the copy so as to keep the printer supplied fast enough to complete the work in season. But he was enabled to do it, and from the first pages

forwarded to Comrade Emery until the last page in the book, the printer did not have to wait. The work of printing was commenced in April, and the Historian went to Boston and set some of the type of the first chapter with his own hand. From this time the work went along smoothly, without any delays, until it was finished. The preparing of the rosters was a long and oft times monotonous work. While the Historian was in possession of the complete roster of each company, it was necessary for uniformity that all should be arranged in the same way. This necessitated rearranging and rewriting nearly all of them, and after this was done, every one (with the exception of that of his own company) was sent to one, two, and sometimes three or more comrades of each company for revision and in the hope of bringing out more facts. But to go into all the details of the work would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that the work was completed in time to supply the comrades with copies at this reunion, and that the Historian was well pleased that through the kindness of the committee his work was presented to the comrades in so fine and enduring form.

The work of the sub-committee on pictures for the history can best be told in circulars sent forth from time to time by such committee.

Circular letters were mailed to each member of the association Nov. 26th, 1886, as follows:—

ROCKLAND, ME., Nov, 26th, 1886.

DEAR COMRADE:

The publication of Lieut. Tobie's History of the First Maine Cavalry before our next reunion in a form that will do honor to the regiment is assured by a generous contribution from Gen. Smith. I say "assured," because I know you will follow his leadership and do your part as good comradeship demands. It will make a large volume of some 700 pages 6x9½ — an ornament to any table and an honor to any library. Money is needed for maps and illustrations to make clear the text, to bring the price low, to secure good work, and to have enough volumes printed to supply calls for some years to come. Tobie gives his labor. Every dollar contributed goes to the sole benefit of the history and comes back to you embodied therein. A full report of contributors and cost of the history will be printed either in the history or the succeeding reunion pamphlet. Please decide at once what you can and will do and write me.

Now about pictures. These are paid for by each member who appears, or by his relatives and friends. The Twenty-third Massachusetts and a few other regiments have included a large number of pictures in their history, both officers and privates. The result has been most happy. Every comrade will on reflection say, "I shall be glad to see the pictures of my comrades in the book. If this is so is it not selfish to decline to furnish your own picture? Finally,

concerning these pictures as concerning the whole history, I am dead in earnest, and do not wish to waste a single word. I say this, the present opportunity to secure pictures of comrades in the First Maine Cavalry is probably your only and last opportunity; that if you do not place your picture with the others in this history, your wife will regret it, your children will regret it, your friends will regret it, and your comrades of the regiment will both miss and regret it. Please not delay. The time is limited and is fast passing away.

Write me at once. If nothing more, give me the names of comrades in your own town and vicinity. It is no small labor I have taken on my shoulders but I will do it with gladness if you will respond with soldierly promptness.

Your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY,

For Committee on History.

Jan. 29th, 1887, the following letter was sent, viz:—

NOW ABOUT PICTURES OF THE COMRADES.

No other regiment ever dreamed of undertaking what is now being accomplished by our own. From \$1000 to \$2000 worth of heliotype portraits will go into the history. Men and officers as of yore will stand side by side. The record of the humblest is as sacred as the rank of the most fortunate. No more lasting testimonial could be given any departed brother. No more honorable mention could be deserved by any living member than fac simile picture in a history read and treasured by hearts loyal to the "First of Maine."

These pictures do not add to the cost of the book but are paid for entirely by the comrades who there appear. The comrades, as a rule, go in 5 to 7 on a page. Whether you can afford to be left out is a matter for your own personal determination, but whatever you do—don't procrastinate. Let the spirit in the refrain of the old song find some utterance:

"For we belong to Gideon's Band,
And here's my heart and here's my hand."

There are many tin types of army groups and army scenes in hands of comrades that we desire to secure. It is also desired that you show or make known this letter to members in your vicinity.

April 12th, 1887, the last circular was sent, as follows:—

ROCKLAND, April 12th, 1887.

Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry:

Your committee, calling renewed attention to the previous circulars, would now further report that the history by Lieut. Tobie is now being rapidly printed by the new firm of Emery & Hughes, 146 Oliver St., Boston, the head of which is comrade Charles A. F. Emery, of Company A, and formerly a member of the band.

Your committee reports that they not only secured better terms, but the history will be printed with new type and have the personal supervision of Comrade Emery, to whose firm the history comes as its "first born;" that, as far

as mechanical execution is concerned they expect the history to be as nearly perfect as possible.

Your committee have found it necessary to add to the cost of the work in one respect: it was found that cloth binding would not be strong enough to hold the large number of pictures going into the work, and it would be necessary to bind in morocco in the best manner. Still with this binding, which adds nearly a dollar per volume to the cost, the price of the history to comrades will be only \$3 for a volume containing some 700 pages 6x9½ which is cheap for a work having a limited edition.

Lieut. Tobie does not intend, nor do the committee require, nor will any comrade on reflection expect, to have everything that each one saw fully recorded. If such a thing were possible it would resemble an encyclopedia in the number of volumes needed for such a record.

Your committee do assert that Lieut. Tobie has given his best endeavors to present as full, fair and complete a history as it is possible for any one comrade to write; that he, as a faithful mother hen, has brooded over this work for years; has carefully laid and covered all the eggs he could produce or attain, and tried to put life into them. Now if he does not succeed, will not the blame rest on you roosters of the regiment who had the needed material and failed to communicate it as desired, time and again, by Lieut. Tobie.

Now while it is simply impossible to represent the miniature views of our service that each comrade personally saw, there is one thing the history will show by as faithful photographic process as the highest state of the art will admit, viz., the heliotype portrait of each comrade's countenance just as accurate as the tin type or photograph showed it while in the service or at the present time. Whatever imperfections there must be of necessity in any man's narrative, the pictures will meet this commendation, "There is comrade so and so just as he looked while in the service or as he looks now." On this subject of pictures the chairman of your committee feels like flopping his wings and going through the gyrations of the old chanticleer on the highest pile he can find in the barnyard. He only fears that the association will douse him with cold water for his exuberant antics when they come to the knowledge of the immense slaughter of postage stamps he has made to attain fifty pages of pictures for the history, an expense rendered necessary because comrades have not replied until they have received the ninety-and-ninth communications. But what comrade in the place of your committee would not feel glad way down to the bottom of his boots when such comrades as Tristum Andrews of Co. E give \$40, chiefly for pictures of others than himself; when Gen. Smith besides his generous subscription of \$100, puts in two pictures of himself at the expense of another \$100; when Capt. Cole in addition to his subscription pays \$55 for picture of himself and groups of his brother officers; when F. S. Douty, son of our Colonel, gives \$52 for the insertion of his father's picture; and the many others who besides paying for their own have helped pay for the pictures of comrades who stood by their side in the service.

Some members of our regiment thought your committee "too previous" when they stated in the former circular, "that no other regiment ever dreamed of undertaking what is now being accomplished by our own." They

forgot for the time being that never during the four years' service of the regiment in the war of the rebellion had the command "forward" been heard but it went forward and accomplished the object commanded; that never since the close of the war has any pecuniary or other demand ever been made upon the Association but has been more than fulfilled. The single inquiry has been "What is the sum you want?"

There are many pictures of mounted men, of army groups, and of regimental encampments we desire to secure. We have heard of several pictures of our encampment near Petersburg in winter of 1864-5, but have been unable to secure one. We desire the help of comrades in this particular as well as all along the line. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Besides these circular letters every picture obtained required from the committee from three to seven letters. One picture required five full four paged letters of nearly an hour's work on each letter.

Like much of our fighting in the service, the mounted men in line or the men in front had the brunt of the battle.

In one sense it was unjust, but in this way only could the large number of pictures be obtained. In some cases three or four comrades of a company clubbed together and purchased a whole page of pictures and beside their own secured pictures of loved comrades whose lives had gone out either in service or since, thus paying them a delicate and loving tribute such as they could do in no other way. All who paid full price helped to put in pictures of deceased comrades and those financially unable to bear such expense, to the extent of one fifth the amount paid by them. Without the benefit of this 20 per cent discount the pages could not have been arranged by companies or some other unity of design, as they are in the history. Even with the benefit of this discount the treasurer was obliged to advance \$59.31. In fact at the time he paid the Heliotype Co. the last payment he was out of pocket some hundreds of dollars and under the inconvenience of such a state of facts, wrote some rather savage letters to delinquent comrades, for which he has since asked pardon.

The prompt payment of the bills for the Heliotype Co.'s portraits and those in the history has attracted the attention and won marked approval from other regimental associations.

That the comrades may see what others think of the history and of the grand old regiment, the following letters and newspaper notices are given.

READING Pa. Feb. 8th, 1888.

Mr. E. P. TOBIE,

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just finished reading the History of the First Maine

Cavalry, and quit the book for the present, feeling that the author is entitled to the fullest commendation from every reader who had aught to do with the regiment during the war of the rebellion. I must restrain my pen lest it should run off in expressing my unbounded admiration for your old regiment. My object in writing is simply to express the pleasure your book has afforded me. Notwithstanding the condensation enforced by the limits of the single volume, our old battles and skirmishes are graphically and truthfully described.

Among the engraved illustrations I recognize many pictures of familiar faces. That of Colonel Boothby struck me particularly. Some how I seem to remember the colonel particularly well, and all these years since his death I have cherished his memory with the same high regard as that of Captain Phillips, of my staff.

You may well be proud of your work, and in its accomplishment you have placed under obligations to you all the survivors of your regiment and friends of the deceased. Indeed, your associates in the Second Cavalry Division gladly accept the obligation resting upon them that you have so fairly described the campaigns of the division. With best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

D. M. M. GREGG,

(Major General commanding Second Division Cavalry Corps A. P. in which the regiment served for more than two years.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, Nov. 5th, 1887.

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

DEAR SIR:—Please accept our thanks for the copy of "The History of the First Maine Cavalry," which you are kind enough to send us, and which we have no doubt will be of use to us in connection with the editing of "The Century War-book." Your volume strikes us on first impression as being a model regimental history in its arrangement and materials.

Very truly yours,

R. N. JOHNSON,

Associate Editor.

KINGSTON, NEW YORK, Feb. 5th, 1888.

MY DEAR TOBIE:—I do not know just how to thank you for the copy of "First Maine Cavalry," that reached me yesterday morning.

I have seen and read many histories of the war of the rebellion, general and special, political and military, of corps, regiments, battalions, and companies. Of them all, I have seen none so complete in its particular field as is this work of yours, and the committee of which you were the moving spirit and the working force.

I have had time only to look it through and admire the mechanical execution of the work, and at the same time to become charmed with the excellent idea of presenting so many portraits of old comrades as they appeared in the field. These portraits of the old haversacks and sabres, as well as the faces above them must awaken in the minds of the old comrades memories of more than an ordinary nature and bring to them a graphic retrospect of 1861-65.

The gathering of material and making the record, I own was a work of love on your part, for you always took great pride in the old regiment and its deeds, and it was a justifiable pride which I sympathized with heartily from my personal knowledge of the organization in the field.

One may well feel proud of being able to say "my regiment," of such an one as that was, and of its surviving members as comrades, and they in turn may feel proud that they have had such a historian.

Yours truly,

J. ALBERT MONROE.

(Civil Engineer, formerly Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac.)

PORTLAND, ME., Nov. 11th, 1887.

MY DEAR TOBIE: — Your book came to me in due time and I sat down to examine, read and admire. I wanted to read it through before answering yours, but I find I am sorely pressed for time and shall not be able to do the justice to it for some days to come, which I wish to do.

So Tobie, accept my thanks, listen to me while I hurrah! You have certainly got the best regimental history I have seen yet, and I have a goodly number, you know. All I have shown it to have expressed great interest in it, too.

One thing especially comes to me, and that is the gain by delay — by taking time to have it right and good. I wish I could try mine all over again — but then I might as well wish to live life all over.

Well, Bro. Tobie, you may "swell with pride" now as much as you please. You have built a monument for the old First Maine Cavalry that will endure when all these granite affairs have crumbled.

Yours etc.,

JOHN M. GOULD.

(Historian First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Maine Regiments, and Secretary regimental association.)

General and Ex-president RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, writes: — "I recall no regimental history that is equal to it. The great number of excellent portraits is especially noticeable and to be commended. Maine seems to be ahead, if we may judge by Major Gould's First Tenth and Twenty-ninth Infantry and this volume.

J. S. PIERSON, New York, writes: — "I must express, in a line, my admiration for the beauty and cheapness of your First Maine Cavalry just received. I get every regimental history that appears, and can recall none quite its equal in print, illustrations, and general getting up."

N. M. RITTENHOUSE, late of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, of Baltimore Terra Cotta Works, Md., writes: — "The book is better than anything of the kind I have yet seen, and I am very much pleased with it and would not be without it."

C. M. WILES, secretary of the tenth New York Cavalry Association, Cortland N. Y. writes: — "It is one of the best regimental histories that I ever saw."

True, your grand old regiment *made history* for itself, but your author has admirably collected it and placed it in form. I only wish our old regiment could have as good a record of their service."

E. O. VAN BROCKLIN, late Bugler Co. I., Tenth New York Cavalry writes General J. P. CILLEY: *Dear General*:—Your circular calling my attention to the history of your excellent regiment is at hand. I have just finished reading it, and do not hesitate to say that it is without any exception the most interesting, the best prepared, and finest history of any regimental organization that I have had the pleasure to read. Again thanking you, the committee, and Mr. Tobie, also members of your veteran organization for having such an excellent historian, and for being permitted to read such a truthful history of this most superb cavalry regiment.

Lieut. MARK BROWNELL, late of Tenth New York Cavalry, 58 Greenbush St., Cortland, N. Y., writes as follows;—"J. P. CILLEY:—*Dear Comrade*:—The history is at hand and I have sat here since I had my tea at six, and it is now eleven, devouring its contents. It is grand, magnificent, and the deeds it records fill me with pride that I was indirectly associated with such a grand regiment. Please convey to the author my hearty thanks, and assure him of my thorough appreciation of his work. It is a monument to every man in the command.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES.

A FASCINATING STORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.—When one takes up the latest regimental history — that of the First Maine Cavalry — he will consider that he is getting a good deal of bulk for his money, and later he will not quarrel with the quality. It is a pretentious volume of 737 pages, though 250 of these are taken up with a very elaborate and painstaking roster and interesting statistics. The volume is remarkably well printed by Emery & Hughes, and is published by the regimental association. Lieut. Edward P. Tobie is the historian, and associated with him on the publishing committee are such men as Gen. J. P. Cilley, and Col. A. C. Drinkwater. This association, unlike some which might be named, evidently recognizes the value of its historian's efforts, and the work of Lieut. Tobie is certainly valuable. He has demonstrated his peculiar fitness for this work. It is a history manifestly intended for the survivors of the First Maine Cavalry, being undeviatingly devoted to the details of the regiment's experiences. The story is vigorously told, and does not aim at literary finish. There are graphic passages here and there which will catch the eye of the alien reader, such as the following wherein the author depicts the incidents of the first "mount" after receiving the horses in the initial camp at Augusta: "Most of the horses had never before been ridden on the back, and most of the men knew as little about it as did the horses. There was kicking and rearing, and running and jumping, and lying down and falling down on the part of the horses, and swearing and yelling, and getting thrown and being kicked, and getting hurt and sore in various ways, by the men. There was crowding in the ranks, and getting out of place, and striving to get back into place, and pushing for-

ward and hanging back, and going backward and sideways, and all ways but the right way, and all sorts of haps and mishaps, amusing to look back upon now."

The young American of the post-bellum generation has a sort of vague idea of the hardships of the great war, but has no conception of what some of the Union's defenders endured before they even got into the enemy's country. Strange, indeed, sounds the story that these Maine cavalymen camped all winter — '61 and '62 — at the capital of their State in open tents, and much of that time without any stoves. The historian says: "It was estimated on good authority that the regiment lost that winter more than two hundred men by death and disability on account of the cold weather and the insufficient means of protection."

This regiment was raised in September, 1861, but did not get to Washington until the last of March, 1862. General Butler wanted the horses for some of his batteries, and persistently strove to have the First Maine Cavalry dismounted and discharged. Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the House in the Maine Legislature, took a hand, and after he had had several set-toos with Secretary Stanton, the First Maine Cavalry was left on its horses.

In the organization of this regiment there were some peculiar features. Col. Goddard issued two orders, either of which would have rendered "Scott's 900" thoughtful, and both of which would have driven every member of the 178th New York to an insane asylum. One was that the colonel would allow of no profanity by officers or men. The other was that "he would recommend for commission in the regiment, no man, or recognize as such any non-commissioned officer, who did not sign a regimental temperance pledge." The character of the men in this organization may be inferred from the fact that most of the men took the pledge — in one company every man signing it.

Five months after organization, these warriors got their sabres, and began to catch an inkling of real war. Their first real shaking up was in Banks' spring campaign of 1862 in the Shendoah valley. One may guess the regiment, or some portion of it — like many another green cavalry command — was not very well handled by field officers. After this time, the command shared in the vicissitudes of the Potomac army to the end.

Lieut. Tobie has done an admirable piece of work in writing this history, and he has enjoyed the advantage of tapping sources of information more generous than those within reach of most such historians. It is possible that this book, good as it is, may not be so complete and true a "history" as it should be to deserve that name. In the note of the committee on history appears this passage: "One of these negative determinations was that no unpleasant thing should appear relating to the personal record of any comrade." Now there was a total of 103 officers and 3226 men in that regiment from first to last; so that it seems impossible that, governed by the above determination, the historian could write symmetrical "history" in true perspective. Perhaps it was the intention to present a satisfactory story of this regiment with all unpleasant facts eliminated. This volume is far ahead of any other of its kind in the feature of portraits. An excellent portrait of Gen.

C. H. Smith stands for the frontispiece, and there are 69 pages of pictures, a large proportion of them being of the best sort for such a work—i. e., showing the officers and men as they looked when in the service. Unstinted praise is due to this happy effort to immortalize the soldier countenances of this command.

One of these portraits is unusually sad in its suggestion. At the foot of the picture is the inscription: "Capt. John A. Heald; killed in the charge on Lee's train, April 6, 1865." This officer was one of the last victims of the rebellion. Two days more, and no fatal bullet would ever again come from Lee's army. ["History of the First Maine Cavalry 1861-1865." By Edward P. Tobie. Published by the Association; 8 vo. pp. 737. Press of Emery & Hughes, Boston, 1887.]—*Boston Herald*, Dec. 13th, 1887.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. A great many regimental histories have come under our observation during the last fifteen or twenty years, but we do not remember one in the long list which was superior in literary or mechanical workmanship, more painstaking or more interesting, than that of the First Maine Cavalry. The volume is written by Mr. Edward P. Tobie and is published under the auspices of a committee of the regimental association,— whose countenances, as they are grouped in a portrait at the close of the volume, seem to reflect an honest and justifiable pride in the success of this undertaking. The imprint of Emery & Hughes, 146 Oliver street, appears upon the title page. The book is an octavo of over 700 pages, printed from large, clear type, and bound substantially in half morocco, with marbled edges. Not the least noteworthy feature of the book is the multitude of portraits of officers and men— nearly three hundred in all, which are scattered though it. These add a special personal interest to the narrative of the occurrences in which these men and their comrades were participants. The regiment had a dashing and gallant career. It bore upon its flag the names of twenty-nine battles in which it had an honorable part, and these were in addition to many minor engagements. Fully half of the regiment were killed or wounded, or died from disease or in prison; and it is not surprising that the survivors cherish with pride the memory of the brave achievements with which the history of the regiment is filled. The author was second lieutenant in Company E, and was a sharer in all the experiences of the regiment from the enlistment to the mustering out after the war was over. The basis of his history is a diary which he kept at the time. His account of the battles in which the regiment was engaged is clear and vivid. He has enlivened and diversified the history by narratives of personal experience or episodes of life in camp or in the field, contributed by comrades. The roster has been prepared with great care, and biographical details are given concerning most of the members of the regiment who are dead. Altogether, the book not only reflects credit upon all concerned in its preparation, and upon the regiment whose experiences it chronicles, but it has a broader interest from the side-light which it throws upon the military movements in which the regiment took part, and, from this point of view, is to be reckoned an addition to the literature of the war.—*Boston Journal*, Feb. 10th, 1888.

At the annual reunion of 1886 of the First Maine Cavalry, a committee was

appointed on the publication of the history of this famous Maine regiment, which took part in the largest number of engagements of any regiment in the service during the war. How well the committee performed this duty is shown in the handsome volume of 765 pages, just issued. The compilation and editing of the work was a labor of love by the historian, being Comrade Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R.I. Three hundred and seven portraits of comrades, a complete roster and list of engagements, aside from the narrative of the regiment's eventful history, make it a valuable souvenir of the war to the veterans of the First Maine.—*Boston Globe*.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. By Lieut. Edward P. Tobie. Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association. No cavalry regiment in the army which crushed the rebellion played a more conspicuous part than the First Maine. It was organized in the fall of 1861, of as good material as could be found in that grand old State, and served until the surrender at Appomattox, doing splendid work on every field on which it was engaged. The story of these momentous four years has been most admirably told in a book of seven hundred twenty-seven pages, gotten up in the best style of typography by the firm of Emery & Hughes, Boston, and illustrated by three hundred and seven portraits and other pictures. No amount of expense or care has been spared in making this a book worthy of the regiment and its history. It is as fine a volume as is turned out by any publishing house, and the matter in it is well written, well compiled and well presented. The book is a model for all other regimental histories. We cannot hope that any one can do better, but we trust many will equal it.—*National Tribune, March 1st, 1888*.

Every Maine veteran, wherever he may now be located, will be greatly interested in this noble work. The members of the First Maine Cavalry, those who survive, and those who can rightfully claim by inheritance a share in their fair fame, may well be proud of the book. It is a large, well printed volume, with illustrations comprising three hundred and seven portraits of comrades and scenes in camp and field. Many of the illustrations are full-page. As these pictures are from photographs and drawings taken during the war, they are far more interesting to the veterans than any recent pictures would be. They show the old uniform, equipments, horses, camp scenes and surroundings, which bring back the old times most vividly. The author of the history has evinced the utmost patience in research and examination of documents, and the greatest assiduity in obtaining testimony so as to fill out the narratives of every campaign and every battle. There are some four hundred and forty-eight of these large pages of the history proper. Then comes a full roster of the regiment. Then is added the names of the battles inscribed upon the flag and the celebrated order of General Meade, specifying all the organizations of the Army of the Potomac entitled to have the names of the battles upon their colors. An alphabetical index to the roster makes it easy to refer to any name. Some of the portraits are not only excellent as likenesses but are remarkably well engraved—such for instance, as that of Chaplain Telft, Col. C. H. Smith, and Gen. J. P. Cilley.

It must not be supposed that this volume would possess an interest and value to no one except members of the First Maine Cavalry. It is, to be sure, a model as a regimental history. But in the account of the famous Dahl-

gren raid, for example, it is substantially the history of all the troops engaged or in anywise related.

So, also, of the "Wilson Raid," "Brandy Station," and all the various campaigns, forced marches, skirmishes and battles—they all have their close relations to the movements of the entire army and the great work of the Army of the Potomac will be better understood by reading such a detailed and exact account. You find an almost indispensable side light upon the Gettysburg campaign, "the Wilderness," the campaigns around Petersburg and even Appomattox and Lee's surrender. Some of the accounts of participants in various engagements are quoted and are wonderfully clear and vivid. As an instance of this is the narrative of Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley of the heroic doings of the regiment at Dinwiddie Court House, the last of March, 1865, paving the way for the great victory at Five Forks the next day. The regiment then belonged to Sheridan's command and its conduct was commended by him: "where Smith's brigade so gallantly repulsed the enemy," and by its brigade commander: "The conduct of the First Maine is deserving of special mention." Among the officers who originally belonged to the First Maine Cavalry but afterwards were promoted in other divisions of the army, was Lieut. Llewellyn G. Estes, who became the adjutant general to Major General Kilpatrick and held this important position when Kilpatrick commanded Sherman's cavalry on the famous march to the sea. Estes was brevetted brigadier-general for his gallantry. Among the enlisted men of this regiment who survived the war and have since been distinguished in civil life may be mentioned Hon. Daniel F. Davis who became Governor of Maine. Kind expressions of appreciation of the book have been received from surviving comrades from all parts of the country. Any native of Maine who retains an affection for and pride in his native State will want a copy. Every veteran of whatever State who is desirous of having a clear and interesting and reliable record of the old campaigns cannot go amiss in sending to General Cilley for this handsome volume.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*, Chicago, Dec. 21st, 1889.

We have received from Comrade E. P. Tobie, the historian, a copy of the First Maine Cavalry. It is a very large volume, nicely printed and bound, and profusely illustrated. It is the finest regimental history that ever came to our notice. Comrade Tobie and his comrades of the regiment may well feel proud of it.—*Veteran's Advocate*.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, 1861-65, by Edward P. Tobie: published by the First Maine Cavalry Association. This book, prepared by Mr. Edward P. Tobie, historian of the association, was presented to the writer as a Christmas present and also as a token of friendship. It is a valuable history of the First Maine Regiment, and the writer returns his heartfelt thanks for the valuable gift. The book contains seven hundred and sixteen pages, carefully indexed, and more than three hundred photographs of the officers and privates of the regiment, and also camp scenes. The photographs represent the members as they were in the field, and as private citizens after the regiment returned. It is a book that will be especially valuable to the members of the association, and a valuable addition to the history of the rebellion.—*Central Falls Visitor*, December 30th, 1887.

DEDICATION

—OF THE—

CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

[Condensed from the Official Report published by the Committee, and used here by permission.]

Appreciating the importance of bringing more prominently into notice and of perpetuating a proper recognition of the services of the cavalry and artillery, which contended so successfully on the right flank of the Army of the Potomac during the Battle of Gettysburg with the confederate cavalry under General J. E. B. Stuart, and which, by their gallant fight on July 3d, 1863, contributed largely to the momentous victory of that day, a convention of the survivors of that portion of the battle was held at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, on September 17th, 1881. It was then proposed to mark the field of the fight with a plain but conspicuous granite shaft, having upon it a simple inscription. In furtherance of this object the following executive committee was chosen, to which was conceded full authority to decide upon the design of the shaft, the inscription to be placed thereon and the location, to raise the necessary funds therefor, and to superintend its erection:—

GENERAL JOHN B. MCINTOSH, late commander of the first Brigade, Second Cavalry Division, chairman.

GENERAL J. IRVIN GREGG, late commander of the Third Brigade, Second Cavalry Division.

COLONEL GEORGE GRAY, late of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, Custer's Brigade, Third Cavalry Division.

GENERAL ALEXANDER C. M. PENNINGTON, formerly of the Second, now of the Fourth U. S. Artillery.

COLONEL CHARLES TREICHEL, late of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, First Brigade, Second Cavalry Division, treasurer.

In order to assist the executive committee in its labors a local committee was appointed, consisting of:—

CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. MILLER, of Carlisle, Pa., chairman.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL C. WAGNER, of Newville, Pa., and

PRIVATE WILLIAM H. MARTIN, of Chester, Pa.

As soon as the subscriptions warranted the erection of the shaft designs and proposals were asked for, and those submitted by Mr., P. F. Eisenbrown of the Eagle Marble and Granite Works of Reading, Pa., were adopted, and the shaft was ordered. It is cut out of light gray New Hampshire granite, in nine pieces, weighing in all twenty-six tons, and stands twenty-nine feet in height, the base being seven feet broad. In accordance with an arrangement with the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, that body purchased a piece of ground on the Lott farm sixty feet square, with a carriage road approach from the Low Dutch road of the width of twenty feet. In selecting the site the executive committee had in view the importance of so placing the shaft as to render it visible from a distance, and at the same time to mark the place upon which the great hand-to-hand sabre-fight took place. The shaft can be distinctly seen from East Cemetery Hill, from which point the greater part of the entire battle-field is visible. From that position the relative importance of the cavalry fight can best be judged, and the effect of the resistance of the attack of the confederate cavalry can best be appreciated. *

The day selected by the executive committee for the dedication of the shaft, Wednesday, October 15th, 1884, proved to be a most favorable one. The bracing atmosphere, mellowed by the genial rays of the sun, and the brilliancy of coloring in the landscape, heightened by the beautiful autumnal tints of the foliage, combined to make the day one long to be remembered. The admirable arrangements for the exercises of the dedication, made by Dr. Theodore T. Tate, of Gettysburg, formerly assistant surgeon Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, left nothing to be desired. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the hour appointed for the beginning of the exercises, a large assemblage was gathered around the shaft. Conspicuous among those present were General David McM. Gregg, who had commanded the Union cavalry in the fight which took place on the ground on July 3d, 1863; Generals John B. McIntosh and J. Irvin Gregg, who had commanded two of the brigades engaged, and General Henry J. Hunt, the chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac during the battle of Gettysburg. The occasion received additional interest from the fact that the annual reunions of the Associations of the Third and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiments were so timed as to take place at Gettysburg on the date of

* See page 176 History for picture of shaft and inscription.

the dedication of the shaft. The "State Capital Band" of Harrisburg, Pa., was in attendance, and discoursed excellent and enlivening music during the proceedings.

The meeting was organized by Captain William E. Miller, the chairman of the local committee, who announced Major-General David McM. Gregg, as the presiding officer of the day. The President called upon the Reverend Percy Clinton Webber, S. T. B., M. A., Rector of St. Andrews' Protestant Episcopal Church, Tioga, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, to open the exercises with prayer, after which President Gregg spoke as follows :

ADDRESS OF GENERAL D. McM. GREGG.

MY FELLOW-SOLDIERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—There are times and occasions in the life of every man when he is possessed of feelings and emotions that are well nigh indescribable, and at such times it would be especially difficult for one to express the feeling of another. I regret that I can but so lamely express what I feel at this time. You will believe, however, that I do not employ the expression in any conventional sense, when I say that this is one of the very happiest days of my life. And why should it not be? Am I not again, after nearly twenty years' separation, united with soldiers, with some of whom I served for more than three years in the war of the rebellion, and whose fortunes I shared, whether on the march, in camp, or engaged in battle; united again with those whose friendship I prize more highly than that of any other men on earth.

To-day I meet representatives of the Second Cavalry Division, in the persons of two of its distinguished brigade commanders—alas! the gallant and lamented Custer of the Third Division, having given his life on a later field, cannot be with us—representatives of the same division and the Michigan Brigade, in the persons of regimental commanders and other officers of various grades, and, to our especial happiness, in a large number of private soldiers. We would extend our cordial greetings to all veteran soldiers of all arms of service. Would that it had been possible for every survivor of the command that fought on this field in 1863 to have been with us to-day.

On July 3d, 1863, we stood on this field, armed men, to resist the advance of an enemy with whom we had made trials of strength oft times before, and of late at Brandy Station, Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville. Our gaze was directed to the northward as we watched the approach of the columns of the enemy. Right gallantly did they come sweeping on, with such well aligned fronts, and with such tremendous pace, that it seemed as though nothing could stand against them. There was a meeting of the blue and gray, and for a time the issue was held in the balance.

The struggle was ended by the retirement of the enemy to his starting point, discomfited by failure, with ours in hot pursuit. Severe as was the engagement, it could not be asserted that the Union forces that participated were never in a severer. These fought too many battles in that long war for

such a comparison. But all will agree they never fought on a fairer field. Neither party asked nor expected aid from the main armies beyond. Our enemy had the advantage in numbers and position; we the moral advantage of fighting on our own heath. It can safely be said that on no other field did Union cavalry, whether on foot or in the saddle, do more effective and brilliant fighting than on this. Had it fought less well here, the victory would have been with the enemy rather than with us.

Then our ears were filled with the sound of cannon, the rattling fire of carbines, and with the defiant shouts of foemen of well tried gallantry. To-day we stand here the most peaceful of citizens, and the usual quiet is only broken by the hearty and joyous salutations of long separated comrades, who are met to view this shaft which marks the field on which twenty-one years ago they proved their valor and their devotion to their country. In after years our sons will proudly point to this the indicator of the field on which their sires fought, and will go hence, having pledged anew their devotion to their country. More than twenty-one years ago we saw these fields occupied by thousands of horsemen in battle array. To-day they are the scene of a happy reunion of those whose cause triumphed after a war of four years' duration.

After today we will again part, not to meet again. Let us preserve as long as life shall last, even in separation, the friendship formed amid the stirring scenes of war, and renewed at this shaft. Let us stand more closely together as the close of the day of life draws on, and even in the twilight we catch the notes of the last tattoo. Nor should we forget our comrades who fell on this field, some of whom quietly repose in yonder cemetery, but will keep green their memories.

The necessity of rearing a cavalry shaft on the extreme right of the line of battle at Gettysburg had long been apparent to those who had served there. Its purpose is to serve as a guide to visitors, even from far distant points. This required height, massiveness, and prominence of position, but not elaborate ornamentation. The shaft is not memorial, else other effects would have been studied. It stands as solid as the line of blue-coated cavalymen that once stood there.

Before closing, you will allow me to mention that the successful completion of this work is mainly, and entirely, due to the exertions of one of our number. More than four years ago he first mentioned the project, and from that time to the present he has labored without ceasing. No matter what discouragements arose, what indifference on the part of others he met, he passed them by, only looking to the end. Expecting no other reward than that which he this day enjoys, of being present at the dedication of this shaft, he is the happiest of men. No one knows so well as I the vast amount of work he has done, and therefore I do not hesitate to ask that you will give your thanks to one who twenty-one years ago on this field proved his valor as a soldier, and is to-day proved a successful builder. You will all know that I mean Captain William E. Miller, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The shaft will now be transferred to the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association by one who needs no introduction at my hands. I refer to the distinguished officer who so ably commanded the brigade of the Second Cavalry

Division which did such magnificent fighting on this very field, on the afternoon of July 3d, 1863. You will at once recognize Brigadier-General John B. McIntosh, U. S. A., who will proceed to discharge the duty assigned to him.

ADDRESS OF GEN. JOHN B. MCINTOSH.

MR. BUEHLER, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.—It becomes my pleasing duty this day to transfer to the care and keeping of your association this beautiful shaft, erected by the survivors of the Second Cavalry Division and General Custer's Cavalry Brigade, who were participants in the engagement which took place here on July 3d, 1863. The inception of the project originated with the Third Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, a regiment conspicuous on the day of the engagement for its continued and superb fighting. On the 17th of September, 1881, a convention of cavalymen was held at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, and at that meeting an Executive Committee was appointed, consisting of General John B. McIntosh, General J. Irvin Gregg, General A. C. M. Pennington, and Colonel Charles Treichel, to whom was conceded full authority to decide upon the design of the shaft, the inscription to be placed thereon, its location, and to raise the necessary funds and to superintend its erection. Subsequently a sub-committee was appointed by the executive committee, to assist in the work, consisting of Captains William E. Miller and S. C. Wagner, and Private William H. Martin.

That the shaft is completed and ready for dedication this day is due very largely to the untiring efforts of Captain Miller, of the sub-committee, and to the generous and splendid contribution of Colonel George Gray of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry. To your hands, as the representatives of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, we consign the custody of the shaft, which will stand a silent sentinel to proclaim to this and succeeding generations the martial deeds of a patriotic people, who here on this field met a determined foe bent on the destruction of this fair Republic, and hurled him back broken and defeated. It will stand as the right flank of that noble army, which, fresh from the defeats of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, here determined that a victory should be won which would reanimate our country and be the harbinger of final victory. It will stand as the cenotaph of those valiant and loyal men who here laid down their lives in the interests of humanity, and for the safety, honor, and welfare of this people. Accept this trust, which we confide to your care, and guard it well, as you have those heretofore placed in your keeping.

The shaft, which was enveloped in a large American flag, was then unveiled, while a salute was fired from a field-piece by a detachment of Corporal Skelly Post G. A. R., of Gettysburg.

Mr. David A. Buehler responded on behalf of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association as follows:—

ADDRESS OF DAVID A. BUEHLER, ESQUIRE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, VETERANS OF THE SECOND AND THIRD CAVALRY DIVISIONS—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The chill atmosphere of this chilly afternoon, and the interesting exercises yet to come, as indicated by your programme, admonish me that it would not be proper to detain you with unnecessary remarks. I may be permitted, however, on behalf of the association I have the honor to represent, to express the very great pleasure it gives us to have this magnificent monument intrusted to our care. Although more than twenty years have passed since the great struggle which swept with fire and blood these hills and slopes and fields, the interest in the battle-field and the great principles here contested for, instead of diminishing, is increasing as years roll by, as is attested by the constantly swelling numbers who come hither year by year to gather inspiration from the great deeds and heroic sacrifices that have consecrated these grounds to an immortality of fame.

It so happens that in the overshadowing magnitude of the infantry operations, popular interest has centred around Seminary and Cemetery Hills, Culps Hill and the Round Tops, the Peach Orchard and Wheat Field, while the relations of the cavalry to the great struggle have been largely ignored. Until within a year or two, few of those who came hither seemed to be aware that on this field occurred one of the heaviest and most desperately contested cavalry combats of the war. Fewer still have realized the vital relation of that combat to the final desperate assault of Lee on the Union lines, or what disasters might have ensued had Gregg's gallant troopers failed in duty on the ground on which we now stand. You understand and fully appreciate all this, and a grateful country is coming into full recognition of what you did here. It is eminently fitting, therefore, that to-day you rear this imposing memorial shaft.

It has been the privilege of our association to have committed to their care numerous memorial structures, but I can assure you that we accept this one with peculiar pleasure, and promise for it somewhat at least of the same loving and watchful care which you have given to its preparation. Long may it stand as a memorial of the grand deeds here performed, and of the heroes who here gave their lives that the nation should under God, "have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

The President then said: "An historical address will now be delivered by a comrade, who, in addition to a very accurate general knowledge of the great battle of Gettysburg, derived from the study of the best authorities, is particularly well informed as to the details of the engagement which took place on this field on July 3d, 1863, he having participated therein as an officer of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. I have the pleasure of presenting Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel William Brooke-Rawle.*

* The Historical Address was published in the April Call.

Upon the conclusion of the reading of the address, the President announced that Colonel John B. Batchelder, the historian of the Battle of Gettysburg, was present, and would be glad to meet representatives of the different regiments and batteries engaged, for the purpose of determining their positions on the field during the battle, in order that they might be correctly represented in the official map recently issued by the War Department, and that the meeting would be reconvened at the court house in Gettysburg, at 7.30 o'clock in the evening.

In the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, the meeting reconvened in the court room, which was filled to its utmost capacity. General Gregg, the president, in calling the meeting to order said:—

FELLOW-SOLDIERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :—Owing to the very general desire on the part of those who were present at the exercises on the field this afternoon to stroll over the battle-field, the continuation of the meeting was postponed until this evening. We are again assembled to enjoy together the hour or two remaining before many will have to take the train to return to their homes. We will now resume the order of exercises as set forth on the programme. A gallant comrade was invited to write a poem for this occasion, and we had hoped that he would be present to read it himself. In the absence of the poet, Lieutenant Edward P. Tobie, of the First Maine Cavalry, I call upon Major J. Edward Carpenter, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, to read the poem.

LINES

Written for the reunion of the Second Cavalry Division, and Custer's Brigade of the Third Division, Army of the Potomac, at Gettysburg, October 15th, 1884, held for the purpose of dedicating the shaft erected on the field of the cavalry operations on the right flank, July 3d. 1863.

BY EDWARD P. TOBIE,

Of Pawtucket, R. I., formerly Second Lieutenant First Maine Cavalry.

Along through more than twenty years,
The echoes of the past
Come rushing down, and fill our ears—
Aye, thick they come, and fast—
The bugle note, the sabre clash,
The cannon roar and carbine crack,
The myriad hoofs in onward dash,
The squadrons surging forth and back.

The aroma of heroic deeds
Fills all the air around—
Deeds done by men of all the creeds,
On this historic ground—
Of bravery that would do and dare,
Of courage pure as e'er was known,
Of striving each to do his share
As though the cause were his alone.

This shaft will send these echoes grand
Adown the years to come,
And breathe the aroma o'er the land
Long after we are dumb,
Telling the story o'er again
Of this Republic's dreadful strife,
Telling the story of the men
Who offered life for nation's life ;

Telling the story of the field
Whereon to-day we stand,
Where foemen brave was forced to yield
In contest hand to hand,
Where sabre blows fell sharp and fast,
Where charge and counter-charge were given—
The foe was driven back at last,
The field was ours—give thanks to heaven.

Teaching along the coming time,
So all may understand,
That love of country is sublime,
And patriotism grand ;
That loyal hearts and loyal arms
Will aye respond to country's call
Whene'er she sounds stern war's alarms,
And with her stand or with her fall.

The comrades we left here that day,
A hundred, good and true,
Now dwelling in their bright array
Above the ethereal blue,
Are looking down upon this shaft
Raised on the field whereon they fell ;
To us the heavenly breezes waft
Their sweet acclaim—"Comrades, 'tis well."

The President then said, "There is present another of the brigade commanders of the old Second Cavalry Division. Behold the man ! General Irvin Gregg will now address you.

GENERAL J. IRVIN GREGG'S REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE RIGHT FLANK, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is entirely unexpected to me to be called upon to address such an audience as this, and particularly so that I should attempt to tell you what General McIntosh has not told you. And if, as that distinguished officer says, General Gregg's tactics or strategy have turned his right flank, he has by this movement got upon my left, and if it was not for the Second Brigade of the Third Division, the gallant "Wolverines," which happily we have in reserve, we would be completely enveloped and hopelessly entangled, for our infantry are too far off and have too much to do looking after their own flanks and centre to give us any assistance.

Now, comrades and friends, does it not seem like asking a good deal for your distinguished presiding officer to call upon me to say what General McIntosh, Colonel Brooke-Rawle, Mr. Buehler, and himself have left unsaid, about the glorious events that took place upon this sacred and historic ground twenty-one years ago, particularly when they were talking under the inspiration of the memories and recollections called up by the very scenes amid which, and the very field upon which, took place that glorious combat so long misunderstood and still so little appreciated by the great mass of people of this country.

There is another reason why I should not be expected to say much about what has not been said, and that is, that the brigade which I had the honor to command was held in reserve—that it did not actually participate in the combat—consequently any support which it contributed, or any influence it exercised upon the issue of the fierce contest going on under its view, was entirely moral. How important a factor two thousand fresh troops massed upon the flank of the contending forces would be, every soldier will understand and appreciate. The part assigned to my brigade on that memorable third of July was not an unimportant one. Some time during the forenoon, perhaps about nine or ten o'clock, it moved up the Baltimore pike to the vicinity of General Meade's headquarters, where it was met by your presiding officer and ordered to proceed up the Tannytown road and develop the enemy, as General Meade was in doubt as to the position of General Lee; but before the the command was fully in motion the order was countermanded, as General Meade had received the information he desired in reference to General Lee's position and intentions, and I was ordered to return to and take up the position of the previous day, on the right flank. In compliance with this order I took a position on the east end of Wolf's Hill, my left connecting with the right of the infantry, the enemy being immediately in my front, occupying the buildings of Mr. Deodorf. Here I remained until nearly three o'clock P. M., the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, some squadrons of which were on the skirmish line, keeping up a sharp fire with the enemy and repulsing one or two spirited attacks.

About this time I received an order to move the remainder of my brigade, as rapidly as possible, to a point on the Bonaughtown road, west of the Spangler house, where the road leading from the Baltimore pike, near White Run bridge enters it, mass it, and keep a sharp lookout on my left, towards

Gettysburg, and Rummels' farm buildings on my left front, which appeared to be the right of General Stuart's position. In this position my brigade occupied the gap of nearly two miles between the left of our forces engaged with General Stuart and the right of our infantry. The position was taken up in full view of the enemy, whose batteries opened upon us for a short time, wounding several men in the Tenth New York Cavalry.

Comrades, I am exceedingly gratified after the lapse of twenty-one years to meet so many old comrades, to renew the friendships formed amid scenes of danger and suffering that tried men's souls, and to know that yonder stately shaft which we dedicated this day will perpetuate to future generations the fame of the brave men who on that July day, more than one-fifth of a century ago, so nobly did their whole duty in the defense of their country in that extreme moment of its deadly peril.

The President then introduced Col. Bachelder, the Historian of Gettysburg, who said, substantially :

COL. JOHN B. BACHELDER'S REMARKS.

The monument which you have this day dedicated marks the locality of a distinctive feature of the Battle of Gettysburg, comparatively unknown, yet one of the most important in its results. That it was the design of General Stuart to turn the right flank of the Union army and attack it in rear is undoubtedly true. Had the attempt succeeded, the entire character of the engagement, and probably the result of the battle, would have been changed. That it did not succeed is due to the desperate daring and brilliant gallantry of the men whom you, sir, had the honor to command, and hence the importance of erecting a monument to mark the spot where that event transpired must be patent to all. I also desire to congratulate these veterans upon the good judgment displayed by their committee when it was decided to erect the monument on the field where the battle occurred. I know there were those who, for fear it would not be seen in its present location, would have placed it as a battle monument on Cemetery Hill, and marked the present site with a tablet. This in my opinion, would have been a public misfortune. It is the identical field, made historical by your valor, which should be preserved to history. There are too many who would thoughtlessly surrender now the ground on which they fought, and erect their monuments in more conspicuous positions. If the only design had been to have had it seen it might well have been erected in the city of Reading, where it was cut; but your committee chose well when it was decided to place it on the field where the tide of battle surged, the field which the historian will describe, where your comrades fell, and the field which your children, and your children's children will visit with pleasure in the long years to come, and point with pride to the shaft which marks the spot moistened by the blood of their fathers. Again, sir, I congratulate you upon the successful erection of this imposing monument.

The President then called upon Colonel Rawle, who spoke briefly, as follows :

COLONEL WILLIAM BROOKE-RAWLE'S REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES :—I thank you most heartily for the kind but vociferous manner in which you have called me to my feet. I know very well that you have heard enough from me to-day, even were I not reminded of the fact by what my friend, General Irvin Gregg, has said. I could not address you now if I would, for, as you perceive, I have no voice left. I suppose that it is still being wafted around our shaft out there on the right flank with that "aroma of heroic deeds" of which our poet has so beautifully sung this evening. I have certainly lost it some where, and must ask you to excuse my saying more than again to thank you.

Col. John P. Nicholson, Recorder of the Commandery of Pennsylvania, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, spoke briefly on behalf of that order, and then Capt. David M. Gilmore of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry was introduced, and thus spoke.

CAPTAIN DAVID M. GILMORE'S REMARKS.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES :— This is the first time since the war closed that it has been my privilege to meet you. Frequently I have longed to attend your reunions, but distance and business have heretofore prevented. To be present on this occasion I have traveled hundred of miles, and now that my hopes are realized, and I have once more grasped the hands of former comrades, and revived the friendships of army days, "my cup of joy runneth over," and, with the ancient maiden on her glad marriage day, I sing :—

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

It is fitting and proper that we should meet from time to time, and talk over the experiences of the past. Far too little credit has been given to the cavalry arm of the service for the hardships and dangers it encountered, and the mighty achievements it wrought. In the camp or in the field, it was the ever sleepless eye of the army. Its work was ever in the front or on the flanks or rear, and where the reporter was seldom present as an eye witness. This fact, added to the proverbial modesty of the cavalymen, has left their deeds "unhonored and unsung."

It is not my purpose to, nor would I, pluck a single leaf from the immortelles which surround the brows of infantry or artillery, but I do maintain that for laborious work, patient endurance, hard fighting, the cavalry is entitled to a full and equal share of credit and glory.

Many of our noblest men and greatest generals received much of their military education in the cavalry. McClellan, Kearney, Sumner, Sedgwick, Harney, Thomas, Gregg, Averell, Sheridan, McIntosh, Irvin Gregg, Custer and a host of others, carved with their sabres their names high on the roll of honor.

It is not generally known that during the war of the rebellion the cavalry force of the government was larger than ever belonged to any nation on earth, and the achievements of its members rivaled any of history or song. It has become entirely too common a custom to seek in foreign countries

and by-gone ages for examples of daring skill or chivalry, while our own times and country are replete with heroic examples. Murat, with waving plume and glistening sabre, never surpassed Custer, with fair flowing locks and crimson necktie, leading his "Wolverines" in the thickest of the fight. Our hearts thrill with emotion as we read of the Earl of Cardigan and his "immortal six hundred" riding to death and glory at Balaklava, but for daring intrepidity this achievement was more than equaled by the dare-devil Phil. Kearney with his "two hundred," charging the whole Mexican army of thirty thousand before the gates of their own capital city. The gallantry of Major Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, charging boldly into the head of Stonewall Jackson's advancing corps at Chancellorsville, or of Zagonyi at Springfield, Mo., was never surpassed by the dashing Russian Skobelof, who with white uniform was ever in the forefront of battle. Of downright hard fighting, where hard knocks were given and received, the cavalry during the war had its full share. Averell's fight at Kelly's Ford; Pleasonton's, Buford's, and Davies' at Beverly Ford; Gregg's at Brandy Station; the battles of Middleburg, Upperville and Aldie—all are instances where cavalry met cavalry in hand to hand encounters. But amidst all these various engagements, few, if any, have equaled, and none excelled, the magnificent fight on the right flank at Gettysburg, where the three brigades of McIntosh, Irvin Gregg, and Custer, under General D. McM. Gregg, met and repulsed the four brigades of confederate cavalry under General Stuart, on July 3d, 1863, which attack was simultaneous with and virtually part of Pickett's charge. The purpose was that Pickett should break our centre, and that Stuart should turn our right and strike our rear, in which case the certain defeat of the Army of the Potomac would follow. Both attacks failed, and from that hour, which has been fittingly styled "the high water mark of the rebellion," the waves of the confederacy receded, until at Five Forks they were dashed to pieces on that cavalry rock—Sheridan.

Comrades! it is to commemorate this action that you and I are here to-day. After twenty years have passed we now meet where we fought and where we conquered, and where we now erect this beautiful shaft as our Ebenezer to which our children and their children may, through all the coming ages, point with pride as the place where their ancestors fought that the "Government of the people by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

Captain William E. Miller was pleasantly introduced by the President, and responded in a few words, thanking the President for his kind expressions and the comrades present for their warm greeting extended to him.

Rev. Percy Clinton Webber, upon being called upon, made a stirring patriotic speech, and Major H. C. Weir, so long assistant adjutant general of the Second Cavalry Division, responded to a call in a few amusing remarks.

Major J. Edward Carpenter of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry,

upon being introduced, gave a vivid resume of the scenes enacted by the various brigades of the Second Division of Cavalry, both before and after the fight at Gettysburg.

The President then introduced Colonel Hampton S. Thomas, of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, who sang in capital style "The Regular Army, Oh!" with grand choral accompaniment by the assemblage.

The hour for separation having arrived, Rev. Mr. Webber pronounced the benediction and the President said, "Comrades farewell! God bless you all," which closed the exercises.

CAPT. BIGELOW'S VISIT TO RICHMOND.

[MELROSE, Mass., May 4th, 1891.

LIEUT. EDW. P. TOBIE:—

My Dear Comrade;— This highly interesting account of Capt. Bigelow's "Excursion" to Richmond in the Autumn of 1862 was related by him to one of our esteemed citizens, R. P. Barry Esq., and was read before the "Round-about Club" in this town several years ago. It has the approval of Capt. Bigelow and will be very interesting matter for the columns of the "Bugle."

Yours in F. C. and L,

HORATIO S. LIBBY.]

One stormy afternoon, seated in my friend Bigelow's* office, after the completion of one of our cotton trades (which were usually of that pleasant description where the seller and buyer feel equally satisfied), the captain said to me, "Barry, did I ever tell you of my trip to Richmond, in 1862?" I replied in the negative, and said I should like to hear it. "Well it's a long story, and perhaps you haven't the time." I said I had "all the time there was" and if he would lend me a cigar, I would try to bear the narration. The cigar was produced, and the captain told me the following story, the particulars of which I believe to be strictly true, though a little remarkable, and in recording the story I have aimed at giving as near as possible his own language, without embellishment or addition of any kind.

In November, 1862, I was captain and commissary in the Second Division of Cavalry, Army of the Potomac. We were encamped near Frederick, Md., and had passed through one of those periods of comparative quiet and idleness that sometimes took place between the great movements of our armies. My wife had come down to

* See pp. 458, 542, History.

pay me a visit, and was staying with friends at the hotel in Frederick. For a day or two there had been notes of preparation in the air. I had promised my wife I would see her again, but the marching orders came suddenly, I joined my command, and we marched down to the Potomac. I thought the movement was only a change of camp, and supposed I should have opportunity to ride back and say good bye to my wife, but we marched on across the river, and down into Virginia, skirting Thoroughfare mountains, and after three days march went into camp, with some apparent intention of making a short stay. I applied to the lieutenant colonel of my regiment (the colonel, being ill at Frederick, had remained there) for twelve days leave of absence, telling him that I had some stores at Frederick that I wished to look after. The leave was granted, but he told me that he doubted if I could use it, as the general was refusing transportation to every one, and cancelling all leaves of absence. On applying at headquarters I found my colonel's surmise correct; I was refused transportation. You can perhaps conceive that I was disappointed and angry, and as I rode slowly back to my regiment an idea entered my head which I proceeded immediately to carry out. I sent my sergeant back to camp with my sword, and ordered him to say nothing of my absence till occasion demanded. I kept my pistols, and quietly rode along to the camp exit. I had made up my mind if I could pass the guards to ride alone to Frederick. The distance was about seventy-five miles, a portion of which was through a rough country and debatable ground, but we had just passed over it, I knew the road well enough, I had a good horse under me, I was younger then than I am now, and in fine I decided to go. I had as I have told you, a leave of absence from my lieutenant colonel commanding my regiment, but it was not countersigned by the general, nor had I any pass; but I passed the camp guard on the run, saluting the officer as I went through. When I came to the pickets I anticipated trouble; the man on guard stepped into the road as I came toward him, and evidently intended to halt me, but I moved on slowly, taking out my paper as I came near him; he wheeled to the right, brought his musket to his shoulder, and saluted as I passed slowly by. Once beyond the pickets I put spurs to my horse, and galloped along for some time without meeting a soul. At the first cross roads I met my old friend Nason, who was doing detached service with the Sanitary Commission. He was waiting for an ambulance containing supplies which had been for

some reason delayed, and he was evidently uneasy about its non-arrival, feared it had been captured, advised me to turn back with him. If I had been wise I should have done this, but "wilful will wi' hae its way," and I said good bye and cantered steadily along toward the Poto-mac. It was now past noon and the roads had been good, but they became a little rough as I approached the mountains, and I had to lessen my speed. I had just passed a fork in the road, and was passing through a piece of wood when I was startled out of a brown study by the thundering of horses' hoofs behind me, and low yells of "Halt! Surrender!" One glance over my shoulder showed me a clump of horsemen riding at full gallop, the leader and one or two others holding their pistols and carbines in that easy, unconcerned way in which you doubtless have seen them hold them when they are meditating a shot on the wing. I rapidly concluded that my horse was too tired to try to out-run them, even if I wanted to try it with the desultory fire in the rear from a half dozen pistols and carbines, which I certainly did not, and so I halted, wheeled my horse's nose into the road, and waited for my friends to come up. The first order of the leader was "Git off that horse," but I told him it was hardly necessary—they had a horse apiece and I had one. If I was going away with them or they with me, we could get along more rapidly if we all rode. They laughed and assented, but asked me for my pistols, which I handed over, and we went along quite pleasantly together. One of my captors had a small confederate flag in the bridle of his horse, and I remarked to him that when I made a capture, I always pulled down the flag, and at the same time took it in my hand—"Keep it captain, if you want it," said my friend. That night we slept in a barn near the road, and the next morning wound our way up one of the worst roads I ever travelled to their camp, which I found was on the very top of a spur of the Thoroughfare mountains. As we passed up the side and reached the top, one of the loveliest views on which my eye ever rested was spread out before me. In the distance I could see the white tents of an army, and I even fancied I could locate my own camp, but it was probably not so. As I reckoned I was fully twenty miles distant. I breakfasted with the captain of the men who captured me. Later in the day he sent me under guard of one of his men to Gen. Jackson's headquarters, on the other side of the range, near Winchester. At the captain's suggestion I left my horse with him, and he kindly loaned me one of his, which his trooper was to bring back after seeing me safe to Jackson.

We arrived late — I was delivered to the officer of the guard, who took me up to his mess and introduced me to his brother officers, some of whom composed the general's staff. They said they were sorry they could give me no supper, but a very good lunch of sardines, crackers, cake and wine was set out and I partook heartily. I found afterward that these niceties were a part of the contents of my friend Nason's ambulance, for which he was waiting the day before at the cross roads. That night I shared the tent of the officer of the guard, and the next day, Sunday, was invited to dine at the officers' mess. The most perfect discipline reigned in the camp. The soldiers saluted me as I passed from one tent to another. Every thing was quiet; no rowdiness or noise. Great fires of logs burned between the lines of tents, for the morning was frosty. About nine o'clock, sitting in the guard tent, an officer said, "There goes the "old man" to church." I stepped to the front of the tent and got my first look at Gen. Stonewall Jackson, who was on his way to Winchester to attend church. A stern dark man, sitting his horse squarely, his equipments plain, a uniform rather the worse for wear — every inch a soldier. I saluted. The general acknowledged it mechanically, and passed down into the valley. Later in the day I suggested to my friends that while my visit was very pleasant in every way, I felt that I must not prolong it unduly, but they replied that I must wait till Monday; the "old man" (always Jackson) did not like to have any unnecessary business brought to him on Sunday. So on Monday I had the pleasure of an audience by favor of my friend, the adjutant general, told my story, and suggested that as I had seen nothing of their army or its movements it would perhaps be just as well to just give me a safe conduct through the lines and let me go on my way as though I had not been captured. The general smiled grimly and said, "While the suggestion might be a good one from Capt. Bigelow's standpoint, the rules which governed nations at war were somewhat different, and he thought Capt. Bigelow had better be paroled and sent to Richmond, there to be duly exchanged." This terminated the interview, and the parole was duly prepared and signed by Jackson, and a clause inserted making it obligatory on all confederate officers to pass me through the lines at first opportunity. The other prisoners in camp, who had been picked up here and there by scouts and skirmishers, were to march under guard to Richmond. I did not like this feature at all, and that night over the card table I said so to my new friends. Some

of them were going to Richmond on leave of absence and one of them said, "We will get transportation for you, and you can go along with us," and to my great comfort they were as good as their word. The adjutant general gave me a letter to Gen. Stuart's headquarters, at Winchester, and on Wednesday I presented myself to the astonished officer of transportation and asked for a pass to Richmond via Stanton. The order was handed me and I had the rest of the day on my hands. I met here an old friend from Maine, of whom I borrowed ten dollars in confederate money, and the next day went by stage to Stanton, thence by railroad to Richmond. Our journey to Richmond was very jolly. We told stories, sang songs, smoked, the canteen went the rounds, and when we reached Richmond I was really sorry to part from them, the more so perhaps as I was on my way to prison and they were free men. Before separating I asked them to recommend me to a good hotel in Richmond as I never liked to go to a second rate house. This amused them immensely, and they said I must go to the Spotswood. Now this was just what I meant to do, as I had no idea of spending the night in prison if I could avoid it, so taking a carriage I drove to the Spotswood, and walking into the office, registered my name—Capt. Bigelow, Second Division Cavalry, Army of the Potomac. The astonished clerk asked me if I wanted a room. I said "yes," and as I had no baggage I would pay for one day in advance as I believed that was the custom at most hotels. The clerk said politely that it was quite optional with me. I asked him if he had any choice as to the kind of money I should pay, to which he replied that he had an objection to United States money. I told him I was equally willing to pay in confederate money, and passed over the ten dollars which I had borrowed at Winchester. After putting myself into the hands of the barber I went in to supper. The great dining-room of the hotel was filled with guests, a large majority being confederate officers. I was seated with a general on one side and a colonel on the other, and if I had not had a good appetite, the concentrated gaze of a hundred or two men might have disturbed me, but I was too intent on getting a return for the money I had just paid the clerk to permit of any curtailment of the supper. The negro waiters tumbled over each other in their eagerness to serve me. I suppose the uniform had not been seen in that room for certainly a year, (I forgot to say that just before my capture I had obtained a new uniform and was looking very fine.) After tea, as I smoked my cigar in the rotunda of

the hotel, it occurred to me that I might go to the theatre, and finding tickets were for sale in the house, I bought one and walked to the theatre, where again I was the observed of all observers. I have sometimes wondered that I was not arrested or called to account, but probably each officer thought it was "none of his business,"—at all events, I was not questioned nor molested in any way. The next day, after a refreshing night's rest, I walked down to Gen. Winder's quarters and surrendered myself, showed him my papers, and was by him sent under guard to Capt. Turner, who asked if I was the gentleman who stopped at the Spotswood the night before, to which I of course said "yes." At the call of a hand-bell a guard appeared at the door, by whom I was conducted into the officer's room in the great tobacco factory, known then and since as Libby Prison. Here I was received with a shout of welcome. Several familiar faces appeared in the crowd. I was turned about and admired, my new uniform attracting much praise. My prison friends were looking rather seedy, but seemed not at all depressed. I forgot to say that before leaving Capt. Turner I called his attention to the language of my parole, making it obligatory that I should be sent through the lines without delay, on which he said curtly that I would go north to-morrow, and sure enough the next day we went to Petersburg, and from there via City Point by steamer to Annapolis, where was situated, as you know, the parole camp, where all prisoners reported and were cared for until exchanged, when they were sent back to their respective regiments. As I had other plans however than this, I slipped on one side, and took train for Frederick, arriving there in just eleven days from the time I left camp on my twelve days leave of absence. My colonel was still here; I told him of my adventures, and by his advice wrote to the lieutenant colonel, reporting my presence at Frederick, and asking an extension of my leave of absence. The colonel suggested that this might save me from trouble and possible disgrace. I followed his advice, and afterward learned that my letter was received at camp on the afternoon of my twelfth day of absence. My wife I found had returned home, so I returned to Annapolis, but on my way down met a brother officer who advised me not to go into camp. I had previously told him that I meant to get a pass to go home and spend my Thanksgiving. He assured me that I could not get a leave of absence, and once in camp I would have to stay there. My luck had been so good up to this time that I had become a little reck-

less and to decided go to Massachusetts. But how to get away was the question. I had no pass, and the inspection at Annapolis Junction was very rigid, no officer or soldier being allowed to go north without a pass. I waited at the depot until the train arrived, keeping myself out of sight till the last moment; when the last bell rang I rushed through the depot as though I had just arrived. The officer of the guard of course stopped me—"Your pass—I must see your pass." I unbuttoned my overcoat and under coat and searched in my pockets, the train starting in meantime. I pulled out a paper, the train was well under way, "Go along, confound you, I guess its all right," I made a leap for the platform, and was off for Massachusetts. At Philadelphia I got another scare, the inspecting officer passing through the trains, but my luck still befriended me, and to made a long story short, on Thanksgiving Day I had the pleasure of carving the turkey, surrounded by admiring friends, to whom I related all my adventures.

I could make a long story of my return to parole camp, and of sundry little difficulties that I had to overcome in order to get back creditably to my regiment, but my exchange was finally effected, and I returned very gladly to active duty.

In the remaining years of the war I went through many adventures of one sort and another, but upon no incident in my soldier life do I look back with more enjoyment and satisfaction, than on my visit to Richmond in 1862.

COMRADE MONROE DAGGETT'S FIRST OVATION.

ST. MARIES, KOOTENAI COUNTY, Idaho,

May 22d, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade—I wrote you recently, inclosing \$3.62 for badge and Bugle. Since then I have received the Bugle for April, 1891, and allow me just here to state that I yield to no member of the grand old regiment in admiration of the Bugle, and in appreciation of the efforts of yourself and Comrade Tobie and all others interested in the good work of producing a work that every member and every member's relatives should help to sustain. I listen with due obedience to your command: "Attention, comrades of the First Maine!" and I appreciate every word of your remarks. I am much astonished that the three previous Calls have not brought

every man into line ; but, colonel, there is one call that you have omitted that when sounded from headquarters of the First Maine Cavalry never failed to bring every man into line, armed and equipped and ready for action. I refer to boots and saddles. Sound boots and saddles, colonel, and you will find every blue bellied mother's son in line and in position of "Prepare to mount" in the usual time of five minutes. When line of battle is formed, and the command, "Draw sabres!" is given, certainly no man will have the cheek to raise his hand from his hip without the requisite one dollar to pay for the Bugle one year. I am very far from being a traveling National Bank, but I can usually dig up a dollar or two for the Bugle, &c.

It pleases me much to read the letters of comrades, giving accounts of old times. Every man ought to lend a hand. Those stories are refreshing, indeed. Don't be bashful, boys. Come to the front and do as the lads used to do down at the front when change was short. "Ante and pass the buck."

If there is no objection I will ante to give you a starter by giving an account of my first ovation. As some of you will remember, I got dismounted (in the usual way, horse shot) at Upperville, June 21st, 1863. [See pages 169 and 172 History.] After the engagement was closed I backed my saddle back through town to where we camped that night. I walked back to Aldie with the command, but have forgotten how I got my saddle back. The afternoon before we started for Gettysburg I was ordered to fall in for Camp Stoneman (dismounted camp). We had gone but a short distance when I met my uncle, Charley Lyon, (brigade blacksmith), [See page 531, picture page 112, History.] who had an extra horse that he had picked up that day, which he gave me, and without orders I went back to the company, found my saddle, and commenced preparing for the night march. Captain Ellis [See page 526, History] examined my horse, and said: "Before morning you will wish that you had gone to the dismounted camp. That horse is played out now." I did not think so, but before we had marched an hour I did think so. Jack Heald [See page 526, picture page 416, History], a sergeant then, who was riding by my side, said: "Daggett, you are a foot cavalryman this time. Now the best thing you can do is to take it afoot until you can steal another horse." I took his advice; the boys kept my horse in the ranks and I played foot cavalryman every rod of the way to Gettysburg. I became better known on that march than before. Colonel

Smith frequently inquired how I was standing the march. I was not absent from the command one hour until the fifth of July, when we left Gettysburg for Chambersburg. About noon my old horse caved in, and I fell out, with Captain Ellis' consent, with instructions to get along the best that I could, and get to the regiment again as soon as possible; that he had no horse for me and could not help me. Jack Knapp, [See page 535, History] of Company E, a recruit, thought he had seen service enough and resigned, leaving his horse with me, an old played out animal. I sold my own horse to a farmer for \$10, and went in pursuit of the regiment on foot, leading Knapp's horse. The day after leaving Chambersburg I fell in with Bob McClain, Co. F, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who was in the same fix as myself. Misery loves company, so Bob and I kept together. In about two days we reached the summit of the mountains, going over into Maryland. We were then behind the rear guard—foraging was better there than further in advance. Foraging was rather short on the main traveled road, so we took a detour into the woods in search of breakfast. We soon found a cooper shop occupied by an old bachelor and two maiden sisters. We ordered breakfast and ere long sat down to a sumptuous meal. We were enjoying it hugely when I looked out of the window and saw two of Mosby's men in the act of dismounting near the house. In very much less time than it takes to tell the story we took our revolvers from our holsters and stepped out to the corner of the house, where our worthies had to come around to get us. On turning the corner the first thing that was presented to their view was two large sized Colt's revolvers, accompanied with the command "Hands up!" which they obeyed very reluctantly. We first relieved them of their arms, and then took them into the house and invited them to share our breakfast, which they did, they sitting on one side of the table and Bob and I on the other, with our revolvers by our plates. After breakfast we saddled up their horses with our own saddles, and presented the cooper with our horses and the rebel's saddles. We mounted their horses, put our prisoners in advance, and started for Wolfsville, Maryland—distance six miles—at a double quick gait. We did not believe that foraging was as safe a business in the rear as we had imagined it. We overtook the provost guard at Wolfsville, and turned over our prisoners to Sergeant D. H. Jones, Sixth Regular Cavalry, in charge of the provost guard, taking his receipt for our rebs. We joined our companies (Bob and I) in a few days more, and the first

inquiry from Jack Heald was "Daggett, old boy, where did you steal that horse?" I produced my receipt from Sergeant Jones to Captain Ellis, and soon became the center of attraction. That was the best horse that I ever threw a leg over before or since, and I have rode many times since then.

After leaving Harper's Ferry on July 15th, [See page 181 History] we went to near Charlestown, where a skirmish took place and I would have been captured only for my rebel horse. As many of you will remember, there was a low ridge or horseback between where our regiment halted in the woods and the town. Major Brown with companies M and E was sent out to see what was on the other side of the horseback, and how far Charlestown was away. Arriving at the horseback, Ross Leeman of Company M [See page 653 History] was sent to the top of the ridge on a voyage of discovery, where, without making any report, he opened fire. Captain Ellis was then ordered to send three or four men to the assistance of Leeman. I was one of the party sent, hitching my horse to a fence and going up on foot. There was plenty of rebels in sight so we all commenced firing. My carbine, (a Sharp's) soon became plugged up, and I got out my priming wire and began probing at the tube to get it into operation again. I was much interested, and time flew quickly. When I was ready for action again I found myself deserted—every man was back to his company and mounted. I had several rods to run and two fences to get over and no time to lose, as three or four hundred rebel cavalry had come through the gap in the horseback to our left and were trying to cut us off. I mounted as soon as possible, but the command was out of the reach of me and the rebel cavalry, and I was in for it. Particular attention was paid to me by my friends in gray, and before I reached the woods to the left of where our regiment was I thought that every mother's son of a reb had shot at me and in strong language ordered me to halt, which I most respectfully declined to do, and when I came to the fence along the edge of the wood my new horse sailed over it like a bird, and I was saved from Andersonville. Colonel Smith was the first man to congratulate me on my escape. This was my first ovation.

MONROE DAGGETT, Company E.

CO K IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

[Some particulars relating to Co. "K" in the Shenandoah Valley, which should have been inserted between pages 68 and 69, of the History.]

On the 31st of May at noon, Co. "K," Capt. Prince, the advance guard of Gen. Ricketts, formerly Gen. Ords', Division, Gen. Hartsuff's Brigade, arrived at Front Royal. The rest of the division, after a tedious march in the rain, arrived during the evening and night. Brig. Gen. Kimball of Gen. Shield's Division, with four companies of the Rhode Island Cavalry, had dashed into town the day before at eleven A. M., driving out the rebel forces, capturing one hundred and fifty-six of the enemy, and liberating eighteen prisoners captured from Gen. Banks. The Rhode Island Cavalry had nine killed and five wounded.

Gen. McDowell sent forward Bayard's Cavalry and the Pennsylvania Buck-tails; also Capt. Hall's Second Maine Battery with four Griffin guns, June 1st, who joined Fremont's army at Strasburg in the pursuit of Gen. Jackson's retreating army; Gen. Shields with the rest of his forces proceeding up the eastern branch or "Luray road," hoping to intercept Jackson's retreat in that direction. On the afternoon of the second, Gen. Ricketts' Division moved from Front Royal across the eastern branch of the Shenandoah, and at eight o'clock in the evening Co. K was ordered to report to Gen. Hartsuff, stationed some few miles distant on the railroad track towards Strasburg. Co. K started in a drenching rain and found the brigade headquarters at Buckton Station, where they had been stopped by the destruction of the bridge over Passage creek. Capt. Prince was ordered to proceed up Powells-Fort Valley some ten miles, and if they could cross the ford there, to take charge of a section of artillery which he would find on the opposite side of the creek and proceed on to the bridge over the western branch of the Shenandoah near Strasburg and guard the same. Co K's lieutenants were absent and Orderly Sergeant Ford acted as first lieutenant.

It was very dark and raining in torrents. After trying several places they finally succeeded in finding the ford, and crossed over about two A. M. of the third with the loss of one horse; the water running swiftly over the tops of their saddles. They arrived at Strasburg bridge about day light to find it had been swept away during the night. They found at the bridge a courier from Gen. Fremont with a dispatch stating he had captured five hundred prisoners, and requesting aid in guarding them; this message Capt. Prince sent back to Gen. Hartsuff.

The Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, the New York and Pennsylvania regiments arrived late on the afternoon of the third and went into camp near Capt. Prince's company.

On the fourth, orders came for the brigade to fall back to Front Royal, the bridges there being in imminent danger. Co. K was directed to bring up the rear and drive forward all stragglers; they left Water-lick station about five P. M., crossing a temporary bridge over Passage creek at Buckton station, and after a nights march along the railroad track arrived at the east branch about six o'clock on the morning of the fifth, to find the bridges gone. Gen. Ricketts' command had got safely over except Co. K, and some twenty infantry strag-

glers who were entirely cut off from the rest of the army and imprisoned between the forks of the river, both branches having overflowed their banks and were more than a mile wide of raging waters. On the north or Winchester side of the west fork, Col. Christian's regiment, the Twenty-sixth New York, was also cut off from the main army by the flood and were obliged to wait for the waters to subside, but they were in reach of Gen. Banks and his quartermasters stores. Companies C and D of the First Maine Cavalry were imprisoned with the Twenty-sixth New York. They had been sent towards Harper's Ferry to communicate with Gen. Banks, which they had succeeded in doing as is reported in the History, (page 69) but on their return were stopped by the flood on the north side of the west fork in company with Col. Christian's regiment. These troops on the west side of the main river were ferried across on the seventh and eighth, but Company K with their sixty-two men and horses were not able to cross until the afternoon of the ninth, having been since the second without rations for the men or forage for the horses except what scanty supply they could secure by foraging parties in a neighborhood that had been previously stripped quite thoroughly. Fortunately, Capt. Prince discovered an abandoned army wagon in the woods containing several boxes of hard bread, two barrels of beans, half a barrel of salt pork and some vinegar and salt. This he hauled up to his camping ground, and the last two days of his detention the men had tolerable rations. Mr. Bennet, one of the residents, made a bitter complaint to Capt. Prince that the cavalry men were stripping him of his family stores of bacon and other food, and, as he was a Union man he thought himself ill treated. The captain replied "If you are a true Union citizen you should be willing to contribute your mite to the Union cause; we have left our offices, our work shops, and our homes at the call of the President, and yet you begrudge us a mouthful of food in our extremity." The captain gave him a receipt for the provisions taken, and he went his way apparently satisfied.

NATHANIEL S. HAWKES' ACCOUNT OF HIS CAPTURE.

Dear General:—I was a member of Company F. When our regiment ran into Hills Corps on the night of October 12th, 1863, and we moved to the rear or "fours right about," my horse fell as we passed the road down the hill, and was so injured that I had to move him to one side to prevent the other horses of the company walking over him. My horse was so tired that I was unable to ride him and his fall was, undoubtedly, the result of his exhaustion. As I led him along on the flank slowly, the command moved by me and I was soon in the rear. I remember very distinctly as I was near the rear that Col. Smith spoke to me and asked if that were Capt. Chadbourne. I told him "No; I had n't got as high as that."

In a short time, leading my horse alone and some ways in the rear of the column, I overtook Robert Preston of Company D, whose horse had become completely exhausted. He was obliged to abandon his horse, taking with

him only his blanket, surcingle and horse's bridle. After an hour or so we came across an abandoned horse which had recovered his breath by resting, and Preston put on the blanket and surcingle and bridled him and rode a couple of miles or so, when it became exhausted and had to be left.

Later in the night we met a man who told us he had been guide for the regiment and that Col. Smith had told him when he left the regiment that they would take the road towards Salem. We therefore took the road towards Salem, while the regiment had actually taken the road towards Warrenton, Col. Smith evidently not intending to give the guide correct information concerning the road taken by the regiment. Towards morning we stopped to rest, away from the road and in the rear of a dwelling. At early daylight quite a large rebel detachment went by the house, coming from the direction of Warrenton. This force was probably reconnoitering or endeavoring to find the force that disturbed the slumbers of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. After they were out of the way we took a horse we found in a field near the house, which Preston mounted.

After daylight we went into the woods and had breakfast, and then pushed on in the road towards Salem. When near the town, coming round a turn of the road, we came suddenly on four men riding towards us. One of them attempted to draw his pistol. We repeated the same operation, whereupon three of them trusted to their horses for safety instead of their revolvers, and the fourth remained with us. We asked him what made the others in such a hurry, and he remarked that they were probably frightened. I told him there was no need for any fear as we were good rebs, and after some conversation as to what regiment we belonged to we answered, "The Fourth Virginia Cavalry," whereupon he called the other three to return. We told them we were scouting and in reply to the question, "Did you see any Yanks?" we told them we had seen quite a large party back of us coming that way. The four rebs turned off on a side road and we proceeded to Salem. Just as we got through the town we met two more mounted men, who questioned us quite sharply about what we were doing and to what regiment we belonged and who commanded our corps. We held to our former story, and told them all we knew about Gen. Hill. In a short time we perceived several men near the railroad and one mounted man in the road ahead of us, and looking back we saw a squad of six coming up rapidly from the rear. The six men overtook us before we met the man in front, and commenced to question us again. They took our arms from us then, saying they would be returned to us as soon as we could identify ourselves and show that we were all right. In a short time, seeing that the thing was up, I told them we were Yankees and the regiment to which I belonged. They asked where the regiment was. I told them the regiment was in a good place and would take care of itself. I learned that the party that had taken me was Lieut. Nelson of Mosby's men and the others were furloughed men of different regiments, or at least said they were. As we went back through the village we met the old man whose horse we had taken, swearing mad. He recovered his horse, but it was some time before he recovered his temper. Two of the men with us were Jeffries brothers, one Brown, one Stevenson. They expected to find

their command near Culpeper Court House and took us along with them, giving us a ride from time to time and carrying us on their horses across all the streams. The first night on our way to Culpepper we stopped at a large farmhouse where they had plenty of everything except sugar and coffee, and as my supply of these articles held out they were as glad to get the sugar and coffee as I was to get their chicken and corn bread. At Culpepper we were put into the old court house, and remained there for three or four days. Before we left Culpepper the detachment of men under Lieut. Harris, which had been captured, joined us, and also others of Companies D and F and some other companies. I do not recall now any names but those of Charles Eastman, of my own company, and Martin Coakley, Decker and Nodstram of Company E. I was then taken to Richmond, was at Belle Isle a while, thence to Andersonville, Ga., and remained there until I completed thirteen months, when I was paroled and sent to Annapolis.

My stay at Andersonville was too monotonous and uncomfortable to make a pleasing story. Eastman was with me most of my imprisonment. I remember also that H. T. Henley and Samuel Tomley of Company F, also joined us at Culpepper Court House. [See pages 549, 521, 541, 548, 532, 533, 536, 544, 549, 192-206, and picture page 199, History.]

MEMORIAL DAY AT ST. ALBANS.

Called to this quiet, pleasant village the thirtieth day of May last, I saw on my way Dr. O. E. Stoddard, of Company I, who is putting gold into his pockets by putting the same metal into the teeth of the good people of Belfast, who when I talked to him about the sons of the "First of Maine" organizing, said, "My sons are two daughters."

I also, in Belfast, called at the store of Alonzo Dutch, of Company D, and found a young man in his market whom I recognized at once as a chip of the old block, or to speak more accurately, a whole log instead of a chip. I found the elder Dutch a few minutes later and we dined together. He is as big as ever and has a family as numerous as he is big. He is doing a good business, and has a happy family, saddened only by the loss of his wife.

At Burnham I found John E. Hart, of Company H, in his hotel, and had a very enjoyable conversation with him. He told me how he and Billy McFarland once put up a job on certain stores in my tent and caused my innocent darkey, Isaac, to receive all the punishment.

At Pittsfield Lieut. Oren S. Haskell came to the depot to meet me. We had a pleasant talk till the train on the Hartland road took me towards that place. He pointed out to me from the depot the building where he had his printing office and near by his dwelling place and house.

At St. Albans I met William H. Moore, of Company H, who has a farm of some two hundred acres, and a large family of boys and girls. He lives some distance from the village. I only saw his youngest son, a promising and pleasant lad.

Elisha D. Emerson, of Company H, is also a resident of St. Albans. His

farm is a small one, only 135 acres. I ran across him accidentally as he was hitching his horse, and had commenced conversing with him before we recognized each other. He is quite badly used up by rheumatism, so that he walks with difficulty and much pain.

I also met Belden Southard, Co. M, of St. Albans, but had time only to pass a word or two.

I sat at the same table and became quite well acquainted with H. A. Hurd, a prosperous merchant of St. Albans. He is a brother of James A. and Washington I. Hurd, of Company H of our regiment, both of whom lost their lives. He also had two cousins in our regiment, one of whom lost his life. Mr. Hurd was a schoolmate of Capt. Joel Wilson at Kent's Hill, Me., and told me how he and Joel went through and conquered Smyth's Larger Algebra in one term; how in one of their midnight sessions on that interesting author their fluid lamp was upset and the inflammable material was endangering the room, which was saved by a skillful and appropriate use of a pail of water at the base of the flames.

I also met Charles Whitten, Company C, of Hartland, who called to memory the time I was forced to reprimand him for expending Uncle Sam's ammunition in shooting crows. Also an incident when I threatened to send him to Dry Tortugas for an offense that was considered a proof of good soldiership before Grant told the rebels they could retain their horses for planting and farm work. Whitten is a stout built, prepossessing man, but told me he was a great sufferer from asthma, also disabled by a wound.

I also met and had a very pleasant chat with Harrison B. Allen, of Company G, also of Hartland.

I took a carriage for Pittsfield at 6.30 A. M., and had a delightful drive of ten miles or so to catch the train for my return via Augusta and Brunswick. Although the hour was early, at Pittsfield I found comrade Richard M. Daniels, of Company F, waiting my arrival, accompanied by a stout looking lad of some twenty odd years, who proved to be his son. He had a lot more of the same kind at home and told me how much he, his wife and boys enjoyed the Bugle and the History. I always know when a man says that, he is proud of his regiment and loves its service.

At Brunswick I had some two hours at the College, where I met my son, fresh from the boat races on the Charles, in one of which the Bowdoin crew had been successful, but in the contest with the Varsity Crew of Harvard had been defeated. He graduates this month, and will pass the summer with the Bowdoin College Scientific Expedition to the coast of Labrador.

The two days' trip through part of Maine thus closed, and I write this to tell you the comrades I met, and wish much I could tell you better how they looked and prospered.

J. P. CILLEY.

THE ASSEMBLY.

"Well may thy scabbard rattle,
Trooper, I pant for battle;
Right eager for the fight,
I clang with wild delight,
Hurrah!"

To the Comrades.

With this Call commences the second year of the BUGLE—Call 5 of Campaign II—therefore this is a good time to say a few words to you, comrades, personally. Gen. Cilley has made his special call as treasurer on the first pages, and to that you want to pay strict attention, as we shall not here touch upon the question of finances. But after reading and digesting his facts and figures, and acting according to your best judgment, please treat us in the same way. What the BUGLE has been so far, is due in a great measure to you who have taken hold and assisted us by your stories and your letters. What this Call of the BUGLE is, and we are so vain as to think you will pronounce it the best yet, is due more than ever to you. What the BUGLE is to be in the future will depend upon what you choose to make it. The appeal in the April Call to you to send us reminiscences and letters has been nobly answered, as this Call testifies. This is encouraging, and if you all will do your duty—as a few have done—as nobly as you did in

1861-5, and you can do so if you will, then the BUGLE will be worthy of the grand old regiment. It is in your hands.

You see by this Call that some improvements have been made in arrangement, as well as in the variety of matter of interest to you all. The bungling editorial head has been discarded, and in its place you see the bugle call "The Assembly." As in the olden days when that call was sounded, all had to respond, so we trust, when you see the call now you will all come to "attention," and be ready to do whatever is set forth for you to do. The longer letters and reminiscences are placed by themselves, before the editor has his say, and the shorter letters are grouped together under the heading "Bugle Echoes." These "echoes" are of interest to every comrade of the regiment, and every comrade having enjoyed the "echoes" from other comrades, should be fair about it and give the other comrades an opportunity to enjoy an "echo" or two from him. So fall in, every one of you, and "set the echoes ringing."

The obituary notices will hereafter appear under the appropriate heading "Taps," indicating that the light is out, and the comrades are at sweet rest,— not "good-night," as some would have it.

Say not "good-night," but in some happier sphere.

Bid me "good-morning."

The Reunion at Houlton.

From all directions come indications of interest in the coming reunion at Houlton, and it promises to be one of the most successful and enjoyable reunions we have ever held. The change from the "Hub of the Universe" in 1890 to the "farthest corner of down east" in 1891, can have but a novel effect, and as long as variety is the spice of life, the change is bound to be agreeable. It will be a splendid opportunity to visit a portion of the State with which but a few of the comrades are acquainted, and the more they know of their own State, the better citizens and the more loyal to the State they will be. Why, the good old Pine Tree State could well afford to pay the transportation of all her veterans to the reunions every year, so long as the reunions are held in the different portions of the State, so much better citizens would they be. This is one of the reasons why our Association has been in the habit of going all over the State and now and then into Massachusetts, though the main reason is so as to give the comrades in all parts of the

State a chance to meet their comrades in reunion without too much expense. The benefit of this course is seen every year, and this year will be no exception. From the very nature of the case, comrades will be present this year who have seldom met in reunion, and as usual many comrades will meet who haven't met before since the muster-out of the regiment.

We hope to have the full details of the arrangements for the Houlton reunion to send out with this Call—either on a later or supplemental page. But if we do not, keep your eyes out for Gen. Cilley's circular, and be ready to respond promptly.

The Sons of the First Maine.

An endeavor will be made at the coming reunion at Houlton to carry into effect the suggestion of Gen. Cilley at the reunion in Boston last year, viz., the organization of the Sons of the Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry. It is a good idea, so all of you comrades who can, bring your sons with you, and let them, with your aid, place themselves upon a footing where they will have a personal interest in the reunions of the First Maine Cavalry, and their desire to perpetuate the reunions of the regiment will be strengthened and rendered more easy of fulfillment. A fair proportion of the pages of the Bugle will be devoted to their special use so that they can give

accounts of each other and become acquainted and mutually interested. They will be entitled to wear the same badge, the only variation being that to the printed words on the ribbon, "First of Maine," will be added the word "Sons" on each side of the lower part.

Organize.

The Comrades of Boston and vicinity, Bangor and vicinity, Skowhegan and vicinity, and Androscoggin county and vicinity, have set a good example to all the comrades where any number of them reside within a reasonable distance of each other, by organizing local associations and clubs. This is a good idea—an association in every city, or at least in every county in the State, would be a grand thing. It would serve to keep the old touch of the elbows, would keep the camp fires burning bright, would keep the old memories alive. It would give the pleasures of reunion to those of the comrades who are unable to attend the general reunion, and it would assist the general reunion by keeping the old spirit alive, and renewing interest in all the comrades and all the gatherings. It would also assist much in keeping the memory of the regiment alive among citizens of the State, especially the young. Organize, and make it one of the duties of the secretary to send an account of the organization, and account of every

reunion and every meeting of importance to the BUGLE; and the duty of every member to take the BUGLE and pay for it.

Mrs. Addie (Phipps) Tobie, President of the Ladies Auxillary, died at her residence in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, April 25th last, after an illness of two weeks, in the forty-eighth year of her age. She was born in Bradford and had been married twenty-five years. She leaves a husband and two sons to mourn the loss of a wife and mother whose whole life was devoted to the care and interest of her family. She was a member of Tower Relief Corps, Pawtucket.

By the kindness of Gen. Smith the comrades of the grand old regiment who are so fortunate as to attend the meeting of the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, at Detroit, will hold reunions at rooms 68 and 69, Buhl Block, Griswold street, August 5th and 6th.

If the comrades, one and all will send to the editor any newspaper clippings which they may have concerning the regiment or any of the comrades, notices of gatherings of the comrades anywhere, sketches of local associations of comrades and their reunions, obituary notices of comrades, etc., they will confer a favor upon every comrade who reads the BUGLE.

A Pleasant Anniversary Gathering.

On the evening of April 9th, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the surrender of Gen. Lee, there was a pleasant gathering of comrades and their wives at the residence of Comrade Frank J. Savage, on Newhall street, Fairfield, to observe the anniversary and keep alive the memories of that glorious day. The invitations were very neatly gotten up, having on the outside, in colors, a soldier on guard over the stars and stripes, with a camp ground and dress parade in the distance, while on a United States shield was the legend, "April 9-Appomatox-1865," with eagles and stars at the bottom, between which were the words "Fairfield, Maine, 1891." On the inside was a pleasantly worded invitation, and the first and last stanzas of the poem on Appomatox, published in the History. There were infantry men as well as cavalry men present, of those who were present at the surrender, and each one was to relate what they saw, the infantry leading off and the cavalry following in good order. It was a very interesting meeting and vividly brought back the old times which mean so much to the old soldier. Of the cavalry there were present the host, of course, Capt. Vaughan, of Company M, Sergt. George E. Goodwin, of Company H, and Dennis Murphy, of Company H. Capt. Vaughan gave an account of the

raid on Richmond, and Sergt. Savage an account of the last campaign as seen by him. Refreshments were served, and all had a glorious good time.

The comrades will enjoy reading the exercises at the dedication of the division monument at Gettysburg, although they took place so long ago. The formal exercises of dedication will be of interest, of course, but more than all, the comrades will enjoy reading the words of our old commanders, Gen. David McM. Gregg, and Gen. J. Irvin Gregg—names every comrade of our regiment reveres and loves. These are the only speeches of these two cavalry generals we have, and they will be carefully preserved.

Send along your camp stories and your reminiscences. See how this Call is fairly bristling with them, until, as you read them, you are living the old days over again, and if you were to sit down this very minute to write out some incident just now called to mind, you would surprise yourself to find how easily and how well you can do it, and would interest many a comrade and perhaps spur him up to follow your good example.

We have in readiness for the next Call of the BUGLE, some incidents of the fight at Middleburg, from the pen of Lieut. Horatio S. Libby, which all the comrades will enjoy reading.

First Maine Cavalry Association of Androscoggin County.

The comrades of Androscoggin County, and vicinity, met about two years ago and organized under the name given above. Comrade Charles E. Moulton was the first President. The officers the second year, up to the present month are :

President, DR. WILLIAM S. HOWE.

Vice-Pres., CHARLES H. ADDITON.

Sec'y and Treas., HENRY LITTLE.

Chaplain, REV. PERRY CHANDLER.

This association has had three meetings (probably four by the time this reaches our readers) and numbers sixty-five members. The comrades bring their wives and children and tell "what they did and what they intend to do when too old to do anything else." The last meeting was held at Custer Post Hall, Lewiston, on February 28th, last, on which occasion Gen. Cilley was present, as were also Mrs. Lane, of Lewiston, and Mrs. Stanford, of New York, sisters of Lt. Col. Boothby. The two last named were much pleased to meet the comrades and their families. Comrade Menander Dennett read "Nothing but Flags," to the delight of the gathering. The comrades are enthusiastic over their young association, as many of them cannot attend the regimental reunions and now they have reunions of their own.

The annual meeting for this year is to be held the present month at Lake Grove.

A Local Association at Skowhegan.

An invitation was extended to the comrades of the regiment residing in Skowhegan and vicinity, to meet at Hotel Heselton on the evening of Monday, April 6th, at the conclusion of the exercises in recognition of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Grand Army of the Republic, for the purpose of forming an association. The *Somerset Reporter* of April 9th gives the following account of the meeting:

Immediately after the anniversary exercises of Russell Post, Monday evening, several veterans of the First Maine Cavalry met at Hotel Heselton for the purpose of effecting a local organization of those members of that regiment who live in Skowhegan and vicinity. Many of the survivors of that famous regiment live in Somerset County, and while there are other local organizations of the regiment, it was thought wise on account of the number living in this neighborhood to form a branch association here. By invitation of the veterans several citizens of the town were present, all of whom after the organization was perfected were made honorary members of the same. Geo. B. Safford was elected temporary chairman, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Dr. Sumner A. Patten;
Vice-President, Llewellyn Goodwin;
Secretary, Sewell W. Smith; *Treasurer*, Zenas Vaughan.

It was voted to hold an annual reunion of the local veterans of the First Maine and that the time and place of such meeting be left to the officers; and it was further decided that at the next reunion such steps should be taken

to strengthen the organization as the officers should recommend. The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the officers.

Meanwhile Landlord Heselton had prepared an elegant banquet and for two hours the old veterans and new-made cavalymen fought over the battles of the war. Such bravery was displayed by some of the new members that they were rapidly promoted with due form and ceremony through all the grades of office, and one of the honorary members was so rapidly elevated that, starting in as a corporal he came out a general, and when the feast was over he commanded the whole army.

The following gentlemen sat down to the banquet:

S. A. Patten, Zenas Vaughan, A. F. Bickford, Geo. E. Goodwin, Sewell W. Smith, Henry J. Varney, Converse L. Webb, Dennis Murphy, F. R. Buck, Lewis Anderson, W. H. Emery, Simeon Sawyer, Chas. Richards, Geo. H. Pishon, B. F. Eaton, Geo. B. Safford and E. F. Goodwin.

Quite a number of the members of Fred A. Norwood Relief Corps spent the evening with Mrs. J. Q. A. Libby, on Union street Tuesday. Mrs. Libby has been a member of the Corps since

its organization but for some time has been unable to attend their meetings on account of poor health. A fine treat was served to the visitors and a very pleasant evening was the general verdict.— *Camden Herald*, May 8th, 1891.

Mr. Libby was a member of Company C, of our regiment [See History p. 507]. Frederick A. Norwood, for whom the Corps was named was also a member of Company C [See History, p. 508, picture p. 504.]

In the October Call we shall publish the first of a series of four articles by Major Henry C. Hall, entitled "After Appomatox," giving a vivid and succinct account of the state of affairs when the war had closed, in Chesterfield county, where Major Hall's battalion for more than two months performed the duty for the county afterwards taken in charge by the Freedman's Bureau. The name of Major Hall is sufficient to ensure interesting articles, well written.

BUGLE ECHOES.

"Blow, Bugle, blow,
Set the wild echoes flying."

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 11th, 1887.
EDWARD P. TOBIE:

Dear Sir,—I am writing a history of all the cavalry that ever served with the Army of the Potomac, and have read with much interest your History of the First Maine, some of whose officers it was my pleasure to know personally. I write just now to learn, if possible, the fate of a person named Smith, who was in 1863 about thirteen or fourteen years old, who said he came out with Col. Douty. June 17th, after Col. Douty had fallen, he wanted to stay with me. I presented him to Gen. Kilpatrick, who said: "Yes; I want him on my staff." He went into one charge, and cried because kept out of another. At Hanover—June 30th—the first battle of the war on free soil—he was in the hottest of the fight with the Eighteenth Pennsylvania and Fifth New York. He killed the horse of a rebel colonel, the rider pitching head foremost into a tan vat and would have drowned but for this boy. His horse was shot in the fight, and, coming to me for a remount, he cried, fearing that he would be blamed for the loss of the horse. In the charge of Custer's body guard at Williamsport he brought in an overgrown, frowzy headed Georgian, much to the amusement of everybody. How, when or where this boy left us I cannot find out. I feel a personal interest in his fate. I should like to know what you know about him.

You may possibly remember me as a correspondent of the New York

Daily Times, and as a volunteer aid of the Third Division Staff—first under Kilpatrick and then Custer—to the end, April 9th, 1865. I was on the Stoneman raid; with Buford at Beverly, June 9th; (crossed with Davis, Eighth New York,) and on the raid to release prisoners in Richmond. At Aldie, June 17th, 1863, I was sent to order your regiment from left to right when Rosser was after Randol's two guns. I mention these facts to locate myself in your mind, if possible.

I think your history the most interesting of any work of the kind I have yet read, and I have read a great many histories pertaining to the war. Hoping to have a line from you soon I remain,

Yours truly,

E. A. PAUL,

Mt. Pleasant, D. C.

PORTLAND, March 29th, 1891.

Dear Gen.,—The Bugle of January, 1891, is received; also was the one before. Enclosed please find money order for \$1 for same. I am very glad you did not forget me. Although I am very sorry to say that I have never been present at any reunion of the regiment, please consider me as in it. It was not that I did not want to be there, but because I could not get there. Ever since I came home with the regiment my business has kept me away from home, until within two years, and I have been away most of the time since. In 1889 I arrived at Bar Harbor the day after the reunion. I tried to get there in time, but was

just too late. In 1890 I managed to get one day off, and went to Boston with G. A. R. Post No. 2, of which I am a member. I was obliged to come back the same night. I do not get any time off, and have not had a vacation for years. I have a history of the regiment. I would not part with it for anything. I got it of Comrade Dam as soon as they were published. Every member should have one. I also have a badge; got that from Comrade Dam last summer. I prize it very highly. Meant to have my picture in the history, but neglected it until too late. I have wished since it was there. I often gaze at our old battle flag in Bosworth Post Hall. It starts a thrill and brings back by-gones. If it is possible for me to be at the next reunion I shall be there. I have always been able to stand up and do my work; have not seen much sickness, but have had lots of it in my family. Have only two children left out of seven. My wife has been through a hard siege. Her life was despaired of, but she is still with me, although she will never get over the disease that gave her a long, doubtful sickness. She is up and about, but is not herself as she used to be. I would give considerable if my picture were in the history, but it is too late now; could have had it there as well as not; my own fault and neglect. Being a steamboat man and on the water all the time, I did not think of anything ashore except my wife. If I am indebted to the Association in any way please inform me and I will remit, for I wish to be a member in good standing. Yours very respectfully,

JAMES H. MERRITT,

130 Spring Street, Portland, Me.

[See page 536, History.]

HORATIO S. LIBBY, LIEUT. COMPANY C, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY:

My Dear Comrade, — I am the member of regimental band of which you speak in the Bugle of January, 1891. I recollect the episode of which you speak very well, for when that first shot or shell struck the ground so near that both Adjutant Tucker and myself were covered with dirt—in fact nearly blinded with dirt—the impression made upon my mind was forcible. I rode a tall, rangy white horse, the same that appears with my picture in the history. Adjutant Tucker rode a black horse that day, and as we rode out of camp at Warrenton Junction there was some friendly banter as to which was the better horse. On our return to camp however it was allowed that both horses were at least speedy. We went back the next day, however, with a Dutch battery from New York, and knocked the stuffing out of them. If you were Orderly Sergeant of Company C at that time you may recall the fact that I rode by your side at the head of the company after we reformed, back to camp, as I now recollect eight or ten miles. I am by occupation a farmer, but for the past two years have been a member of the United States Customs force on this border under Hon. Albert A. Burleigh, who was a District of Columbia man and later a First Maine Cavalry man, and was discharged on account of wounds received in battle. Sometimes while riding the lines at night on the lookout for smugglers I am in my mind carried back to the days when with my old comrades I followed the guidon in the ranks of the old First Maine Cavalry. In fraternity, charity, and loyalty, yours, &c.

AUGUSTUS W. INGERSOLL.

[See pp. 463, 583, picture pp. 88, 44, History.]

SOUTH NORRIDGEWOCK, April 1st, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I was most pleased to receive another copy of the First Maine Cavalry Bugle, and I hereby remit the \$1 to pay for the same. I hope they will continue to come as long as I live. It is very interesting to me to get them. I attended the camp fire of our Post last night, and as different members of the Post were called upon for remarks, each seemed to infer that his own particular regiment was the regiment that did the hardest fighting, and that he had a very prominent position in the regiment. But we of the First Maine Cavalry think we know that we belonged to the best regiment in the service, and we that remained continually with the regiment know from experience that the reason of the success that usually followed our fighting was on account of the confidence the rank and file had in their officers and in one another. I do not claim to be anything extra myself. I was a District of Columbia man, Company M, and I know there were lots of good soldiers in that regiment. Capt. Sargent, captain of Company M, killed at Reams Station, told us in Washington that he would never ask a man to go where he would not go himself, and he never did. I assisted in removing his body to City Point, where it was embalmed, and Sergt. Gerry went with the body to Athens, Me., his home. As you see by the history, I served in the Fifth Maine battery from the start to the Battle of Second Bull Run, where I received an injury to my side by the recoil of a gun, having a number of ribs broken and being otherwise injured. Very truly yours,

PLUMMER H. BUTLER,

Co. H, First Maine Cavalry.

[See page 583, history.]

ROME, N. Y., April 1st, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—First Maine Bugle Call 3 has arrived. It found me in very poor health, and it acted as a tonic for I felt good and strong as I perused its precious contents and marked the names of the comrades that had served with me at division headquarters. I received a letter from John A. Hutchins a few years ago. He was then in Brookings, Dakota. He was one of the couriers at division headquarters, and he is the only one I have ever heard from since the trouble ceased. I see that you have H. H. Hard starred. Joe Tatten was from Nova Scotia. It is a wonder that so many are alive. I will enclose postal note for Calls Three and Four. I hope to receive many more of your Bugle Calls, but the chances are now that I will hear Gabriel's bugle call before long. Hope I will be prepared to respond to the call when it sounds. I am troubled with locomotor allaxia, and have been for a number of years. It continues to grow worse, and now I am hardly able to walk. I will now close hoping this will find you in excellent health, with long life before you yet. Yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty.

W. W. WILLIAMS.

P. S. Those comrades I mentioned were at division headquarters.

[See pp. 586, 522, History.]

WEST UPTON, MASS., April 2d, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Yours received last night, and in reply will say that I have never received a copy of the Bugle until last night I received Call 3. I was much pleased with it and next week will send you a year's subscription. Would send it to-day if I had it, but, like many an old soldier, I am poor. My wife has been sick all winter, but I think she will recover. She

is helpless now and I have not been able to do a day's work, but I have not lost my grip on the First Maine Cavalry, and never shall. As soon as I have the money I want a history. I got my badge last fall in Boston, and it is something that I feel proud of.

Yours in haste,

W. A. VINAL.

[See page 596, History.]

NEWPORT, ME., April 3d, 1891.

Dear Comrade,—On this, the third day of April 1891, I will answer to roll call as per advice in Bugle. Twenty-six years ago to-day I left the company and went to dismounted camp, Lieut. Fuller being wounded and sent to the hospital. How often my mind runs back to those times, and the remembrance of them will always be kept green. I have been thinking of writing for some time, but kept neglecting. To-night I made up my mind to write, so here it is. Enclosed please find money order, one dollar, for Bugle one year. As soon as I get the money to spare I shall send for one of those badges; wish I had it now, but I hope sometime to get so that I can. I like the Bugle first rate; it seemed almost like the old times to read of the scrapes the boys used to get into. Long may the Bugle Calls be heard; but the time is coming when the last call will be heard and we shall all have passed over the silent river. May we all stand shoulder to shoulder as in days gone by and help to bear each others burdens and sorrows and smooth the pathway as best we may for those who need our care, and when the last call shall be made, may we all be able to answer, "All present, or accounted for," is the wish of your comrade,

O. M. HARRINGTON.

[See page 491 History.]

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME,
LEAVENWORTH, Ks., April 4th, 1891.

My Dear General,—As I was sitting by my bed this morning, reading the Home Bulletin, a spicy little sheet printed at the Hampton Home and devoted to the veterans, our ward master, for I am a patient in the hospital at present, came in with the morning mail, and gave me the Bugle Call 3, and I assure you that all other business was suspended and full attention given to the Bugle. I am more than pleased with it, and think it ought to be in the hands of all the boys of the First Maine Cavalry. If health permit I will be at the next reunion of the regiment. Enclosed please find order to pay for Bugle Call 3. I am, dear general, yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty.

W. S. SYLVESTER.

Co. F, First Maine Cavalry.

[See p. 553, History.]

WINFIELD, Kans., April 3d, 1891.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Enclosed please find one dollar for First Maine Bugle. The roll call, especially, is a very valuable document, as it enables us to locate many of our comrades of whom we had lost all traces. Melvin W. Eveleth, whose address you seem not to have, is postmaster at Colorado Springs, Col.

Yours truly,

S. C. SMITH.

[See pp. 594, 543, History.]

April 12th, 1891.

Dear General,—I notice in Gen. Smith's remarks that he saw one of the sergeants at the battle of Brandy Station away in front of the regiment with his regimental flag, but did not know his company or his name. I had the honor of carrying the colors that day and came near losing them as my horse got the start of me and carried me a

long ways ahead of our boys. I got him under control at last, and turned to ride back. Meeting Lieut. Hunton and some three or four of the boys, we charged back through a rebel battery or a part of one stationed near the house. We were so dusty and looked so much alike they did not know the difference until we were pretty nearly past them. When they realized who we were, they gave us some shots from their revolvers and a good deal of swearing from their lips. We turned to the right and rode into the yard of the house, jumped our horses down two or three embankments into the garden, and came to a stand before a board fence. We could not jump the fence, and just at that time a rebel officer and some men came up on the other side, and firing at us ordered us to surrender. Hunton began firing with some of the boys, while others made a break in the fence. We dashed through and captured the rebel officer, but the others got out of the way. We arrived back at the regiment all right, and Gen. Kilpatrick took the rebel's horse to ride himself. The whole thing happened in a very short time. It seemed like a dream. I cannot remember the names of those with me except Lieut. Hunton. Perhaps he would remember. I remember seeing Kilpatrick, when our regiment charged by him, waving his hat. I think he was saying some harsh words, as his horse was down and he was standing by him. I do not know what makes me feel so intensely when thinking of those old times, but there is a kind of something comes to me that makes me want to see all my old comrades and shake them all by the hand.

NELSON S. FORSYTHE,
25 Bow St., Somerville, Mass.

[See pp. 362, 388, picture p. 152, History.]

ROME, N. Y., May, 5th, 1891.

J. P. CILLEY, ESQ.

Dear Comrade.—Bugle Call No 4 just received—the best one yet. I think it, as they say about new wine, improves with age. I know nothing about it (the wine) only what I have heard said. I only wish it was the same with me, but I find it quite the reverse. Yours very truly,

W. W. WILLIAMS.

HERMON, ME., May 12th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I have received two or three copies of the First Maine Bugle. I think well of it, but am not able to take part in anything. I was only a private in the regiment, and our government officials do not as a general thing give them any more attention than they are obliged to. I have found but one man among them that would give a private soldier or a poor man his attention. I do not know but there may be more, but I do not know who they are. That man most likely the world will fail to recognize until he shall have passed away, then they may look back and see what he tried to do. I did wrong in one respect, that I did not ask for help when I first came home, but I was young, and as they would call a man that received help from government a pauper, I did not like the sound of it, and for that reason I had to suffer it. I asked them for help about three years ago, and I have furnished all the evidence they have called for and more too, and still they have not helped me as yet. I suppose they help you, but I think you will not get any more than you ought. If lots who get help had passed through what you have, I should think more of them, and think they deserved it more than they do now. If you were a little fellow you showed that your courage was good, and I respect

you for it. I well remember the fight near Dinwiddie the last of March, 1865, when you stepped to the front, dismounted and bareheaded, revolver in hand, and said: "Form right in here, boys;" and I think they obeyed orders as men naturally would if the colonel were at the front. Do not ask me to take any part in anything, for I am not able to, I have never been able to meet with my regiment but once since I came home; should have been glad to if I could. That once was at Pittsfield.

Respectfully yours,

D. W. PALMER.

[See p. 475, History.]

BOSTON, Mass., May 21st, 1891.

Dear General,—I wrote D. W. Palmer as you requested, encouraging him as well as I was able, and assuring him that I would keep him supplied with Bugles so long as my circumstances would permit. I hope the feeling he expresses is not shared generally by the comrades, though no doubt many of them have a hard struggle for existence, and deserve government help. I hope you may receive many and prompt responses to your inquiries, and that an impetus may be given to the enterprise with the commencement of the new year. Yours,

GEO. F. JEWETT.

[See p. 661; picture p. 375, History.]

HOLLISTON, Mass., May 15th, 1891.

Dear General,—Enclosed I send you one dollar to pay for the First Maine Bugle. Should like to have pictures taken, but have no money to get them. I should like to write a little about myself at Aldie. Our regiment had hardly gotten into line with Company H in front, when Gen. Kilpatrick rode up and said: "What regiment is this?" "First Maine" some one said. "Fours from the right, charge!" said he, but by some means the second set of fours

got the start of the first; I was number three in the second, so it brought me in front. When we got most up to the rebs my horse made some terrible leaps, closed up the space a little in advance of the company [he being hard to manage] and brought me ahead. The first thing I knew, a pistol was aimed at my head, and a flash so near that it burnt my face, I got a slight wound on my forehead, but Mr. Reb did not have a chance to try it again for I sent him going to kingdom come. My horse was shot then. I went down and lay with the Johnny that had a sore head, the effect of my sabre, till the regiment went over me, then I got off the field with some fractured ribs. I think I can safely say that I was the first to get wounded, the first to send a reb from his horse, and the first that had his horse shot in the charge of the First Maine Cavalry that day of June 17th, 1863. Very respectfully,

LEWIS ANDREWS.

[His. pp. 582, 159-165]

PORTLAND, Me., May 15th, 1891.

Dear Comrade,—The Bugle received. Enclosed please find \$1 for the same. I have a badge and history, so shall take but a small part of the "damn" to myself, but think I can stand up and say, "Present," and you may reply, "accounted for." Don't know how much I owe for annual dues. If you will inform me, I will try and stand square on the books. Fraternally, &c.,

R. L. DODGE.

[His. p. 548; picture p. 424.]

APPLETON, Wis., May 16th, 1891.

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Please find enclosed one dollar in payment for First Maine Bugle. I am greatly pleased with it and its contents relating to members and the very active part

that the gallant old regiment took in subduing the rebellion. I have a copy of the history and it would be wonderful if there were not omissions and errors. As in my case, there is one. I have an honorable discharge, dated "Before Petersburg, Va., Dec. 5th, 1864." I served with the regiment in its many duties and active campaigns up to Dec. 5th, 1864. I have a diary that I kept from the time the regiment left the State in March, 1862, up to Dec. 5th, 1864. By this I can give in detail the many different places the regiment passed through and the dates, how long encamped in certain places, also the dates. This I prize very much for I know it could not be replaced. Hope to meet you in Detroit at the next Encampment in August. I am yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty.

ALBERT M. COLE.

(See p. 600, History.)

ST. MARIES, KOOTENAI COUNTY,
Idaho, May 18th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade.—I beg pardon for not remitting for the Bugles you sent me. I have received the numbers for June, October and January but not for April. I enclose \$1 for four and \$2.62 for First Maine Cavalry badge. As you are well aware there are many of us living west of Chicago, and the great distance to travel and heavy expense prevent us from attending the regimental reunions. Now I want to suggest the propriety of holding the reunion of 1893 at Chicago, as the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will surely be held there that year. The reunion of 1893 will be the largest that will ever be held, if it be held in Chicago, as every member wants to go to the Columbian Exposition and the National Encamp-

of the Grand Army of the Republic. I would further suggest going into camp out of the main part of the city on the line of a cable road. Expenses will be much less, besides camping would be much preferable to hotel fare at that time. All who go will want to see all that there is to be seen, which at least will take a month, and the month of September would be the most pleasant. Will you please submit these propositions for me at your next reunion. I have corresponded with several of the old boys on this coast on this subject and as far as heard from all agree to the propositions. With most affectionate regards to all the comrades.

MONROE DAGGETT.

[See p. 533, picture p. 441 History.]

PAW PAW, Ill., May 24th, 1891.

J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade :—Please find enclosed \$1 to pay for the First Maine Bugle, which is highly prized by me. I hope it will be printed as long as a remnant of the grand old regiment remains to read it. Please do not fail to mail me a copy as long as it is issued, for I don't wish to miss one, as it contains nothing that I am not interested in. Respectfully yours,

L. W. WHEELER.

(See p. 574, picture p. 67, History.)

SAGINAW, EAST SIDE, Michigan,

June 4th, 1891.

J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade, —That last "damu" was worth a dollar and here it is, but you can if you choose send the Bugle to my address for another year. Yours fraternally,

RILEY L. JONES.

(See p. 569, picture p. 67, History.—"Jones of G."—See Call 1.)

YORK, May, 18th, 1891.

Dear General, — I thought it was about time that I should write to you. Enclosed you will find one dollar to pay for the Bugle for the year 1890. I am very much pleased with it. Please send it right along. William H. Woodward, Company H, died May eleventh, 1890. He belonged to Post Parker, No. 99, Grand Army of the Republic, Kittery. I have not much to write but well do I remember the morning of May 10th, at Beaver Dam Station, when the noble Lieut. Col. Boothby was shot, and what he said as he was going to the rear as Company K, was going up, "Good God, what a place." Well do I remember at Camp Harlow when we made the charge through those woods and over that rail fence and up that hill, and what happened when we got on top of that hill. I know we made a short stop there. We fell back under the hill, took that fence and made breastworks of it. Well do I remember seeing Chaplain Bartlett fall from his horse; and at Todd's Tavern when they made charge in those woods and how the bullets came into those woods; also the fight at St. Mary's Church. I could put you in mind of a number of such places but I must draw to a close. Your truly,

ALBERT MOULTON.

Co. H, First Maine Cavalry.

(See History p. 625.)

28 SCHOOL ST. BOSTON, Mass.

May 21st, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade. — You will find herewith enclosed one dollar, the same being for one year's subscription for our Bugle, from Comrade Wm. Morang, of Company M. Comrade Morang is blind but is very fond of the Bugle. He is unable to read but has a mother who reads it to him. Also find

the notice handed me by Morang of the death of Comrade Greeley also of Company M. Yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty,

G. N. HARRIS.

Greenleaf D. Greeley, carpenter, died in Roslindale, Mass. Dec. 26, 1890; heart failure. Dropped dead in a horse car; was apparently as well as usual when he left home in the morning; leaves a wife and two children.

(See pp. 652, 653, History.)

LOWELL, Mass., June 7th, 1891

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade, — The two weeks have passed since I wrote to you, and I will now try and fulfill my promise, and enclosed you will find \$2, one for payment of the Bugle sent me and one to pay for Comrade Kelley, and this is about the best I can do at present; but if in the future I can help any distressed comrade I will be only too glad to do so. Hoping that this small contribution will be received with that same spirit of fraternity, charity and loyalty to the the First Maine Cavalry Association that it was given, I remain, Respectfully yours,

A. A. MELVIN,

17 Appleton Corp., Lowell, Mass.

(See p. 475 History.)

EAST NORTHPORT, Me.,

May 17th, 1891.

COMRADE CILLEY:

Dear Sir, — Bugle received. It is not selfishness that I do not attend the reunions. I am not able, I would like to attend as well as the next one. I lost my wife a year ago. She was sick three years. I am in debt; am sixty-six years of age, and am not able to do much myself; only get \$2 a month pension, — a little help to maintain myself and daughter. Yours in fraternity.

GEORGE M. KELLEY.

(See p. 569, History.)

BOSTON, Mass., June 16th, 1891.

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

Dear Comrade,—I have read your highly interesting article, "Personal Recollections of Gen. Sheridan." I have always said that the last campaign which led to the surrender at "Appomatox" was emphatically Sheridan's. I am of the opinion that but for his fiery energy the war would not have ended then and there. Comrades of the regiment and others would be much interested in reading it. I sincerely hope to read it in some future number of the Bugle. —Yours in fraternity, charity, and loyalty.

RORATIO S. LIBBY, 43 Franklin St.

RUMFORD, Maine, May 16th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Sir,—Enclosed please find twenty-five cents for the last Bugle. There is one error I want corrected. That is on page 48. The Joseph E. Colby Post in my town was named for J. E. Colby that was lieutenant in Company B Thirty-Second Maine Infantry. He never was in the First Maine Cavalry. He was in the Thirty-Second only a very few months. Truly Yours,

WM. H. FARNUM.

P. S. Send Bugle every quarter. I will pay for same when received.

(See p. 563, History.)

[This letter, written in the privacy of friendship, shows such unconscious pathos and courage that I send it to the Bugle, knowing all the members of his company and regiment are his brothers and esteem him as highly as he regards the regiment. It may have been the wound received at Dinwiddie March 31st, 1865, that was the actual cause of the tumor of his stomach and bowels, and that during all these subsequent years the fair proportions and uncomplaining endurance of Capt. Howe have concealed much of pain and depression.

J. P. CILLEY.]

LEWISTON, Maine, June 14th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Please find a check

for my picture in last First Maine Bugle, (\$10). Dear General, all the best physicians and surgeons in the State say I must soon leave my old comrades here, and join those gone before; they say in a few months. I have been breaking down for a year, and I knew six months ago that it was only a matter of time. Three months ago I was compelled to give up all business, so I am confined to the house and no income. I should have sent it before, but money comes hard, and collections are slow, and I have been to a good deal of expense. I had gotten so that I could stand in the first ranks of my chosen profession. Have by hard study and toil made myself felt. Was in my fifty-eighth year; just ready to live. And now my dear Commander will say: "Advance to a higher plane." I am sorry to leave so many comrades on this side, but if I am true to my Jesus, the great Commander, I will stand up in line with the many who have gone before, and answer to my name at the last great roll call, "Here." My trouble is a malignant tumor of the stomach and bowels, and no help. My flesh has been going for a year. In three months I have lost fifty-three pounds. I am so weak that I cannot walk any. I ride out some, but I can eat but little. I have seen the best physicians in Maine, Massachusetts, and New York. Dear General, I have been trying to act my part in life the best I could, and if I must leave so soon, I do feel thankful that I was a Union soldier and a member of the First Maine Cavalry. Tell Gen. Smith that after a command in Company D, First District of Columbia Cavalry, then put in command of his old Company, D, First Maine Cavalry, I had such a deep and loving pride to keep his company up to its standard, and so be honored to stand with such men as led us on to victory. Give him my

best love and wishes, and lots to yourself and all the rest of my comrades. Your dear son I wish to be remembered to. We enjoyed his visit at our house so much. I could not have written so

much to any one but my old general. I am respectfully yours.

WM. S. HOWE.

(History, pp. 321, 326, 342-351, 396-402, 513.
Picture, p. 273, and in Call 4 of Bugle p. 15.)

REUNION AT HOULTON, ME. SEPTEMBER 10, 1891.

At this date the expense of reaching that place cannot be given. It is presumed that reductions will be made and the various ticket agents on the Maine Central and other railroads in Maine will have due notice.

Make inquiries of them, and also from them procure time tables, giving the information as to the time Houlton can be reached, &c.

The comrades in Houlton and the citizens of that place have made arrangements to make our visit and reunion enjoyable.

It may be well for the Massachusetts Branch Association, to make their own arrangements to reach Houlton, as it may be deemed best to go by steamer to Bangor.

The prospects are for a large gathering of the comrades. Many have expressed their desire and intention to visit "The Garden of Maine," and unite that pleasure with the joy of meeting old comrades.

J. P. CILLEY.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Massachusetts Branch Association will be called to make arrangements to attend the reunion at Houlton. We have one hundred members on our roll. Let every comrade make arrangements now, so that this Branch will be represented by a larger number, than ever before. Due notice of the meeting will be given.

C. A. F. EMERY, Secy.

Address, 35 Central Street, Boston.

Published by the First Maine Infantry Association.

Address, J. P. Cilley, Secretary, Houlton, Me.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second-Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II.

OCTOBER, 1891.

CALL 6.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL
CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE
FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO
THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTER-
EST TO ALL OF ITS MEMBERS.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

REUNION AT BAR HARBOR,

September 5th, 1888.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. P. CILLEY, *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

THIS CALL IS

"BOOTS AND SADDLES."

Comrade Monroe Daggett suggested in our last number that this call "would bring every man into line, armed and equipped, and ready for action." The need was a financial mounting. At that time the only financial horse I could see was a metaphorical saw-horse like those used for sawing wood for our Sibley stoves in our Sibley tents at Augusta, in the winter of 1861 and 1862, where our robust Col. Goddard supplied us with wooden laths for sabre practice. Now, "Boots and Saddles" is blown with the assurance that our financial backing is near by, even at the picket line.

The Grand Old Regiment in the grand old way has repeated what she enacted on many a battle-field of the South, and, "instead of doubt and confusion, certainty stands exultant."

The financial success of the BUGLE is rendered certain by a road accidentally opened to us by the generous act of Comrade Hill of Augusta. In that road Comrade Perley Lowe, of Chicago has advanced with a gift of eight dollars to send BUGLES to our members not so successful as the eminent lumber dealer of that city. Dr. Pulsifer, of Yarmouth, Mass., sent four dollars for comrades of his old Company D. Other comrades have moved out on this road.

Only one thing is needed to make this flank movement a glorious success, viz:—that our comrades receive these gifts as gladly as they are given, and write the donors or the treasurer a letter of simple thanks. Receive it as a gift from a comrade to a comrade.

If you want to square the account or should fortune favor you, select some deserving comrade and make him a similar present. Let all these remembrances have something of the family flavor about them, so that the giving and receiving shall be equally enjoyable.

At Houlton, before the glad faces of comrades gathered from far and near, I spoke, just as I felt and would now look each of you in face and say: Will you answer to your name at roll-call? Will you stand up and be counted as each call of the BUGLE "sets the wild echoes flying?" No regiment in all the land is so happy in its memories as our own. To let these memories pass out of the affections and lives of our comrades is solemn death. Are you going to halt and surrender because it costs something to be alive? Compare the cost of membership in the First Maine Cavalry Association with that of other associations. To join the Society of Cincinnati, in Massachusetts costs seven hundred dollars. To join the Sons of Revolution costs one dollar and one dollar each year. You all know the fees and dues in the Grand Army of the

Republic. The Society of the Army of the Potomac costs two dollars a year, and seven dollars for the banquet yearly. The Cavalry Society costs one dollar a year and is not worth a snap. The Loyal Legion costs twenty-five dollars to join; all the way from five dollars to twenty-five dollars a year thereafter. Now, in our association, it costs nothing to join; the annual dues are discretionary; the only obligation is to take the BUGLE, enjoy it and pay for it. If it is not worth over a dollar a year in the pleasure and comfort it gives you every three months, just sit down and write out some of your own experience and send it to Tobie, the editor.

I have in my mind now an article soon to appear, in which the hand-writing, spelling and grammar were utterly bad, but with these corrected you have a picture with no foreground or background, a narrative from which the element of time is squeezed out. You do not perceive, because the writer himself was not aware of the fact, that the charge or gallop he made covered over a mile of distance, but you see just exactly what the soldier saw; it looks meagre, and as though no one else was on the field, but it is just the fight the fighter sees. Such stories are never old and never die. History asks no better material. Now look at the pictures of comrades which appear in the BUGLE. Are they not worth the price to look at, to store away for lasting keepnig, to show your friends and children? Again, as each comrade answers the final tattoo and roams

"On the slopes of the mountain
That only by angels are trod,"

is it not worth the price of the BUGLE to have his obituary appear on its pages? It adds yet another bond to your affections. Should you, from sickness, family cares, misfortune or any cause, find it inconvenient or a hardship to pay for it cash down, don't close your heart to aid and sympathy; write frankly to the treasurer and tell him your desire to have the BUGLE, and some comrade will send it to you. Again, should fortune favor you, or your heart be large, find some comrade to send the BUGLE to, or remit to the treasurer and ask him to find some one. The good book says: "The greatest of these is charity, it blesses both him that receives and him that gives."

O, voices, winter clear awake
In all the wild familiar shrines,
In thunder on the great shores break,
Call from the deathless mountain pines
The notes that close the bivouac rest.
The bugle call to heart and brain
Wake echoes down each cliff and crest,
For these, our boys, the First of Maine.

Your comrade and friend

J. P. CILLEY

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The seventeenth annual reunion was held at Bar Harbor, Wednesday, Sept. 5th, 1888. The Bar Harbor *Record*, in speaking of the reunion, said:—

Wednesday, the fifth inst, was a great day at Bar Harbor. It was the occasion of the annual reunion of that gallant regiment, the First Maine Cavalry. For days previous the local committee had been busy making preparations for the suitable reception and accommodation of the comrades and their friends. Mr. S. A. Holden, of Bass Harbor, chief of the committee, was especially zealous in the work, and the imposing form of comrade A. R. Devereaux, of Ellsworth, was a familiar figure on our streets. Mr. Holden was actuated in his efforts by a twofold consideration—he was of course anxious that his comrades should be well entertained, and he gratified a perfectly justifiable local pride in making the beautiful island, of which he is an inhabitant, a prominent feature of the day. With this end in view he planned numerous little pleasure excursions for the guests, personally pointed out to them the natural beauties of the place, and sent the visitors home (especially those who had never before visited Bar Harbor) well pleased with their rambles and thoroughly satisfied that of all the beautiful places on God's footstool, our island was the Eden *par excellence*. So well did some of them enjoy themselves that they extended their stay to Saturday, taking every opportunity to improve their acquaintance with the place and its inhabitants. The weather on Wednesday was all that could be desired for the occasion, and the first train brought a number of the veterans with their families. The Rodick House was the headquarters of the organization, and the wide verandas were the scene of many affectionate and interesting meetings as each train and boat brought in its load of arrivals. Hearty and warm were the greetings of comrades, some of whom had not met for years. Old army sobriquets were resurrected, and the familiar names which had furnished amusement around many a camp fire were bandied about on the piazza as their owners met. Friendships which had been formed during the stirring years of hardship and danger were renewed amid scenes of peace and pleasure, and those who had fought and bled together clasped hands with a warmth

intensified by old associations in more troublous times. The streets looked gayer than they had been for some time, and the village put on a holiday appearance. The piazzas and large hall of the Rodick were thronged with the veterans and their families, and local members of the Grand Army of the Republic and other military organizations who had met to welcome them. Everywhere you would meet with the yellow ribbon badge of the First Maine Cavalry, and a number of the ladies of the Ladies' Auxiliary lent their gentle influence to the occasion."

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held in the music room of the Rodick at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, the president, in the chair. In the absence of the secretary, Henry R. Cowan of Co. I was chosen secretary pro tem.

The following were appointed a committee to report three places at which to hold the next reunion: Field and staff, Major H. C. Hall; Co. A, Albert Edgecomb; Co. B, Capt. Jacob B. Loring; Co. C, Lieut. Horatio S. Libby; Co. D, Sergt. Gilbert N. Harris; Co. E, Capt. Black Hawk Putnam; Co. F, Corydon O. Stone; Co. G, George L. Duston; Co. H, Sergt. Goodwin; Co. I, Lieut. Smith; Co. K, Corp. Blake; Co. L, Comrade Snell; Co. M, Sergt. Alanson M. Warren. This committee reported the names of Boston, Newport and Houlton. A number of the comrades favored the selection of Boston, and Boston was unanimously chosen. The same committee was appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year, and reported the following list, which was adopted and the officers elected:

President—ALBION C. DRINKWATER, Braintree, Mass.

Vice President—Lieut. HORATIO S. LIBBY, Boston.

Treasurer—Gen. J. P. CILLEY, Rockland.

Recording Secretary—CHARLES A. F. EMERY, Boston.

Corresponding Secretary—Lieut. ORRIN S. HASKELL, Pittsfield.

Gen. J. P. Cilley, treasurer, presented his report (which will be found in Call 1), and made a partial report of matters connected with the History, which reports were accepted.

An invitation from the local Post, Grand Army of the Republic, to make a short parade at the close of the meeting was accepted, as was also the tender of the Post as escort.

A vote of thanks was tendered the citizens of Bar Harbor for their courtesies, and thirty tickets to the banquet were tendered to the com-

mittee of arrangements for the use of citizens. A vote of thanks was also tendered the Grand Army Post, a comrade of the Sixteenth Maine, and others.

The committee on badges were, at their request, given a year's further time in which to make their report.

The meeting then adjourned for

THE PARADE.

The line was formed in front of the Rodick House, under the direction of the president, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, assisted by Henry R. Cowan, of Co. I, as adjutant. Escorted by the Grand Army Post and the Bar Harbor Cornet Band, one hundred and ten of the veterans of the First Maine made a parade through the principal streets, showing conclusively that they had not forgotten how to march in all these years since their service was over.

THE BANQUET.

In speaking of the banquet, the *Record* said:—

The crowning feature of the day's entertainment was the banquet in the evening. The large music hall of the Rodick was selected as the scene of the festivity, and three rows of tables were set up lengthwise of the room and illuminated with candles stuck into bottles and embellished with colored tissue paper. These were suggestive of camp life, and the viands also hinted of that, for the principal dish was baked beans and brown bread. Supplementary to these were cold meats, cake, coffee and ice cream. On either side of the hall the names of the battlefields in which the regiment had lost some of its men, were displayed. These were one hundred and thirty-six in number—seven more battles than any other regiment in the service participated in. At the back of the stage, pinned on the United States ensign, were the names of the commissioned officers who fell in battle. The stage was occupied by the Bar Harbor Band, who played several selections during supper in a manner which elicited great applause. The bugle calls, in a selection of national airs, seemed especially to appeal to the audience, and great was the enthusiasm which each familiar note aroused. There were at supper two hundred and thirty guests, and a happier and more jovial party was never entertained at the Rodick House. A goodly number of the citizens of Bar Harbor partook of the hospitality of the regiment, and we know that we voice the sentiments of those of our people who were present when we take this opportunity of publicly thanking our entertainers for the kindness and cordiality displayed toward us on that occasion. In glancing around the room we could not help thinking that the fair ladies of Maine were as patriotic as the sterner sex, for it was noticeable that many of the fairest had rewarded the gallant defenders of their country in the most acceptable manner—with their hand and heart. The younger generation also seemed

to inherit the beauty and gallant bearing of their parents, and doubtless would not be behind hand in similarly rewarding bravery; but may a similar occasion never present itself.

The president, Edward P. Tobie, called to order, and divine blessing was invoked by Comrade Francis E. Sanders, of Lowell, Mass. Then the seventeenth annual "action" began—the sword and carbine exchanged for the knife and fork.

While this peaceful though destructive engagement was in progress, the Bar Harbor Cornet Band enlivened the air with some choice selections excellently performed. "Recollections of the War"—bugle calls—brought down the house with rounds of applause, recalling the old camp life in most vivid style.

When this "charge of the light brigade" had resulted in the utter rout of edibles, the president called out Comrade Simeon A. Holden, of Co. D, chairman of the committee of arrangements, who delivered the address of welcome. Twenty-seven years ago the summons was issued for the organization of a cavalry regiment in the state of Maine. Within thirty days of the call, twelve hundred men were in line, who, with uplifted hand, took oath to do or die in defense of our common country. Depleted in the field by death and disease, the grand State of Maine stood back of them, and sent twice twelve hundred men, good and true, to fill the wasting ranks. He bid the survivors of the war welcome to the hospitalities of Bar Harbor, and described the beauties of the island of Mount Desert in glowing terms. As an illustration of the changes that take place in a generation, he pointed to the fact that when "the boys" went to the war, the valuation of the entire estate comprised within what is now known as Bar Harbor was less than that of single cottages that now adorn the village.

The president responded to this very hearty welcome. Moreover, he was glad to know that these reunions fostered the pleasant rather than the sad reminiscences of the bivouac. He then introduced the new president—

Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, who was at a loss to know why they had elected him as president of their honorable association, unless it was a job put up on him in recognition of his reputation as a forager. If it had already been determined to meet in Boston next year, he would accept the election as a just tribute of appreciation. For, without doubt, he understood that department of camp life better than any other. Fully believing in his personal qualification to fill

the larder, he extended a most pressing invitation for the whole association, together with their wives and daughters, for it would be a delight to once more test his quality as a provider, and he wished it to be put to the severest test. Massachusetts was made up largely of Maine men and women—there are nearly a hundred of “the boys” in Boston and vicinity. Come, one and all, and you shall receive a most loyal reception. He closed by thanking the association for the honor conferred upon him.

The president vouched for the colonel's avowed qualifications, and then introduced Col. Samuel H. Allen, who had served as military governor in Virginia. Col. Allen said, “During the day he had noticed that the First Maine boys were still true to their old-time instincts. Formerly, when, in pursuance of his official duties, he was obliged to make excursions into the surrounding country, it was universally true that some of “the boys” had been there ahead of him. Especially was this true if there were ladies about—the First Maine was proverbially gallant. He had started on a tour of inspection of this new territory, but wherever he turned “the boys” had already been there, and the gallantry of “ye olden time” was still their guide—the ladies were just as attractive as ever. Some one remarked that we are growing old; but it is not so. Incidentally he had referred to the wife of one of the comrades, when a lady present exclaimed, in astonishment: “Why, he isn't married, is he! he doesn't look old enough.” But young or old, our war record is something to be proud of. Had it not been for the part we and others played, it is doubtful if we should have a country now, or a flag. All honor to the gallant First Maine!

The president knew a man who was too small to hide behind, as when on duty once he had tried it. He introduced—

Col. Cilley. He referred to Gen. Hooker's question, “Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?” The trouble was that they could not be killed. Comrade Holden was run through by a sabre, another was shot through the body—both are lively as any one here to-night. A cavalryman was picked up on the field of Gettysburg and was about to be buried, but objected on the ground that he was not dead. It would seem a valid reason. He related in an inimitable manner many incidents of army life, and, pointing to the blood-red cards that hung along the sides of the hall, said, these are emblematic of the blood and carnage of battle; and, turning toward the white cards at the end of the hall, these the eternal camping ground they have gone to prepare.

The Auxiliary Association was called upon and the president, Mrs. Zenas Vaughan, introduced Miss Lorenza Haynes, who spoke in impassioned tones. She did not belong to the association because, under the constitution of the body she was ineligible, as to become a member required that the lady should have had a husband, son, or brother, in the regiment. She had no husband, and of course no son. A brother she had, but he was in the Massachusetts State prison at the time, and Governor Andrew would not let him go. He carried the keys, however. But she had consented to represent the noble sisterhood for her great regard for the most noble lady who was president. The men who went to war suffered, it is true, but she reminded these survivors of the battles' carnage that the women of those bloody years suffered also. You went to the tented field—they remained at home, did their own work in the home and much of yours in the harvest field. They gave up their husbands and sons, and their sacrifices nearly equalled yours. They appreciate the sacrifices you made and hope that you appreciate theirs. They did a noble work in your absence, by preparing the boys for patriotic endeavor if the government should ever need them in the tented field, which God forbid. May the veterans of the First Maine enjoy many more seasons like the present, and may these noble women share in your festivities as they have shared in your sorrows.

After music by the band, the president referred to the field of Aldie, said there was present a man who was born there, and introduced Prof. Taylor, of Virginia. In the presence of the First Maine Cavalry he boasted that, though born in Virginia, he had never drawn a disloyal breath. When you came to Virginia twenty-seven years ago it was not a very hospitable reception you received—come now and you will receive a different welcome; for there is a new South, a South of enterprise and work. Now we invite you to our state—we need your energy, your capital, your indomitable perseverance. Come and help us make the waste places to bloom as you have your own homes. He had come to learn all he could of New England, and should embrace every opportunity to become acquainted with the secret of her thrift and prosperity. You helped to crush rebellion; but the patriotism that sent you on that mission is no less needed in the years of peace, in which its grandest and most enduring trophies are won.

From the more formal addresses the president turned to the regi-

ment and announced that he should call upon representatives of each of the companies, and that the comrades called upon must either make a speech, tell a story, or find a substitute.

In response to calls, Co. A was represented by Comrade Charles E. Jacks; Co. M by Lieut. Edward Jordan; Co. B by Capt. Jacob B. Loring; Co. G by Comrade Perry Chandler and Co. K by Comrade Melvin Preble, both of whom gave interesting sketches of the famous free school which these two comrades started and carried on successfully at the factory village of Ettricks, near Petersburg, during the last days of the service of the regiment, as related in the history of the regiment, pp. 446, 447; Co. E by Capt. Black Hawk Putnam; Co. H by Capt. Henry C. Hall, who gave an interesting sketch of the famous rebel Black Horse cavalry (which is to be published in the BUGLE in the series of sketches entitled "After Appomattox"); Co. I by Comrade Benjamin P. Lowell; Co. C by Comrade Patrick F. Shevlin, and the other companies by comrades whose names have been forgotten, as the notes of the banquet have been mislaid. In the midst of these addresses, which were chiefly camp reminiscences, the band led the regiment in "Marching Through Georgia." The closing exercise, at about 11 o'clock, was "America," in which all joined with fervor.

Says the *Record* further:—

The entertainment was not concluded till past eleven o'clock, and all agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable reunions in which the regiment had ever participated. All were loud in their praises of the management of the affair and felt themselves especially obligated to the Messrs. Rodick for the hospitable manner in which they placed themselves and their premises at the disposal of the visitors. It was a scene which will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of witnessing it—the long rows of tables surrounded by the bronzed and in many cases the handsome faces of the veterans, and the pretty faces of their wives and daughters; the enthusiasm which lighted up the features of the soldiers as some familiar national air was played by the band; and the long list of battlefields, each recalling to the minds of some of those present the memory of some beloved comrade who had fallen there in defense of his country and home. The noble dead had a prominent place in many hearts that evening.

We have had occasion to mention Mr. Edw. P. Tobie of Pawtucket, the master of ceremonies. Mr. Tobie is a newspaper man, and the historian of the regiment. His magnificent history of the First Maine Cavalry speaks for itself. He follows the regiment from its organization at Augusta, in 1861, through the fiercest battles of the war to the expiration of their service. We find that the First Maine took part in more battles than any other regiment

in the service, did splendid work for the country and lost many a gallant fellow in the good cause. Originally composed of twelve hundred, the ranks were filled up with recruits as the vacancies occurred until the roll of the regiment showed thirty-six hundred names, or three times the original number. No better proof could be adduced of the mettle of the regiment than the fact that it was kept up to its standard in numbers in spite of its heavy losses. The members were all picked men and volunteers. We trust that Bar Harbor may again be honored at no very distant period with a visit from the gallant survivors of such a noble body, and we are certain that they have carried away with them pleasant memories of the hours spent in our island paradise.

The Sullivan Harbor correspondence of the *Record* also had the following interesting paragraph:—

Hon. Eugene Hale and Hon. Mr. Kasson of Iowa addressed a small but appreciative audience on the political issues of the day, Thursday afternoon, on the front piazzas of the Waukeag House. The West Sullivan Cornet Band of eleven pieces was present and played some fine selections. The First Maine Cavalry also made us a call that day and a curious incident connected with it is worth relating. One lady had her badge fastened with a silver pin, the inscription of which attracted the attention of some one of the party, and she related the following story of it: Her husband wore the pin during the war and lost it on the battle-field at Stony Brook, below Richmond. About six years ago it was ploughed up by a farmer and sent by a young man in Richmond to the postmaster at Topsham, thinking the soldier must have been killed and inquiring for his people, knowing they would treasure the lost badge. The owner answered the letter himself with due acknowledgement of the thoughtfulness of the young man. The inscription was "A. C. Drinkwater, 1st D. C. Cavalry, Topsham, Me."

The next morning very many of the comrades took a ride up Green Mountain, and greatly enjoyed the prospect from the height. Among these were Comrades "Charley," Jacks and "Jim" Williams, who went up on horseback and who were promptly nicknamed "Buffalo Bill" and "Capt. Jack," to the amusement of all. By noon the greater number of comrades started on their return trip. A few remained, however, to take in the beauties of Bar Harbor more at leisure. During the day the idea arose that it would be pleasant to acknowledge Comrade Holden's courtesies during their entire stay and his services as one of the committee of arrangements, in some substantial way. The idea found ready acceptance, and in the evening, while all were assembled in the parlor, Miss Haynes called on Comrade Holden and ordered him to step out from the ranks. She said, "I am about to do something I never did in my life before; give a man a *caning*. I hope he will be able to bear it." She then, in a few well-chosen remarks, presented Mr. Holden

with a handsome cane. The captain was so overcome by the words of the speaker that he nearly broke down while returning thanks for the handsome present and the kindly motives which it represented. But this was not enough. Before Comrade Holden had fairly recovered from the cane presentation he was again called up by Lieut. Tobie, who called his attention to one day, on a march from Frederick, Md., to Washington, early in 1863, when he asked the speaker the meaning of "redundancy" and the latter could not tell him. Lieut. Tobie continued, "I think, Comrade Holden, that you may get an idea of the meaning of the word now," and with this he presented him, in behalf of those present, as a further token of appreciation of his services in their behalf, with a bound volume containing all the reunion pamphlets which had been published up to that time. As the tears filled Comrade Holden's eyes, he confessed that he did begin to understand the meaning of the word "redundancy." And those who were present will always remember with pleasure the reunion at Bar Harbor.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The third annual reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association of ladies met in the parlor of the Rodick House, Bar Harbor, on the same day as the regimental reunion. The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Olive M. Long. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—MRS. ZENAS VAUGHAN, Skowhegan.

Vice-President—MRS. CELIA EMERY, Hampden.

Secretary and Treasurer—MISS GRACE T. CILLEY, Rockland.

Eighteen ladies joined the association. A communication was read from Mrs. E. L. Bickford, and it was voted to hold the next reunion at the same time and place as the First Maine Cavalry.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH.

A meeting of the "Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Cavalry Association" was held in the hall of Post No. 7, G. A. R., Boston, on the evening of August 11th, 1888, for the purpose of making arrangements to attend the reunion of the regiment at Bar Harbor. The meeting was called to order by the president. Comrades Charles E. Jacks and Charles A. F. Emery were appointed a committee to arrange for transportation to Bar Harbor, to report at the next meeting, and an adjournment was taken for two weeks. At the adjourned meeting the committee on transportation reported

that the fare for the round trip by rail would be \$11, and by steamer \$4. It was voted to go by steamer. The officers of the association were authorized to call a meeting as soon as practicable after the reunion, to which the ladies were to be invited. This meeting was called for the evening of November 26th, the following report of which appeared in the Boston *Globe* of the next day:

MAINE CAVALRYMEN—ANNUAL ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND BANQUET AT THE CRAWFORD HOUSE.

Of the three thousand two hundred and twenty-six men whose names were borne during its term of service on the rolls of the First Regiment of Cavalry, Maine Volunteers, an organization that was engaged in more than fourscore encounters with the enemy, some twenty-five, representing the First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts, assembled at the Crawford House last evening to hold their annual reunion.

The business meeting was held at 8 o'clock, President Thomas J. Long in the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Gilbert N. Harris; vice-presidents, Captain H. C. Hall and Lieutenant Thaddeus Little; secretary, C. A. F. Emery; treasurer, Colonel A. C. Drinkwater; executive committee, Albert Edgecomb, Patrick F. Shevlin, Charles E. Jacks, Henry C. Whitney and Thomas J. Long.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not as large as was expected: nevertheless, a pleasant evening was passed. At 9 o'clock the veterans and ladies marched to the dining-hall, where, after Comrade Ordway had invoked the divine blessing, an hour was passed in the enjoyment of the banquet. At the table were seated President Thomas J. Long; Brigadier-General Jonathan P. Cilley, who commanded the regiment during the war; Commander C. H. Whitney of Charles Russell Lowell Post 7, G. A. R.; Colonel A. C. Drinkwater; Lieutenant Edward P. Tobie, the regimental historian; H. C. Whitney, C. A. F. Emery, George P. Phillips, P. F. Shevlin, S. S. Goodhue, A. L. Ordway, Albert Edgecomb, G. H. M. Barrett, J. McCleary Perkins, Calvin B. Benson, G. N. Harris, James Hatch, Isaac C. Buck, D. W. Gage, N. L. Owen, George W. Gray, C. O. Stone, A. C. Souther, W. R. Lincoln. Also the following ladies: Miss Grace T. Cilley, Mrs. Ellen M. Edgecomb, Mrs. Olive M. Long, Mrs. Edward P. Tobie, Mrs. Kate Shevlin, Mrs. C. S. Harris, Mrs. A. C. Souther, Mrs. Rose Benson, Mrs. Abby G. Gray, Mrs. Jennie S. Ordway.

At 10 o'clock President Long called the company to order, and after a brief speech of welcome introduced Brigadier-General Jonathan P. Cilley, the old regimental commander, who was heartily received by the men who had served under him. He related incidents of the war and referred to the proposed cavalry monument on the battle-field of Aldie. Colonel A. C. Drinkwater followed with interesting remarks, alluding to the proposed reunion of the survivors of the regiment in Boston next fall, and to co-operation with the First Massachusetts Cavalry Association in the erection of the Aldie monument.

Lieut. Edward P. Tobie of the Providence Journal, and historian of the association, spoke in a humorous vein, introducing anecdotes of Thanksgiving in the army; Secretary C. A. F. Emery read letters from Hon. Harrison Hume, commander of Gettysburg Post 191, G. A. R.; Major Joseph R. Curtis of Portsmouth, N. H.; W. E. Barrett, and others. Brief addresses were made by Gilbert N. Harris, P. F. Shevlin, Commander C. H. Whitney of Charles Russell Lowell Post 7, G. A. R., A. L. Ordway, Calvin B. Benson, W. R. Lincoln and others.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

BY MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.

When the rebel armies had all surrendered and war had ceased, all secessia was without a civil government or a single governmental officer; consequently martial law was proclaimed and military men ruled until the old governments could be resuscitated or new ones created. Department, district and sub-district commanders were appointed, the last of whom appointed provost-marshals to command in their several counties. It fell to my lot to be appointed a provost-marshal in the sub-district of the Appomattox, and, with one battalion of our regiment, assigned to the command of Chesterfield county, that part of the Old Dominion that lies between the James and Appomattox rivers from a point above Richmond on the former to a point above Petersburg on the latter, and to the confluence of the two rivers. My instructions were "You will administer the oath of allegiance to all entitled to it who desire it; acquaint yourself as soon as possible with the condition and necessities of the county; distribute and explain fully General Orders No. 11, Headquarters United States Forces, Petersburg, Va.; keep the negroes, so far as possible, with their old masters where arrangements can be made satisfactory to both parties; establish an employment agency from which laborers can be obtained by those desiring them; repress all disorders and disturbances, and so far as possible prevent pillage; look properly to the interests of the people and contribute in every way possible to the security, comfort and prosperity of the county."

We left camp at Ettricks, a suburb of Petersburg, on Sunday morning, May 21st, 1865, agreeably to orders, arrived at the Court House, twelve miles distant, a little past noon of the same day, and immediately went into camp in the court yard. The Court House we found a plain, two-story, brick structure, unadorned and unimposing, situated in the middle of a grassy lawn and surrounded by graceful trees. In the second story was the spacious "judgment hall," where I thought to make my abode, and when the evening came I spread my scanty bed upon its dusty floor and lay down to needed rest. But I had scarcely closed my eyes for sleep, when I had a hint that I was an intruder; aye, that the apartment was already occupied; indeed, that it was densely populated; and that it would not be conducive to my comfort to longer make my abode

there. I did not like to leave in the face of the foe without some show of resistance, but when I could no longer suffer in silence the pains inflicted by my anguishing tormentors, I arose, lighted a candle and prepared for action or retreat. Then all was still. No sound of clattering hoofs! no yell of rebel raiders! no enemy in sight! As I sat there in the quiet of that lone room, with its high bare walls which had long echoed the voices of Virginia's venerable judges and eloquent attorneys, its prisoners' box from which the condemned culprit had received his merited sentence, and its dust-bedimmed windows through which the light of no friendly star could come, the scenes of a four-years' strife which I had seen closed but a few weeks before flitted through my mind, and thoughts of peace, of home, of friends and of a country *saved*, filled me with feelings no tongue can express nor pen portray. At length, tired with my musings and unconscious of real danger, I put out my light and again turned in. But, oh, scarcely had I wound my blankets about me when I received a murderous assault from a mighty host — a force innumerable, invisible, invincible! In an instant they were above me, beneath me and all over me! cannibals all! "To be or not to be," was a question I had but a moment to ponder. Ah! I had endured the hardships incident to the long struggle for national life and perpetuity, and had at last seen a single flag with many stars waving over a nation reunited and free indeed, and now must I die like a dog and no longer live to share the gratitude a grateful people proffer to those who saved and preserved them a nation? I resolved "to be," and with an extra effort effected my escape. I went below, eaten, beaten, sore and sad, and rallied by the trunk of a large tree in a distant corner of the yard, whose leafy branches would shelter me from the falling dews of night, spread my blankets and closed my weary eyes once more. Visions of that horrid encounter disturbed my slumbers, and when the bugle broke the stillness of the morning air, I awoke not half refreshed and with unpleasant reflections of the ordeal through which I had passed. But the new duties, the new cares and the new responsibilities imposed by my new command soon dispelled all these, and they were remembered only as incidents in the struggle of life.

In the corner of the yard to the left and rear was the clerk's office, a one-story brick building, in one part of which was the record room and in the other chairs, tables and desks for the convenience and accommodation of those who had business there. It was here I

had my headquarters and office. The man who occupied when we arrived had been in possession thirty consecutive years as clerk of the county courts. We found him frank and friendly but feeble and failing, and he did not survive the summer. For some years he had been ably assisted by a deaf and dumb son, a worthy and intelligent young man, who soon endeared himself to all our men by his kindly nature and his unfortunate condition. In looking among the record books one day a good-sized flag was found—the stars and stripes—where it had been concealed in the early days of the war by the hand of the faithful old clerk, that it might not be destroyed by deluded men. After its four years of darkness it was brought to the light of day, the dust shaken from its still bright stars, attached to a suitable staff, and placed where it was wont to wave in the Union as it was. It was, indeed, a welcome sight to those who had so often seen it in danger and had had a hand in rescuing it from ruin, and it gladdened the eyes of those, too, who had battled so hard and in vain for secession and slavery, for now they saw in its shining folds that welcome word “peace.”

In the corner of the yard to the left and front was the dungeon, with its thick granite walls and heavy iron door. No windows, crack or crevice, when the door was closed, to let in a ray of light. A dark, damp, dreary den, indeed! It was here prisoners were kept while awaiting trial, sentence or incarceration. In front of the dungeon was the barbarous post to which the friendless bondman suspected of crime was wont to be tied to receive the cruel lash, that Virginia Justice might be appeased and satisfied.

Ten or twelve houses, a little white church half a mile to the northward, and a parsonage half the distance, constituted the settlement about the county seat. With few exceptions, the citizens were social and friendly, who accepted the situation most cheerfully, and rejoiced with us that war's red work was done. One notable exception was a Methodist clergyman, an original rebel and, the boys would have it, a descendent of *the* original rebel. I think he could and did hate the old flag and the Union blue with more malignant intensity than any man I ever met. He was treason itself incarnate. The other clergyman we found as social and friendly as his neighbor was cold and contemptuous. He came to our quarters often, and the respect he had for us and the law we represented soon begot in us respect and affection for him. He preached in the little white church, and we “heard him gladly.”

That little church was situated in a beautiful grove of oaks, on a little eminence and close by the roadside. Its construction was peculiar and odd, unlike anything we had ever seen. Its length was twice its width, and the audience room was divided by a partition wall across it about seven and a half feet high and equidistant from either end, so that two equal-sized square rooms were formed. The first or front room had comfortable box seats, and was used exclusively by the white people, while the other had rough benches and was used only by the colored people. The pulpit was a stage elevated about three feet high at the middle of the partition wall on the whites' side, and contained a slight desk and other articles for the accommodation of the speakers. At the services the music was all vocal and by the congregation, in which the negroes joined most heartily. The rich and mellow voices of the darkeys were in marked contrast with the thin and feeble tones of the whites, and they sang with a fervor and enthusiasm that were truly enjoyable. I remember the sound of one soprano on the colored side the first time I was there I mistook for a violin, and that when the services were concluded I asked a gentleman who stood beside me at the door to point to me the darkey who played the violin so finely. He laughed, and said there was no violin there, that what I had heard was the peculiar voice of a colored woman. When he told me I was not the first stranger who had been so deceived I had not so unfavorable an opinion of my musical ear.

When we had been absent from our regiment a month or more, our chaplain came up to make us a visit. As he would stop over Sunday, I went with him to call on the minister of the little white church. The meeting of the two was most cordial and friendly, and before they parted it was agreed that our chaplain should preach in the pulpit of the other the following Sabbath. That Sabbath came, and how beautiful its morning! All things seemed animate and vocal with joy and praise. The fragrant air was filled with happy song, and the rays of the summer sun seemed to be searching the dark places of earth for imprisoned germs that, perchance, lay waiting in silence for some friendly force to give them strength to burst their cold cells that they might spring forth to life and beauty and join the glad songs of peace and praise. The rustling of the green leaves in the morning air seemed holy whisperings of peace and love, and the joyous birds, unscared by sounds of war, seemed to sing sweeter songs to sacred melodies. A little flower that had

struggled through the weeds and grass by the wayside had turned its tiny petals to the smiling sun, and a loving ray was kissing from its pearly face a sparkling tear that had gathered there in the long, dark night, and it seemed to be saying with expression more eloquent than speech, to the little colored passers-by, who so lately were struggling in hopeless bondage, "See, I, too, am free; and I rejoice with you that your long, dark night has passed; that the sunlight of liberty has gladdened your souls, and that the angel of peace has kissed the last sad tear from the slave child's face."

Word had gone out that a Yankee minister in uniform would preach that day, and the house was filled. The pastor was promptly present, and kindly aided in the opening exercises. When Chaplain Merrill stepped forward to the desk and with impressive voice said, "Let us pray," as was their custom whether members of any church or not, every form was bowed in prayer. The old man, always eloquent, seemed inspired with the scenes of the morning, and especially with the worshipful attitude of those before him. He did not forget the kneeling ones beyond the partition wall in their new condition, their new relations and their new cares and responsibilities, nor was he unmindful of the sorrowing and sad ones before him bereft by the war, who had come there for consolation and comfort. All appeared impressed and many affected by the fervor and pathos of that prayer, but when he invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the President of the United States he touched a chord that was not in harmony with the feelings of all present, and one lady who had been bowed as low as the lowest and was yet mourning the lost confederacy and the humiliation of its chief, exclaimed in a whisper so loud as to be heard by all about her, "No, I won't! I won't! There is poor old Jeff Davis a prisoner at Fortress Monroe!" at the same time assuming a rigid, upright posture, which she maintained to the close of the services. His sermon, though prepared for another time and occasion, and one of his best, was eminently fitting that time and occasion, and at its close many were the words of commendation and expressions of admiration it received from those who never before had heard a pulpit utterance from the mouth of a Northern man. Even the brave woman who so publicly manifested her love and loyalty to "poor old Jeff in prison" went away a wiser woman if not a happier and better.

The land in the central portion of the county was poor and unproductive, and the poor people who inhabited it had been dis-

tressingly impoverished by the pitiless hand of the rebellion. A large part of Lee's troops and trains on their last grand retreat passed through this way and appropriated every article of food or forage that would support the life of man or beast that lay in their line of march, and the suffering citizens were compelled to subsist for a time upon the green things that were just growing from the ground. There was neither corn nor grain for food or seed, and no animals to plow the land if there had been seed to sow it. As soon as I had learned the actual condition of the inhabitants and their most urgent needs, I notified General Smith, commanding the Sub-district, who immediately sent a load of provisions with instructions to serve them to the suffering and needy, irrespective of station or color. Other loads came as they were wanted, and in a short time he sent a hundred horses and mules, some of which were yet unserviceable but only required a little rest and care to make them valuable animals again, which were given to those who would be likely to treat them kindly and who had land to till or other important work to do. The rations were an immediate relief to the hungry and helpless and the animals, and encouragement and a promising help for the future.

A large part of the men who volunteered or were conscripted into the rebel army from this county were of Picket's command when he made that fearful but futile onslaught on our impregnable lines at Gettysburg, and consequently but few able-bodied men recrossed the Potomac and returned from the surrender at Appomattox to occupy the old homes and to aid and comfort the sorrowing and helpless. Most of the negroes who remained were women and children and worn-out old men. Many of the children were entirely naked and some of the old men had scarcely clothing to cover the decrepit old bodies that were now their own. Many of the deserted farm houses had been taken possession of by the negroes in large numbers, who were carrying on "ole massa's" farm as best they knew. Some, by travelling long distances to procure a little seed, had planted little patches of corn and had worked over the old gardens and were growing sweet potatoes and other vegetables. In some cases the actual owners returned and demanded possession of their premises but in every case the negroes refused to quit without pay for their little "craps," nor were they required to without compensation or some satisfactory equivalent. Their condition was indeed pitiable—without house or home, and destitute of everything

but freedom and poverty — and yet they always seemed cheerful, hopeful and happy; happy with the thought that they were free; that they were no more to call any man master; and when the evenings came they would meet to talk over the incidents of the day and sing their simple songs.

A WEDDING JOURNEY REVISITED.

The following comrades wore the yellow and gold badge of the First Maine Cavalry at the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Detroit, August 3rd to 7th, most of whom were present in the room prepared for our reunion at No. 69 Buhl Block. The rooms were central and attractive, and evidences of the liberality of the citizens of Detroit were manifest in the form of certain refreshments.

Roscoe R. Bangs of Co. L was present from Westcott, Nebraska, tall and erect as when he was with the regiment, and showing evidence of prosperity in his furniture business.

Jesse Barber, Co. M, came from the East equally prosperous in the boot and shoe store, and has one recruit for the Sons of the First of Maine.

George W. Barnes of Co. A was present but has been so disabled that he was unable to walk the entire route of the procession. He has a large family of four boys and three girls, who generously paid their father's expenses from Winslow, Maine, to the city once besieged by Pontiac. He was known in the service by the members of his company as the one "shot off a log."

Capt. Andrew M. Benson was also there enjoying the fat of the land, courteous as ever and as ready to aid his friends.

Aaron F. Bickford of Co. H, Skowhegan, was adjutant of the battalion of Grand Army boys from Maine. He very gladly detailed all the First Maine Cavalry boys to march by themselves, and one platoon was filled by the wearers of the yellow regimental badge.

Albert M. Cole of Co. I came from Appleton, Wisconsin. He was charter member of the Post at that place, has filled most of its subordinate offices and was commander of same at the Encampment at Milwaukee in 1889.

Artemas Coombs of Co. I, of Battle Creek, Michigan, met with his comrades for the first time. He told of his strong desire to obtain a furlough while near Petersburg, and at a time when such re-

quests were not favorably considered, he applied personally for the same to Gen. Smith, at brigade headquarters. Gen. Smith very kindly referred him to regimental headquarters, where Col. Cilley as kindly told him he must make application through the orderly sergeant and captain of his company; that by this time he felt abashed and confused and hardly dared to apply to his captain for fear he would tell him to go to his own quarters; however, he obtained his furlough and at the same time obtained better information concerning army regulations than he knew before. As he told this incident to Gen. Smith at Fort Wayne, Gen. Smith narrated a similar incident, where he, in the earlier part of his service, had applied directly to Gen. Gregg. Gen. Smith, in the conversation following, stated that he had inspected the State Militia of Michigan at Battle Creek last year, whereupon Comrade Coombs remarked, "Was that you? Why, I saw your name, but supposed it was one of the Smiths." At this Gen. Smith laughed, and told how at his first introduction to Gen. Sherman, the general in his brusque and almost harsh manner, looked him in the face, and said, "Gen. Smith! Smith! I commanded a whole brigade of Gen. Smiths during the war," and then pausing and bringing his peculiarly frank tone of voice into exercise, "and they were damned good fighters, too."

William D. Cowan of Co. M, another resident of Michigan, was present. He is prospering on a one hundred and sixty acre farm in Ludington or Wiley, Michigan, has built himself a fine dwelling house this last year, and has two daughters sixteen to twenty years of age to encourage the Sons of the First of Maine towards home organizations.

George A. Davis of Co. M was present from Abbott, Me., and in line of the idea just presented, it may be well to say that he is under fifty, unmarried, and should be cared for by some one, or should have some one to care for.

Saginaw, Mich., was well represented by Alonzo Dunning, Co. F, and Riley L. Jones—"Jones of G"—brought his son with him, and boasts of a family of three boys and one girl.

Nathaniel S. Emery, Co. G, travelled all the way from Waterville, Me., and had his enjoyment doubled by taking his wife with him. They have three children, two girls and a boy.

Charles E. Gardner of Co. A, Chicago, Ill., No. 1107 Fifty-first street, met his comrades from Maine for the first time and had the privilege of wearing the regimental badge.

Stephen S. Goodhue of Co. K came all the way from Haverhill, Mass.; though not a giant in size he is quite voluminous in conversation and jokes, and when he found that there were three First Maine Cavalry men present who were undertakers, promised us a first-class funeral as far as their united efforts would contribute towards that end.

Another Massachusetts comrade was present, Charles H. Hooper of Co. K, of Lynn, Mass., who has a boy and girl to roll his name along.

Frank E. Jewett, Co. K, No. 6700 Glades Ave., St. Louis, was also present, who made a mistake in bringing his wife only part way. He has three boys and a girl.

Uriah Raymond Lincoln of Co. E, of Somerville, Mass., was there. He was entertained at Fort Wayne by one of the sergeants of the Regular Army there because he was a member in Col. Smith's old regiment. He has two girls and a boy.

Charles A. North, Co. A, of Gen. Berry Post, Malden, Mass., was so busy caring for the members of his Post and so faithful to his duties, as he ever was in the service, that he did not know that the First Maine had a reunion at Detroit and did not meet a comrade till on their return via Montreal, where he met me. I can say I had a royal good ride around Montreal with Commander Bush and wife and others of the Malden Post.

Alfred Pierce of Co. F, of Arlington, was present but very busy. He and Lieutenant Andrews had several conferences on the salt question.

Hollis Simpson, Co. D, of Waterville, was present and has two recruits for the Sons of the First of Maine.

Charles Smith of Co. H, of Skowhegan, helped bear the honors of the large delegation from their Post.

Besides Lieutenant Andrews the only representative of Ohio was George W. Snow of Co. A, of Cleveland, Ohio, who met his comrades for the first time.

Alanson M. Warren of Co. M also travelled all the way from Dover, Me., to the city between the lakes. He has a happy family of four boys and one girl, and is so esteemed by the people of his county that he has been honored with the position of Registrar of Deeds for nine years. Evidently the citizens of that part of Maine know a good thing when once they have found it.

Capt. Black Hawk Putnam of Co. E was also present, whom we

are all glad to point out as a perfect specimen of a down east man.

Gen. Smith had his house full and was kept very busy entertaining the various visitors to Fort Wayne, especially as that of the Secretary of War Proctor and that of Gen. Miles were official and involved a review and inspection of his troops. His Post is a most pleasant one and all the comrades of his old regiment were most gladly welcomed and entertained. His wife, son and daughter added much to make the occasion a most happy one. His daughter is a very interesting young lady who had almost a romantic if not tragic rescue from death this last year.

I met other comrades, but the confusion, rush of the various duties, and amusements of the week prevented me from retaining their names. Col. Benson, who has a knack in so doing, showed us many favors, and we were brought together at divers times and places with agreeable surprises and pleasures, the last being at a sort of special Sunday service at parlor Z at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, at which were present the Treasurer of the State of Maine, the Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, the purveyor of beauty and interior decorations for Boston, with several judges and eminent men from Massachusetts. Several ghost stories were told, among which was one by Benson of the orator who could not remember names and had written the names he intended to mention on the lapel of his coat.

In Artemas Ward's celebrated lecture on "The Babes in the Woods" he returns time and again to his subject by saying, "All this I would have said had not my subject been 'The Babes in the Woods,'" and closes in the same manner.

My wedding journey was the conventional one (see Howell); it included the Niagara Falls, across the lake, among the Thousand Islands, down the Rapids to Montreal and through the White Mountains. I again saw the White Mountains, but this time from the rear of an observation car, was a few hours at the falls where a week was passed before, missed the Thousand Islands and the Rapids by a delay of train, and at Montreal found St. Lawrence Hall left in the shade by the Windsor Hotel. It was a quarter of a century ago.

J. P. CILLEY.

MIDDLEBURG AND UPPERVILLE.

MY DEAR COMRADE TOBIE:— I have thought that some incidents of the fight at Middleburg on the 19th of June, 1863, would be interesting.

You will remember our position, under the crest of the hill in the woods on the left of the pike (Cos. C and G were in the same battalion at this time), where the bullets and shells were thickly flying through the trees. I do not remember the length of time we were there dismounted, but it does not matter. Orders came to mount and we moved up over the crest and charged down the other side and up another slight rise into a small open field directly in front of a growth of timber.

The enemy were massed in a cut in the road. We used the carbine for a while, when they were observed to be falling back. Thereupon Major Boothby gave the command to drop carbine and draw sabre, and by that time they were out of the cut. We followed them at a charge up the road. Capt. Brooks, Lieut. Kimball and myself were at the head of the column in the order named from the right. We pursued them through a belt of timber until we came to an opening on our right, in which a large force were in line at right angles to the road. As soon as they saw us they began to make a movement towards our flank. Lieut. Kimball commanded "Fours—right about!"—probably his last words. When we went back I saw Corporal John W. Neal dismounted in the woods on the right of the road. He was there found dead. Capt. Brooks' horse took the bit in his teeth—as he did at Brandy Station—and he was taken prisoner, but escaped and went with a rush through the forest, when he struck a low branch and was swept from the saddle. A confederate came down upon him, and hitting him over the head with his sabre cautioned him to "lay low," which he wisely did, and when they were again driven back he was safe in our lines.

Just before we made our first movement Lieut. Kimball put a roll of bills into an inside pocket in his vest, calling Capt. Virgin's attention when he did it. The enemy held the ground sufficiently long to strip his body of sabre and belt and pistols, hat, coat and boots. His vest they did not take. The money was found covered with his blood.

We numbered twenty-three in this engagement, of which two were killed and seven wounded. We were now without a commis-

sioned officer, and our number so few that we were temporarily assigned to Company G.

I was recently interested in reading the life of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, by his Adjutant General, H. B. McClellan, and was particularly interested in what he writes relating to the fight at Upperville, which I quote:

The last charge of the day was made by Col. P. G. Evans' regiment of North Carolina Cavalry, of Robertson's brigade. This was the regiment which had become disordered in retiring through the town. Col. Evans was determined to atone for this disgrace. Placing himself at the head of his column of fours in the narrow lane, and pointing with his drawn sabre toward the enemy, he cried, as with the voice of a trumpet, "Now, men, I want you to understand that I am going through!" He kept his word, but fell mortally wounded in the midst of the enemy, whose ranks he had penetrated too far for the recovery of his body. A feeble attempt to follow this regiment as it returned from the charge was checked by Hampton's brigade and darkness closed down upon the scenes of this hard-fought day.

Accepting the statement in regard to the action of Col. Evans, I beg to differ in the other particulars; Evans *did* penetrate our lines but he came *alone*. I write from personal observation. It made a vivid impression that I shall never forget. The picture of the field in the history of the regiment shows the ground on which it occurred. Our battalion had charged up to the stone-wall—the one running at right angles to the pike on the right and centre of the picture—and dismounted. A number of the enemy was seen on the gentle rise just beyond the wall. We did not stay there long but were ordered elsewhere. I held on, however, and discharged my pistol at some scattering ones I saw in the tall grain or grass. I think a Co. B comrade was with me. After emptying my pistol I mounted and started to follow the battalion. Looking in the direction of the gap—the rise in the background—I saw a column of the enemy in the road and noticed an officer in their front *facing* them. In this position he may have said the words, as stated. However that may be, he soon faced about and dashed for our line. His hat was blown off as he rushed down the pike, and his long gray locks were flying in the wind as he passed near where I was standing, about the centre of the field on the right. The poltroons did not move, but stood right there in column of fours on the pike and saw their gallant commander dash for our line without making any movement whatever. If I remember correctly we were not making "feeble attempts" at that time, or any other in my memory.

During the Maryland campaign, 1862, after we reached Frederick, a detail from Co. C was doing escort duty under General Rodman. After "Antietam" we rejoined the regiment at Frederick. Soon after we were detached on duty at Monocacy Junction, where we remained until the forward movement begun which ended so disastrously at Fredericksburg.

Yours in Fraternity, Loyalty and Charity,

HORATIO S. LIBBY.

[See pp. 165-172, and picture pp. 199, 264, 173, 448, 173, History.]

WHAT'S A CAMP-FIRE?

BY WINSOR B. SMITH, CO. E.*

Well, I won't be offended;
'Tain't no wonder such selfish minds
As you'n can't comprehend it.
I reckon you's one of them fellers that didn't go nigh,
Though you must have bin about as old as I.

You was a little lame;
Had symptoms of *very coarse* veins,
And your mother on you depended.
Well, perhaps you was right;
That vein might have busted in some fight,
And your country—well, thank God, was defended.

What do we do at these camp-fires?
Well, now, I can't hardly tell,
But it makes my old bosom swell
When we sing those old army airs,
And there's a spot way down in my heart
That kinder burns like a spark
When we open them with the old chaplain's prayers.

Some of the boys makes verses,
And some on em, too, is pretty fair,
But such fellers as you can't understand them no how
Cause, you see, you warn't there.

They tell of the tough times, and the fun
That we used to have out in the field,
When we's Uncle Sam's blue-bellied pets,
And 'twan't no crime for sodgers to steal.

We fight the old battles all over again,
And crack the old jokes anew;
We remember the pleasant things longest,
Though the hard knocks warn't by no means few.

*Died June 24, 1885. See p. 612 and picture p. 220, History.

We feed on the old army rations again,
 Same's we used to years ago.
 The boys are wide awake when the old pipes come out,
 And I tell ye times don't go slow.
 Then there's a feeling that can't be explained
 When some comrade speaks softly of the dead and the maimed,
 Of the widows and orphans the cruel war made—
 Something *you* can't feel who close at home stayed.

Stirs up the old feeling!
 Well, what if we do!
 We had stirring times before
 But it didn't seem to start you.
 We *do* stir the old feelings,
 You're just right there,
 And it makes us more willing the burdens to bear.

Why keep it alive?
 Well, we can't much longer;
 The tumult against it grows stronger and stronger;
 We are fast dropping off, who stood shoulder to shoulder.
 And soon the last veteran under the sod will moulder.

Let us light our old camp-fires a few times more,
 Ere we leave forever this earthly shore;
 Forgive us, if at our boisterous meetings
 We have done or said aught to wound your feelings;
 We shall soon lose our number in the jolly old mess,
 "For, fortunately, the soldiers are growing less."

We'll soon be listed in another army,
 Under the great Captain up above,
 When again we'll meet around the camp-fire
 Burning brightly with brotherly love.

THE MORNING AT APPOMATTOX.

[The following letter was written for the reunion at Bar Harbor, and finds its place appropriately in this Call. It has not lost any of its interest by time. —ED.]

CORUR D'ALENE, Idaho Territory.

July 18th, 1888.

Gen. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear Old Comrade :— Your last letter of date February 21, was received in time, but for many reasons I have omitted to reply. Now that the time of the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry is drawing near I must reply and contribute my little mite to the personals

of that (to me) most revered of all organizations on earth. I would like so much to be with you at your next meeting and, in fact, every meeting; but it is out of the question this time. Business with me is rushing, and we must make hay while the sun shines. The winter of life with all of the First Maine Cavalry boys (but we are all boys yet) is fast approaching. And every comrade that has a word to say had better be about it for he may not be able to tell his story at the next reunion. If there were not more than one thousand miles between us I should be there. I have one old comrade near me, Albert Small of Co. E, the head of the firm of Small & Colby, one of the largest lumber firms in this Territory. I will come down to what is to me one of the most important subjects—the last campaign.

I am glad indeed to receive from you light on the subject of the colored division at Appomattox Court House, but we were there also, which, by the way, is not disputed. You want to know the position of the Eleventh Maine that morning—which side of the Lynchburg road we were on. That morning we were the extreme advance infantry regiment. On the eighth, at noon, the Twenty-fourth Army Corps passed the Fifth and I think the Sixth Army Corps, and took the advance, and we were close by them. That night, when Custer's scouts brought in a captured train and issued rations, my regiment was but a few rods away and we got some of the plunder. The next morning, the ninth, we were within hearing of your guns and went immediately to your relief. R. S. Foster's division, the Second, and G. B. Dandy's brigade, Third brigade of Second division, were respectively in the advance, and the Eleventh Maine was the advance of the Third brigade, and consequently the advance infantry regiment. I am not quite sure about the road that we were on, but always thought it to be the Lynchburg road, until I saw it referred to as a turnpike. We were not on a turnpike. We passed your wagon train on the road a mile or so before we came to your regiment. The teams were halted. James Rugan of Co. E was driving a team. Your firing grew sharper and we were ordered to double quick which we did for about a mile. Your regiment was on the right of the road and a few yards from it when we reached you. You were falling back slowly, and contesting every inch of ground. You were dismounted. I did not see your horses. When we reached you we moved out of the road by the right flank and Co. L passed back through my command. I spoke to some of the boys I

knew. We went but a short distance when we resumed our previous order of march. On the appearance of fixed bayonets the rebs fell back, and in a few moments we formed line of battle and charged; I always thought you could hear our cheers as we went out of the woods, but we might have been too far away.

I find that twenty-three years is causing us all to forget a great many things, and I may have forgotten some of the principal features of that memorable morning, but I have always believed and think so still, that we made the last charge.

In the first charge our brigade was repulsed by artillery, and my regiment, under Capt. Adams, H. C. (Col. Hill was lying on the field wounded), rallied and charged a second time, and with great success. That certainly was the last charge. Generals Gibbon, our corps commander, R. S. Foster, our division commander, and Geo. B. Dandy, our brigade commander, all gave us much praise for so gallantly making the last charge. General Ord complimented my regiment to me personally in San Francisco in 1870, for making the last charge, and Gen. Geo. B. Dandy, in a letter given me to President Grant in 1870, referred to my regiment as being one of his brigade that carried Fort Gregg on the second of April and made the last charge at Appomattox Court House on the ninth. We heard the colored division when they charged, but I always supposed them to be white, as I did not see any colored troops on our way up, and never thought that there were any there. But we certainly charged before and after they did. The heavy firing that took place about that time or immediately afterwards was done on receiving the news that Gen. Lee had surrendered. I remember well of seeing a courier riding down the line at full speed, waving a white flag and giving the news that Lee had surrendered. Such cheering I never heard before and never expect to again. And there are a few more things I remember full well, among which is how fearfully hungry we got before our trains got back, which took them nearly a week on account of the heavy rains, and we had only two days' rations after Gen. Grant supplied Lee's army.

I went up to the Court House to see the rebs stack their guns, and I have never forgotten the expression of their countenances. I do not remember of seeing one that looked as if he wanted to whip a Yankee.

Fraternally yours,

MONROE DAGGETT.

A COMRADE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF ALDIE.

CORNVILLE, June 27, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CHILEY:

Dear Comrade, — This is my first attempt to say what I saw in Company H, First Maine Cavalry, wherein I held the rank of corporal.

The 17th of June, 1863, we camped at the south side of the railroad, and west of Bull Run stream a short distance—on memorable ground. We were up and astir early that morning. I can plainly see now Colonels Douty and Boothby, as I sat on my horse. The sun shone brightly through a thin mist of fog, and the air was getting warm. We started, my company in its place, for Bull Run stream, reaching it above the railroad bridge at the ford. Some of the regiment went up the bluff; my company, most of them, crossed the stream and halted, and I remember Corporal Emery's horse reared up and spilled him in the stream. It was then "right about," and we marched back to near where we started, and then took our course on the pike close to the Bull Run battle-fields, in a north-west direction. Some of the men in the company speculated on the course while crossing at the ford, that Alexandria was the point; we all directly changed our minds; two or three said we were heading off the rebel cavalry from Washington. Our horses walked lively on the pike and the dust began to rise. I remember seeing on the right of the road near us a dead soldier, bare-headed, the rain having washed off the dirt; and a short distance on the left, in the bushes, there laid a skeleton of a soldier all in good order; further on we came to a creek with a very little stagnant water—yellow stuff. We were ordered to dismount and stop for a few moments. We were very thirsty, and our horses must have been, but there was no other water. Near here, one of my company, who had served in the Second Maine Infantry, pointed out the ground on the right of the road where they charged up the rise towards the woods. It was a pretty field; at the top of the rise was the black woods, from whence the confederates sent their deadly aim into the Maine boys that stood and faced that black woods, yet the Second Maine held them, so he said. Directly we were ordered to mount and moved on up the rise and through the same black woods; the next place of interest was a creek of good, clear water that ran across the road; there were no banks, and Capt. Summat led us up stream. A

few rolled partly off their horses, got a few swallows of water. It was only a moment's halt. A captain of the regular battery followed us. The rear company drove us out. In a short time we came out on a cleared ridge of land with buildings near by. The regiment left the road and bore to the right toward the buildings. "Fours—left!" and we were facing the town of Aldie; we could see the cannon and hear report of small arms. The captain immediately gave permit for a man with canteens to go to the buildings for water. I with some others, who had Sharp's carbines, put caps on the tubes and cracked. The captain said that was all nonsense and stopped us. We were afraid the tubes were not clear. The water came and I got two swallows. In a hurry, directly, by "fours, left," we moved down into the town,—one street, with few buildings; wounded men were coming back. The right of the regiment took a wagon path on the left of the street, crossed a ditch on our flank, and came into field, looking up a cleared hill; a little to our right was a rebel battery. The regiment halted and they gave us two shots; we were so low that they passed over and no one was hurt; directly, an orderly passed, rode up to the right, and back came Colonel Douty. "Fours—left about!" that brought Company H left in front, and so through the regiment. Back we went, crossed the street, and took a wagon path. A few rods near a barn or stable, the Colonel to the left, up the rise we went, and at the top the order was given, "Form squadron—halt—draw sabre!" General Kilpatrick passed, saying, "Where are six men that will follow me?" The command, "Charge!" was given at that minute, and our battery was at our left and front. We kept to the right of the battery and bore towards the dirt road that the rebels were coming down. The New York regiment that the rebels were driving we reached after going a few rods. As we came to the New York regiment, Captain Summat gave orders to stop those men. We on the left halted and tried to rally them, but they went through our ranks like wild men and passed by and left us. When clear of the New York men, it was dust and smoke, yelling and shouting. The first man I saw was a Johnny, who had just turned his horse to retreat; I came right up on his left side with my horse, on a clean jump. I gave him a cut on the back of his neck; he yelled out and came very near going out of his saddle. William Young and Elisha D. Emerson took him prisoner. My horse was so wild that I could not hold him. This was in the right dirt road, near the rise. On

I went, about as excited as my horse, down the descent into a hollow, jumped a ditch and lost my cap. I think my hair stood up and pushed it off. I reined my horse to the left, and came towards the road fence, and on the next rise my eye caught two Johnnies under lee of the fence. I said, "Surrender!" One of them stuck to it,—all he had was a scabbard hung to him. When the other went to rise, he reached for his haversack. "What have you in there?" said I. He pulled out a Remington revolver and passed it to me. It had been fired all but two chambers, and the caps on them were gone. At that instant Adjutant Tucker said, "Corporal, take those men to the rear as quickly as you can." I was ordered by the adjutant to deliver them up to a man who had one prisoner, and report to my company. I then went up the dirt road and came to Sergeant Heald. He ordered me to go back and order an ambulance up. Colonel Douty and Captain Summat were killed, and Corporal Emery was badly wounded. I went down the hill and the adjutant said (all the ambulances were on the other side of the town) the killed and wounded must be brought up on horses. I went back, and Captain Summat was carried back to the edge of the town on my horse.

Yours in Fraternity, Loyalty and Charity,

DAVID H. WHITTIER.

[See pp. 155-164, 581, History.]

THE WINTER AT CAMP PENOBSCOT.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 1st, 1891.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

"Time and tide wait for no man," and now is the accepted time for me to tide over my shortcomings, and respond to your many kindly calls for responses from all members of the grand old regiment, the gallant First Maine Cavalry, of which I am proud to say I was a humble member. I want my voice to be heard through the columns of your greatly-appreciated BUGLE, the sound of which should ever be welcome to all First Maine cavalrymen, especially those comrades of the early years of the regiment's history. How well I remember the first winter at Augusta—the duties we young ones and green ones were called upon to do—camp duty, in all its forms and variations, from the soldier in full dress on guard duty at head-quarters, to the soldier in undress doing duty at the stables. And the green officers, many of whom were greener than the privates,

but panned out well after all. Oh! how well do I remember how my rebellious spirit would assert itself at what I thought was "putting on airs," and how justly I got rebuked for my insolence. My officers, Captain Nathan Mayhew, First Lieutenant Stephen Boothby, Second Lieutenant Jarvis Stevens and Orderly Sergeant Walstein Phillips, were unusually good, patient and true men and soldiers, and as I now recall them I have only the kindest thoughts towards them. If I could have had my way they should all have lived and been generals to day. I think they deserved the honor. How well I remember the drills on green horses; what a spectacle! such bobbing in the saddles, and, oh, the crowding! Why, my legs ache to think of it. Just as we would get quieted down and in decent marching order, away would blaze the cannon, the report of which would again disturb the equanimity of our noble steeds, resulting in great bobbing in the saddle and more chafing. How sore and lame I was. It was many days before I could sit at meals. How gallantly and fearlessly we charged that cannon with laths for sabres, no one knows better than myself. How proud we felt when drawn in line for dress parade. The old colonel, John Goddard, I can now see as he sat his horse in front of the regiment receiving the officers' salutes. How many times I have stolen to the rear of the encampment, where a board had by some mysterious means become displaced, leaving ample room to crawl through the fence, and once out it was an easy matter to find the way to the city, where time and money, too, were spent as only a soldier can tell. Who in those days did not run guard or steal away? I remember how very diligent were some of the officers, and in their diligence were indulgent, for no sooner had they gathered in the boys than they would turn their backs to let the boys escape again. That first winter at Augusta, when we were for weeks buried in the snow, was good training, and made men and soldiers of what were, only a few months previous, raw recruits from country towns.

I was much interested in Nat. Hawkes' letter giving an account of his capture and prison life; but I must say I felt just a little hurt to think Nat. had forgotten me, as I presume he had, by not mentioning my name. But I am willing to forgive him because I had forgotten he was a prisoner at Andersonville the time I was. I remember Charles Eastman, who shot the rebel officer who thrust him through with his sabre, Gustavus Grant, Enoch Sampson, and Hiram G. Allen as being prisoners, and all died there except East-

man. I was with Grant when he died. I sat by his side upon the ground where he lay breathing out his noble life till death claimed his body. Gustavus Grant was one of the noblest of soldiers. I am glad to speak of him because I feel sure all of his comrades will agree with me when I say no young man in Company F or in the regiment stood higher in good morals and true manliness. I think of him as he was when a member of Company F, true, strong, and brave, and in his young manhood a perfect type of Maine's loyal sons who offered their lives a sacrifice, and I ask the question, Can there be too much done to perpetuate the names and memories of such heroes?

Yours very truly,

C. W. SKILLINGS,

Late Co. F, First Maine Cavalry.

[History, p. 544.]

A First Maine cavalryman had reason to be proud,
For they many battles saw and many a soldier's shroud.

Day and night and night and day
Saw them saddled and riding away;
Away on the flank of the line they'd appear
Or else could be seen in the enemies' rear,
Destroying tracks and cutting wires,
Attacking supply trains with their fires.

Death and destruction those brave boys saw
While constantly hearing the tocsin of war.

C. W. S.

THE FIRST FIGHT.

The recent death of Comrade Webb brings to my mind his first experience in battle, as related to me by himself several years after the war. When we were encamped at Camp Bayard he and I used to ride occasionally for recreation a few miles, when he would enjoy the scenery and remark upon the romance of our position—he had not been baptized with blood then.

But now, when all the tumult of war was past, he had lost all love of war's romance and regarded it as cruel and barbarous. "Nath." was one of our bravest First Maine Cavalry boys, and this is saying all concerning bravery. He was modest, kind and sensible, well educated, a graduate of Bucksport Seminary; he was a good fellow every way.

I forget the name of the battle, but it was a hand-to-hand sabre fight with Stuart to which he alluded. A terrible, savage, bloody fight, in which both sides were all mixed up—perhaps some of his comrades will remember—cutting and slashing—earnest, determined, death-dealing blows on every hand.

While the fight was raging, and he had just got inside, he said he felt dazed, as if he were in a dream, and made no effort, but was carried with the crowd, hurled this way and that like a chip on the waves. Blood was flowing in streams, men and horses falling in every direction, shrieks of wounded, rebel yells and Yankee huzzas, riderless horses dashing at full speed, wildest and savage confusion. He was called to his senses by a comrade who yelled, "Look out, Nath. Webb!" A rebel was coming for him with upraised sabre, *full chisel*. Nath. had just time to parry the stroke, and as the rebel passed, launched a blow with all his force, cutting down through hat, head, neck, sinking his sabre clean to the chest. The whole thing was so sudden and unlooked for, that he seemed to realize nothing until he "felt the sabre crunching" through the vitals of his foe. He said the sensation was so awful as he felt his weapon "crunching" through a living human being, that he nearly fainted, and he again subsided into his former condition, when another voice shouted the warning as before, "Look out, Nath. Webb!" Another rebel, a friend and chum of his first assailant, assaulted him in almost the same manner. Nath. parried his blow, giving him a cut across the neck, sinking down into his lungs, the blood spurting, and a second victim fell from his flying steed, dead, to the ground. He said the shock to his nervous system was such as he never before experienced. From that moment he went in for all he was worth, but could never banish from his mind the terrible crunching sensation he felt when he took the first human life.

S. A. FULLER, Chaplain.

Hubbard, N. H., Aug. 28th, 1891.

[See p. 515, and picture p. 53, History.]

THE LOSSES IN THE 'CAVALRY.

MELROSE, MASS., APRIL 6th, 1891.

Dear Comrade Tobie:— I wonder if it is generally known among the comrades that our regiment suffered the heaviest loss in battle of any cavalry regiment in the entire service. I quote from a very interesting article in the *May Century*, 1888, by W. F. Fox, who has given the subject of losses in battle thorough and careful investigation.

"Of the three principal arms of service, the infantry loses the most men in action, the cavalry next and the light artillery the least. The heaviest cavalry loss seems to have fallen on the First Maine Cavalry, it having lost fifteen officers and one hundred and fifty-nine enlisted men killed. Next comes the First Michigan Cavalry, with fourteen officers and one hundred and fifty enlisted men killed. Of the two hundred and sixty cavalry regiments in the Northern army, there were fifteen others whose loss in killed exceeded one hundred. The percentages of killed are also less in this part of the service, the highest being found in the Fifth Michigan Cavalry with its eight and nine-tenths percent and in the Sixth Michigan with eight and three-tenths percent, both in Custer's Brigade. Cavalrymen go into action oftener than infantrymen, so their losses being distributed among a larger number of engagements do not appear remarkable as reported for any one affair. Still in some of their fights 'dead cavalrymen' could be seen in numbers that answered only too well the famous question of Gen. Hooker,— "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" At Reams Station, the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry lost twenty-seven men killed, and at Todd's Tavern the First New York Dragoons lost twenty-four killed, not including the additional casualty list of wounded. The number of cavalry officers killed in some regiments was excessive, as in this arm of the service, more than in any other, the officers are expected to lead their men. Although the cavalry did not suffer in killed as badly as the infantry, still they participated in more engagements, were under fire much more frequently, and so were obliged to exhibit an equal display of courage. The Fifth New York cavalry lost eight officers and ninety-three enlisted men killed in action, but it was present at over one hundred engagements, and lost men either killed or disabled in eighty-eight of them. The muster-out rolls of the various mounted commands show there were ten thousand five hundred and ninety-six "dead cavalrymen" who were killed in action during the war, of whom six hundred and seventy-one were officers, the proportionate loss of officers being greater than in the infantry."

Yours in F. C. and L.

HORATIO S. LIBBY.

Right here the following letter from Mr. Fox will be of interest.

ALBANY, NEW YORK, MAY 18th, 1889.

General J. P. Cilley :— I am already familiar with the pages of the History of the First Maine Cavalry; we have a copy of it here in our State Library which, by the way, was ordered at my request. Not long before the publication of the book, "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," I spent considerable time in reassuring myself as to the fact that, in the matter of loss in action, your old regiment headed the list of all the cavalry regiments in the Union army.

For a second time, I went carefully over the records of your regiment as printed in the reports of the State of Maine, 1862-66; and also examined the roster appended in your regimental history. I was pleased to note that the

result agreed substantially with the figures which I had previously received from the War Department at Washington. These figures established the fact that the First Maine Cavalry encountered the heaviest fighting of any cavalry regiment in the war, or at least, they braved the greatest danger. Some writers affect to pooh-pooh any connection between casualties in action and hard fighting; but I believe all, from its number of battles, will agree with me that the extraordinary loss in action of your old regiment was the result of facing the music early and often, and standing up to the rack like brave men.

Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM F. FOX.

Mr. Fox's "Regimental Losses" gives the following cavalry regiments which sustained the heaviest losses in killed in battle:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
First Maine	15	159	174
First Michigan	14	150	164
Fifth Michigan	6	135	141
Sixth Michigan	7	128	135
First Vermont	10	124	134
First New York Dragoons	4	126	130
First New Jersey	12	116	128
Second New York	9	112	121
Eleventh Pennsylvania	11	108	119

LETTER FROM THE CONFEDERATE COMMANDER AT ALDIE.

[The following letter from Gen. Thomas T. Munford, who commanded the Second Virginia Cavalry, and afterwards a brigade of cavalry, who was a brilliant fighter and a brave man, is given because it throws a side-light on the fight at Aldie, and because it has a view of human nature in it that makes all the world akin—his pride in his old regiment: "I ask no prouder epitaph than to have commanded for three years the Second Virginia Cavalry."—ED.]

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 19th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for your letter and the papers connected with your old regiment, which afforded both pleasure and interest. You are correct in supplying me with the language: "I wish I could see my old regiment so supplied." Alas! *we* are *scattered*, and if there was a general disposition to gather up the fragments, I doubt the ability of its members to supply the means; those who have given themselves up to money-making are too fond of it to waste it on others. There are bright exceptions, but I found most help from those who had been the heaviest sufferers.

We have had occasional reunions, but it is different with those who have a government in full sympathy and able to assist the needy, and the others who neither expect nor ask such assistance. Many a poor fellow with his armless sleeve or wooden leg is seen toiling as cheerfully as those who have pensions. I have never seen a confederate soldier asking alms; occasionally we have a call from some comrade to help a poor devil along, but it is rare. We have a confederate home at Richmond, where a few are maintained who cannot support themselves, and the State of Virginia has provided for some of the most helpless. The spirit of our people has been to submit to the fate of war and to meet it like men who knew what they undertook. We all favor a pension for the maimed Union soldier. I have never seen a true confederate who was not ready to do anything in his power, consistent with self-respect, to oblige or help a Union soldier.

I thank you for your invitation to write my recollection of some of the engagements in which we crossed sabres with the First Maine. I commanded at Aldie when Colonel Douty of your regiment was killed. I saw him when he was shot, and was within forty steps of him. He could not have expected anything but death; he deliberately rode up to a post and rail fence and fired his pistol at an old, gray-headed fellow in my regiment, and ordered him to surrender and come to him, calling him a conscript. But he had unfortunately mistaken his man. He shot him as deliberately as he would have shot a deer in his native hills, walked up to the fence and jumped it, taking his sabre and belt, and spurs, and a flask which was about half full of whiskey. I do not remember who kept the sabre, but believe I could ascertain. Hubbard, who killed Colonel Douty, was afterwards killed at Spottsylvania Court House, seventh of May. The men of his company could tell all about it. I have never seen any report of that fight on the Union side. Stuart, in his report, gives Fitz Lee the credit of it, but Lee was not there. I had four squadrons of the Second Virginia, the Third Virginia, four squadrons of the Fourth Virginia, the First Virginia, and the Fifth Virginia, and two guns of Breathed's battery. The First Virginia was supporting one gun on the Middleburg road and was not engaged, except its sharpshooters. I had a fine position, was concealed by the formation of the country, and assure you I had no idea of leaving until I had orders from General Stuart (who was back at Upperville after Duffie) to fall back on the pike and await his orders. I have never seen any Federal account of our

fight at the second battle of Manassas, which was a regular sabre fight.

Lieut. Col. I. W. Watts, who commanded the Second Virginia at Aldie, as gallant a cavalryman as ever flashed a blade, was wounded severely by the First Maine, and permanently disabled. I owe them a grudge for depriving me of this "right bower" soon afterwards, though his successor, Major Cary Breckenridge, stepped squarely in his shoes, and his bruised arms and maimed face were ever in the foreground of every conflict where manly bearing could call for his presence; and the color-bearer of the Second Virginia was severely wounded by the First Maine in the same fight.

Any information that I can give you for any of your men will afford me pleasure, and if any questions are asked that can be reasonably ascertained, I can refer to the roster of my old regiment and see where they are and send the question to them to answer. You deserve the best thanks of your men, and I doubt not enjoy their affection. I shall ask no prouder epitaph than to have commanded for three years the Second Virginia Cavalry.

Do you know of a good working farmer who would like to come South, where he could make a good living with half the toil he has to expend in the cold winters of Maine? I have a plantation (two of them) in Hale County, Alabama; it is just as healthy there as it is in any part of Maine. I have three sons living out there and I go out every winter and spend six or eight weeks at a time. We have a plenty of negro help, and it is *first-rate*, easily managed and gives no trouble. I need a man to farm, make hay and stock-raise, not to plant cotton as every one does out there. I will furnish good, first-class land, stock, house and garden. We have as good milk and butter there as they can have anywhere.

A man can work every day in the year unless it rains too hard. It is really the finest country in the United States for working people. Any respectable, working white man can get a good place in that country, and in a little time become a landed proprietor if he saves his means. It is cheap and easy living. Poultry can do better than anywhere.

If you know of any first-rate old cavalryman who would trust his son with an old Second Virginia Cavalry officer, send him to me. No trouble with the negroes—they can make cotton and corn but nothing else; a good grain farmer could do well out there.

Yours truly,

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

GODDARD'S CIRCUS.

Soon after getting into camp at Augusta, in 1861, there enlisted in Company G a man named Moses Y. Richards. He was fresh from the lumber regions, and knew nothing of drill or keeping time or step. The first time he went on drill, his file leader, Charles T. Duley, becoming vexed at having his heels stepped on so frequently, called out to him, "Tangletoes." The name stuck to Richards, who rather liked it and adopted it. During the winter the following lines were circulated about the camp, and created much amusement. Who was the author of them was not known at the time except to the comrades of Company G.

[See p. 572, History.]

GODDARD'S CIRCUS.

'Tis Abraham Lincoln's circus
That's pressing on my mind;
So great a show of wisdom
You'll seldom ever find.
John Goddard for a leader—
A portly looking man;
He was designed for a lumberman,
And not for Uncle Sam.

He can't command this regiment
Upon a battle-field,
For how can you hone a razor
That has the lack of steel?
Our officers most all do lack
A soldier's drill and courage;
Now, do not think I mean to try
To any one discouragement.

We have some boys within this camp
Who've travelled in the South;
They've been in the field of battle,
And faced a cannon's mouth.
We have some privates in the ranks
Who'd do better in command;
This regiment they'd not disgrace,
But conquer, sword in hand,

Of our officers I wish to speak,
And don't the writer blame,
If he is open-hearted,
And simply calls their name.

The captain of Company A,
Warren L. Whitney, by name,
He cannot do his duty
For which his wife's to blame.

You know he's lately married--
It makes his bride feel grand
To think how nice it sounds abroa
Her husband's in command.
Capt Cilley he is worthy
To defend our country's cause;
If I say it, it is true,
He respects the army laws.

Capt. Dyer I will mention;
It is time he goes the rounds,
To attend to others business
Lately married from our grounds.
If he wishes to have it plainer,
Of M. Y. Richards, I say beware,
For to give him Hail Columbia,
His mental powers he will not spare.

Of Capt. Smith, what can I say
Of one so brave and true?
There is no praise that I can add,
But you'll acknowledge, too.
Capt. Putnam is a soldier,
You'll observe it in his ways,
He reminds me of the heroes
That have served in other days.

Capt. Mayhew is a Christian,
So his company all say;
I know he takes a fine position
When he's officer of the day.
Our captain's name is Burbank,
From Lewiston he came,
He is as fine a looking man
As we have here in Maine.

He has a military air and form,
Besides, he's brave and kind;
Another so respectable,
It would be hard to find.
Capt. Summat is a soldier,
If there's any to be found,
For he's counted the best rider
That there is upon the ground.

Of our editor, Mr. Cowan,
 There's nothing that I know,
 Only Satan is preparing
 Him a station down below.
 Capt. Prince, the "Talma Hunter,"
 Better take his corporal out,
 Go over to the hospital,
 And rouse the sick and lame about.

Of Capt. Brown, there's but little
 In his favor I can say;
 I know there's nothing he likes better
 Than to be officer of the day.

They say this war is ended
 I hope it is not so,
 But give this First Maine Cavalry
 A chance some shot to throw.
 You may think I'm in for fighting,
 No, I'm only in for fun,
 For we have many a youngster
 Who never shot a gun.

To sign my name I'm not disposed
 They sometimes call me

"TANGLETOES."

BOWDOIN BOYS IN LABRADOR.

BY A SON OF THE FIRST OF MAINE.

ON BOARD THE "JULIA A. DECKER," }
 Port Hawkesbury, Gut of Canso, }
 July 6th, 1891. }

Here the staunch Julia lies at anchor waiting for a change in the wind and a break in the fog. To-day will be memorable in the annals of the "Micmac" Indians, for Prof. Lee has spent his enforced leisure in putting in anthropometric work among them, inducing braves, squaws and papooses of both sexes to mount the trunk that served as a measuring block and go through the ordeal of having their height, standing and sitting, stretch of arms, various diameters of head and peculiarities of the physiognomy taken down. While he with two assistants was thus employed, two of our photographic corps were busily engaged in preserving as many of their odd faces and costumes as possible, making pictures of their picturesque camp on the side of a hill sloping toward an arm of the Gut, with its round tent covered with birch and fir bark, dogs and children,

and stacks of logs or wood — from which they make the strips for their chief products, baskets— cows, baggage and all the other accompaniments of a comparatively permanent camp. They go into the woods and make log huts for winter, but such miserable quarters as these prove to be on closer inspection, with stoves, dirt and chip floor, bedding and food in close proximity to the six or eight inhabitants of each hut, suffice them during warm weather. We found that they elect a chief, who holds the office for life. The present incumbent lives near by St. Peter's Island, and is about forty years old. They hold a grand festival in a few weeks somewhere on the shore of Bras d'Or Lake, at which nearly every Indian on the Island is expected, some two thousand in all, we are informed, and after experiencing our good-fellowship at their camp and on board they invited us one and all to come down, only cautioning us to bring along a present of whiskey for the chief.

The Gut, in this part at least, is beautiful sailing ground, with bold, wooded shores, varied by slight coves and valleys with little hamlets at the shore and fishermen's boats lying off the beach. The lower part we passed in a fog, so we are ignorant of its appearance as though the Julia had not carried us within a hundred miles of it, instead of having knowingly brought us past rock and shoal to this quiet cove, under the red rays of the light on Hawkesbury Point, and opposite Port Mulgrave, with which Hawkesbury is connected by a little two-sailed, double-ended ferry-boat built on a somewhat famous model. It seems that a boat builder of this place, who, by the way, launched a pretty little yacht to-day, sent a fishing boat, whose model and rig was the product of many years' experience as a fisherman, to the London Fisheries' Exhibit of a few years past, and received first medal from among seven thousand five hundred competitors. The Prince of Wales was so pleased with the boat, which was exhibited under full sail with a wax fisherman at the helm, that he purchased it and has since used it. Later, when the United States fish commission schooner Grampus was here with the present assistant commissioner, Capt. Collins, in command, the plans were purchased by our government on the condition that no copies were to be made without Mr. Embree's consent. A little later yet, a commissioner from Holland and Sweden came over, bought the plans and built a perfect copy of the original, the seaworthy qualities of which has caused its type to entirely displace the old style of small fishing boats in those countries. The boat's abilities in heavy waters have been tested many times, and have never failed to equal her reputation.

But, meanwhile, the Julia lies quietly at anchor, as if it were mutely reproaching your correspondent with singing another's praises when she has brought us safely and easily thus far, in spite of gales, fog, and headwind, calm, and treacherous tide, and even now is eagerly waiting for the opportunity to carry us straight and swiftly to Battle Harbor in the straits of Belle Isle, where letters and papers from home await us, and then up through the ice fields to Cape Chudleigh.

Our real start was made from Southwest Harbor, Mt. Desert, the Monday after leaving Rockland. Saturday night, after a short sail in the dark and a few tacks up the Thoroughfare to North Haven village, we anchored and rested from the confusion and worry of getting started and trying to forget nothing that would be needed in our two and one-half months' trip. Sunday morning was nearly spent before things were well enough stowed to allow us to get under weigh in safety, and then our bow was turned eastward and, as we thought, pointed for Cape Sable. Going by the hospital on Widow's Island and the new light on Goose Rock nearly opposite it, out into Isle au Haut bay, we found a fresh northeaster, which warned us not to go across the Bay of Fundy if we had no desire for an awful shaking up. In view of all the facts, such as green men, half-stowed supplies and threatening weather, we decided that we must not put our little vessel through her paces that night, and chose the more ignominious, but also more comfortable course of putting into a harbor. Consequently after plunging through the rips off Bass Head, and cutting inside the big bell buoy off its entrance, we ran into Southwest Harbor and came to anchor. In the evening many of the party thought it wise to improve the last opportunity for several months, as we then supposed, to attend church, and to one who knew the chapel-cutting proclivities of many of our party while at Bowdoin, it would have been amusing to see them solemnly tramp into church, rubber boots and all. It is a fact, however, that every member of our party, with a possible exception, went to church in this place yesterday largely for the same reason.

Our little Julia rewarded our action of the night previous by taking us out by Mt. Desert Rock at a rattling pace Monday morning, bowing very sharply and very often to the lofty spindle-like tower on the rock, as she met the Bay of Fundy chop, and at the same time administered a very effective emetic to all but five or six of the

Bowdoin boys aboard. She is wise as well as bold and strong, and so after nightfall waited under easy canvas for light to reveal Seal Island to our watchful eyes. Shortly after daylight the low coast was made out, the dangerous rocks passed, and Cape Sable well on our quarter. But there it stayed. We made but little progress for two days, and employed the time in laying in a supply of cod, haddock and pollock, till our bait was exhausted. Then we shot at birds, seals and porpoises whenever they were in sight, and from the success, apparently, at many when they were not in sight; put the finishing touches on our stowage, and kept three of the party constantly employed with our long bamboo-handled dip-net, in fishing up specimens for the professor and his assistants. As the result of this we have a large number of fish eggs which we are watching in the process of hatching, many specimens of crustacea and of seaweed. The photographers, in the meanwhile, got themselves into readiness for real work by practicing incessantly upon us.

Thursday, we made Sambro light; soon pilot boat number one hailed us and put a man aboard, whom we neither needed nor wanted, and we were anchored off the market steps at Halifax. The run up the harbor was very pleasant. Bright skies, a fresh breeze off the land, and vessels all about us made many lively marine pictures. The rather unformidable appearing fortification, on account of which Halifax boasts herself the most strongly fortified city of America, together with the flag-ship *Bellerophon* and two other vessels of the Atlantic squadron, the *Canada* and the *Thrush*, the latter vessel until lately having been commanded by Prince George, gave the harbor and town a martial tone that was heightened upon our going ashore and seeing the red coats that throng the streets in the evening. Halifax, with its squat, smoky, irregular streets is well known, and its numerous public buildings, drill barracks, and well kept public gardens, all backed by the frowning citadel, probably need no description from me. After receiving the letters for which we came in, and sending the courteous United States Consul General, Mr. Frye, and his vice-consul, Mr. King, Colby '89, ashore with a series of college yells that rather startled the sleepy old town, we laid a course down the harbor, exchanged salutes with the steamship *Caspian*, and were soon ploughing along, before a fine south-west breeze for Cape Canso.

While our little vessel is driving ahead with wind well over the quarter, groaning, as it were, at the even greater confusion in the

wardroom than when we left Rockland, owing to the additional supplies purchased at Halifax, it may be well to briefly describe her appearance, when fitted to carry seventeen Bowdoin men in her hold in place of the lime and coal to which she has been accustomed. Descending, then, the forward hatch, protected by a plain hatch house, the visitor turns around and facing aft, looks down the two sides of the immense centreboard box that occupies the centre of our wardroom from floor to deck. Fastened to it are the mess tables, nearly always lighted by some four or five great lamps, which serve to warm as well, as the pile of stuff around and beneath the after-hatch house cuts off most of the light that would otherwise come down there. On the port side the table runs the whole length of the box; two wooden settles serve for dining chairs and leave about four feet clear space next the "deacon's seat" that runs along in front of the five double-tiered berths. These are canvas-bottomed, fitted with racks, shelves, and the upper ones with slats overhead, in which to stow our overflowing traps.

At the after end, on both sides of the wardroom, are large lockers coming nearly to the edge of the hatch, in which most of the provisions are stowed. At the forward end, next the bulkhead that separates us from the galley, are, on the port side, a completely equipped dark room in which many excellent pictures have already been brought to light, and on the starboard side a large rack holding our canned goods, ketchup, lime-juice, etc. Along the bulkhead are the fancy cracker boxes, tempting a man to take one every time he goes below, and under the racks are our kerosene and molasses barrels. Between the line of four double-tier berths on the starboard side and the rack just described is a handy locker for oil clothes and heavy overcoats. Lockers run along under the lower berths, and trunks with a thousand other articles are stowed under the tables. A square hole cut in the bulkhead, just over the galley head, lets heat into the wardroom and assists the lamps in keeping us warm. As yet, in spite of some quite cold weather, we have been perfectly comfortable. Sometimes, however, odors come in as well as heat from the galley, and do not prove so agreeable. If to this description, clothes of various kinds, guns, game bags, boots, fishing tackle and books, should, by the imagination of the reader, be scattered about, promiscuously hung, or laid in every conceivable nook and corner, a fair idea of our floating house could be obtained. On deck we are nearly as badly littered, though in more orderly fash-

ion. Two nests of dories, a row boat, five water tanks, a gunning float, and an exploring boat, partly well fill the Julia's spacious decks. The other exploring boat hangs inside the schooner's yawl at the stern. Add to these two hatch houses, a small pile of lumber, and considerable fire wood snugly stowed between the casks, and you have a fair idea of our anything but clear decks. A yellow painted bust, presumably of our namesake Julia, at the end of figure-head, peers through the fog and leads us in the darkness; a white stripe relieves the blackness of our sides; a green rail surmounts all; and, backed by the forms of nineteen variously attired Bowdoin men, from professor, their tutor, alumnus, to freshmen, complete our description,

Meanwhile the night, clear but windless, has come on, and we drift along the Nova Scotia coast, lying low and blue on our northern board. The Fourth dawns rather foggy, but it soon yields to the sun's rays and a good breeze which bowls us along toward the Cape. An elaborate celebration of the day is planned, but only the poem is finally rendered, due probably to increased sea which the brisk breeze raises incapacitating several of the actors for their assigned parts. The poem, by the late editor of '91's "BUGLE," is worthy of preservation, but would hardly be understood unless our whole crowd were present to indicate by their roars the good points in it.

At night our constant follower, the fog, shuts in, and the captain steering off the Cape, we lay by, jumping and rolling in a northeast sea, waiting for daylight to assist us to Cape Canso Harbor and the Little Ant. About six next morning we form one of a fleet of five or six sail passing the striped lighthouse on Cranberry Island, and with a rush go through the narrow passage lined with rocks and crowded with fishermen. Out into the fog of Chedebucto Bay we soon pass and in the fog we remain, getting but a glimpse of the shore now and then, till we reach Port Hawkesbury.

JONA. P. CILLEY, JR.

THE ASSEMBLY.

ATTENTION,—BATTALION!—

On first squadron form close column—MARCH!!

The Reunion at Houlton.

The full report of the reunion at Houlton, on the tenth of last month, will appear in the BUGLE, next July Call, after the reports of the previous reunions have all been printed, so it is only necessary to refer to it briefly at this time. This reunion was one of the pleasantest of all, and the promise of Captain Putnam and the comrades of that vicinity, that if the reunion was held there the comrades should have a good time was well fulfilled. The attendance was as large as was expected, when the great distance and the fact that the State Fair was held in Lewiston the same week are considered. Though there may not have been present so many of the comrades from the western part of the State as usual, there were more from the eastern portion, and thus the object in holding the reunion in Aroostook county was accomplished. There was the usual number of meetings and greetings of comrades who had not seen each other before since the muster-out; and there was the usual amount of hand shaking, and cordial greetings and

kind words—yes, more than usual, because there was more time and opportunity for it. The weather was all that could be desired, and the good people of Houlton succeeded admirably in making it very pleasant for the boys. The reception of the comrades was cordial and hearty, and their treatment was generous and hospitable. The comrades felt at home as soon as they arrived there, and they departed with a sort of “leaving home” feeling. The comrades were pleased with the people, with the town and with the surrounding country, for all had ample opportunities to ride about the country, carriages being at their disposal all the time during their stay. In short, it was a glorious reunion—as was said in the first place, one of the pleasantest of all—and its memories will long last with the comrades so fortunate as to be present. Comrade Gilbert N. Harris, of Boston, was chosen president, and it was voted to hold the reunion next year at Washington, D. C., at the time of the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, with a view to visiting some of

the old camp grounds and battle-fields. Following is a list of the comrades present:

Perry Arnold, Bangor.
 F. C. Adams, Lowell, Mass.
 A. A. Burleigh, Houlton.
 Oscar L. Bean, Monticello.
 Geo. H. Briggs, Monticello.
 Elijah H. Briggs, Monticello.
 Theodore J. Batchelder, Houlton.
 Geo. Cary, Houlton.
 Geo. M. Case, New Gloucester.
 J. P. Cilley, Rockland.
 Sidney W. Clark, Masardis.
 Llewellyn Copeland, Dexter.
 H. R. Colesworthy, West Gorham.
 E. C. Clifford, Bangor.
 C. F. Dam, Portland.
 James Donnelly, Washburn.
 J. B. Daley, Patten.
 A. C. Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass.
 E. B. Deering, Knightsville.
 Washington Daggett, Hodgdon.
 J. M. Emery, Hampden.
 John Emery, Hampden.
 Thomas S. Estabrooke, Houlton.
 J. W. Freese, California.
 S. A. Fuller, Hubbard, N. H.
 G. W. Gray, Houlton.
 A. W. Ingersoll, Houlton.
 C. N. Lang, Portland.
 C. W. Lyons, Houlton.
 Horatio S. Libby, Melrose, Mass.
 Dennis Murphy, Skowhegan.
 Alex. McDougal, Fort Fairfield.
 Laurel Monson, Houlton.
 Sarge Mansur, Houlton.
 C. H. Miller, Lincoln.
 C. L. Packard, Orient.
 Melvin Preble, Bangor.
 F. W. Pearce, Houlton.
 Jona. T. Pollard, Masardis.
 George Prince, Boston, Mass.
 B. H. Putnam, Houlton.
 John L. Rogers, Fort Fairfield.
 George C. Randall, Washburn.
 S. B. Newbegin, Old Town.

William Small, Houlton.
 Rodney Sparrow, Portland.
 C. W. Skillings, Portland.
 W. R. Snow, Woodstock, N. B.
 F. J. Savage, Fairfield.
 C. O. Stone, Charlestown, Mass.
 S. K. Stetson, Houlton.
 S. W. Smith, Skowhegan.
 Charles Smith, Skowhegan.
 Isaac Shields, Linneus.
 John P. Sheahan, Dennysville.
 John E. Faulkner, Monticello.
 Volney H. Foss, Bangor.
 John McFarlin, Woodstock, N. B.
 A. D. French, Waltham, Mass.
 Charles R. Gould, Hampden.
 S. E. Griffin, West Pembroke.
 D. W. Gage, Cambridge, Mass.
 Stephen S. Goodhue, Haverhill, Mass.
 George E. Goodwin, Skowhegan.
 O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield.
 John E. Hart, Burnham.
 David H. Whittier, Athens.
 G. N. Harris, Boston, Mass.
 Frank H. Ingram, Houlton.
 C. E. Jacks, Boston, Mass.
 Sylvanus Judkins, Athens.
 W. A. Jordan, Bangor.
 Edward Jordan, Bangor.
 S. E. Keene, Lincoln Centre.
 John Lovering, Houlton.
 Frank Lewis, Orono.
 Chas. S. Luce, Monticello.
 G. A. Savage, Fairfield.
 Wm. Trimble, Calais.
 E. P. Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.
 A. Young, Bangor.
 Wm. Young, Boston, Mass.
 E. C. Wilder, Calais.
 John E. Ward, Calais.
 Wm. Weiler, Bangor.
 Gilbert Wiggan, Winn.

Among those present who had not met with the boys before since the muster-out, was Capt. John W. Freese, of Company A, and right royal were the greetings

which he received. The captain has resided in California for years, and has thus been unable to attend the reunions. He looks the same as ever, and is as jolly, albeit he is suffering from illness, and came very near crossing the pontoon bridge over the last river a few weeks before, by an accident.

Dr. J. P. Sheahan and Sergt. Sidney W. Clark told some good stories, and new ones, at the evening gathering, and both these comrades have promised to write the stories out for the benefit of the comrades. As every First Maine man always does as he agrees, the comrades may look for these stories in some future call of the BUGLE.

Perry Arnold, of Company C, was present, and looking as young as when in the field; indeed, it was remarked that he "looked young enough to be the son of himself."

Charles R. Gould, of Company A, was also present. He was wounded in the fight at St. Mary's Church, the bullet going through the centre of the chest to the back, and being cut out at the back. He has the bullet in his possession now. He was an invalid for two years on account of the wound. This wound is not mentioned in the History, by some inadvertence.

Augustus Young, of Company A, was at the reunion. He was within four feet of General Cilley

when the latter was wounded, in the fight at Middletown, in the spring of 1862.

Lieut. Edward Jordan does not look a bit older than when he stood picket near Bealton, in the spring of 1863.

The boys from Androscoggin county and vicinity were sadly missed, but they were excusable, as the attractions, social and business, of the State Fair, were very strong.

John A. Bryson & Son, photographers, made some good pictures of the comrades and ladies grouped in the grove after dinner, and also of the "Sons of the First of Maine."

Capt. George Carey, of Company K, also met with the boys for the first time since the war. He is a resident of Houlton, and a physician with an extensive practice. It was indeed pleasant to meet him, and we enjoyed a nice chat with him at his office.

The absence of "Jim" Williams, of Company D, postmaster of the regiment, was greatly deplored, the comrades missing his voluble flow of fun, but this was compensated for in part, as will be seen by reading further.

Gen. J. P. Cilley, as usual, was busy with his duties as treasurer, and his enjoyment of the pleasures of reunion must consist mainly in the consciousness of duty well done.

The following kind words are

from the *Aroostook Times*, and it is a pleasure to know that they are well deserved:

The Cavalry "boys" in the late reunion have set a good example by their sobriety and gentlemanly behavior during their stay, worthy of all commendation and praise, and they had a good time, too.

"Captain Jack" at the Houlton Reunion.

The tricks and manners of Charles E. Jacks, of Company A, (more familiarly known as "Captain Jack") at the Houlton reunion, are worthy of notice by themselves. Comrade Jacks left his home in Boston with a determination to furnish his share of fun for the comrades as well as to have a share himself. He succeeded beyond all question. He watched anxiously while, on the train for the appearance of Comrade "Jim" Williams, his chum in fun and frolic, but in this he was doomed to disappointment, as Jim for some reason did not appear. But instead of discouraging him, this only spurred him on to higher efforts. He felt, as he expressed it, that as Jim was not present he must take Jim's place. And he succeeded. He kept things lively on the train until it was somewhere near its destination, when he penned and sent the following dispatch by telegraph:

WYTOPITLOCK, Sept. 9.

To Chief of Police:

Lock up all chicken coops. First Maine Cavalry on a raid.

CHAS. E. JACKS, Co. A.

When the boys arrived at Houlton, they found this dispatch posted on the street corner, to their great amusement and to the amazement of the citizens of Houlton. The first afternoon Captain Jack distinguished himself by appearing clad in a leather hunting suit, armed with a gun, disappearing in the distant woods, and along towards night re-appearing with a solitary crow. The number of ways in which the boys averred that crow was killed would have made any one else vexed, but Captain Jack, in the consciousness of his own rectitude, took all their remarks calmly, simply pointing to the fact that there was the crow. This crow he mounted, and it was proudly borne aloft in a burlesque procession, and triumphantly carried away with the returning comrades. That evening, comrade Jacks was somewhat under the weather and did not join in the out-of-door festivities, but added his mite by firing salutes from the hotel as the procession departed and returned. The next morning he was up bright and early—before any of the comrades—and preparing for the pleasures of the day. Not half-a-dozen comrades had made their appearance on the

hotel piazza before a strange object was seen approaching from the further corner of the square. This stranger had a decidedly grotesque appearance. It wore a very wide-brimmed hat, a jacket of immense checks in bright colors, hunting trousers, and moccasins. It was armed with a very long-barreled gun and an old cutlass. It approached with a cautious, stealthy step, throwing its eyes warily in all directions as if looking for game or fearing a foe. It was cow-boy, scout, hunter—all in one. As it approached nearer it was discovered that it was Captain Jack, and a shout greeted this discovery. For half an hour or more, in this strange garb and with this combination of strange manners, did he perambulate in the square, furnishing amusement to the fast-gathering crowd. As the stage-coach drove up to the hotel, he "held it up" in the most approved style, and turned the plunder over to the comrades with graceful dignity. All day long he was everywhere present, doing excellent work when needed, and keeping every one in good humor whether at work or at play. In the grove, at dinner and after, he performed good service and aided digestion by the fun he served with the food. He made himself generally useful, and sprinkled fun all along. He stopped his work and his fun to make a few earnest remarks on

the question of locality for the next reunion, and then returned to his fun, keeping an eye out always upon the business before the association. He was active and efficient in preparing the groups for the photographer, and in everything else. When the line was forming for the return to the village from the grove, he formed the famous "five spot," consisting of four sons of the First of Maine at the corners, and in the centre a daughter of one of the comrades, liberally decked with yellow ribbons and waving the stars and stripes, and this five spot led the procession and the band in fine style. Later in the afternoon, Captain Jack gave a wonderful display of horsemanship in the square, with Captain Putnam's horse, of the most awkward sort, but never offensively awkward. But his great effort may be said to have been made in the evening. While the Houlton Band was giving an open-air concert in the square in front of the Snell House, Captain Jack appeared, bearing a hand-organ, and leading at the end of a chain, Dan Gage, grotesquely dressed as a monkey. To see the captain manipulate that hand-organ, and make that monkey perform by pulling the chain, would have cured the worst fit of blues that ever rested over a resident of Aroostook county. The fun grew fast and furious, and lots of it.

Everybody had to laugh, but the captain kept a serious face and the monkey grinned and grimaced seriously. After a while, the organ-grinder and his monkey drew away from the hotel, when he found himself followed by a crowd of small boys. He stopped, set down his organ, and proceeded to deliver to those boys a lecture on astronomy—a lecture which one of the residents of Houlton pronounced wonderful. Indeed, so earnest was his talk, and so interested were the boys, that, as he concluded, they seriously and honestly thanked him for it, a proceeding which, he afterwards said, was so entirely unlooked for that it came near breaking him all up. An hour or more later, when called upon to speak at the gathering in Music Hall, Captain Jack arose to his feet and made the most earnest, eloquent, elegant address of the evening, upon the love of the comrades for each other, astonishing even the comrades who thought they knew him well, and completely mystifying the good people of Houlton, who had enjoyed his pranks during the day and evening, and who looked upon him simply as a clown, though they had recognized the fact that whatever he did in the way of fun he did in a gentlemanly manner.

It should be stated that Captain Jack was ably seconded in his work of furnishing fun by com-

rade Daniel W. Gage, of Co. G, who was an excellent aid to an accomplished leader.

Our Trip to Houlton.

We are happy to say that we went to the reunion at Houlton, and that we took our two sons with us; also our niece from Portland. We enjoyed the reunion as much or more than any previous one which we attended, and we have missed only two of them. There was a spirit over it all, and a flavor to the greetings, the proceedings, the fun, and the formal exercises, which to us surpassed everything before. But it is not of this reunion we propose to speak. To write all that memory brings up from it would fill all the pages of this Call and deprive it of the variety which it is the purpose to give and which the comrades enjoy. A general idea of the reunion is given in this Call, and a full report will be given later. It is of the trip, or rather of the visit to Houlton, that we propose now to speak. First, let us say that we took our sons with us for the purpose of giving them some idea of the extent and beauty of the grand old State where their father was born, and of the woods and fields and hills of that State; and the ride from one end of the State to the other, and the rides about Houlton did this, sending them home with new ideas of Maine which they

will always retain. Then we wished them to be present at the organization of the "Sons of the First of Maine," and this wish was granted. So that though we were furthest from Houlton than any of the comrades, and took the greatest trouble to go, yet we are well satisfied with the trip.

We were so well pleased with Houlton and its surroundings that we decided to stay there a few days after the reunion, in order to see more of that grand country. So when the comrades left there on Friday morning, we remained behind. A large portion of that day was spent in the newspaper offices, assisting the editors in the preparation of their reports of the reunion. This was a good deal like work, but it was well worth doing, in order that the comrades might have the pleasure of reading full and correct reports, and it more than paid in courtesies we subsequently received from the editors. By the middle of the afternoon this work was over, and we took a drive into the country, accompanied by Mrs. Munson, wife of comrade Munson, and by comrade A. C. Drinkwater and wife, who also remained over one day. The ride was a beautiful one, with grand scenery all around, and with evidences of thrift everywhere. It looked odd to see, here and there, men engaged in digging potatoes, and picking them up — not into bas-

kets in the old way, but into barrels. This digging potatoes by the barrel was new to us, but is the custom in that great potato country. Right here it may be said that three thousand barrels of potatoes were sold in the square at Houlton that very day, and a like quantity the next day, while we were told that fifty thousand barrels had been sold there in a single day. After enjoying a ride of about five miles, we turned into the woods and in a few moments were very much surprised, in spite of the general orders issued in the winter of 1862-3, making it a serious offence for a cavalryman to be surprised. Way up there in the woods, one hundred and seventy-five miles from a daily paper, and ninety miles from salt water, was a cozy little summer resort, on the borders of a beautiful lake, with handsome and tasteful cottages all about, with row-boats, sail-boats, and a steam-boat on the lake, with swings and other amusements, and with an attractive building for dinners, dancing parties, etc. It was a complete surprise. Why, it had seemed to us that Houlton itself, with its pleasant drives, its grand scenery, and its pure air, was a good enough summer resort for any one, and we had seriously considered making it the Mecca of our summer vacation hopes; but here, close by, was a veritable "shore resort." A row across the lake, an

outside inspection of some of the cottages, including one of logs which cannot be surpassed anywhere, and we left this charming spot even before we had fully recovered our surprise at finding it there. We continued the drive a few miles further, returning by another road, finding new pleasures, new scenes of interest, all the way.

Saturday, with our little family, we drove to Woodstock, in the Queen's dominions, and looked over the town with a good deal of interest. It was strange to see a fountain in the square, surmounted by a crown and dedicated to "Her Majesty Queen Victoria," and to see the names "Queen Street," "King Street," "Bank of London," etc., but otherwise the town did not appear to be much different from Maine towns, except that there was a dull, dead appearance over all—a remarkable absence of life and energy. Two of the comrades are in business there—John McFarlin of Co. D, and William R. Snow of Co. E. We met the former on the street, and had quite a chat with him, but the latter was out of town that day. We purchased a dozen "Woodstock pipes" here for comrade friends at home, in memory of the days in the service when this kind of a pipe was a prize eagerly sought. A few hours here, and a dinner in this foreign town, and we returned to

Houlton, every moment of the drive and of the visit having been pleasant, with only three dollars to pay for a span of horses and a carriage all day long.

The next day, by invitation of George H. Gilman, of the Aroostook *Pioneer*, we spent in the woods, gloriously. The weather looked somewhat threatening in the morning, but the ladies of the party were firm in the belief that it was not going to rain, and their faith triumphed, much to our pleasure. The party consisted of Mr. Gilman and wife, Frank Rogers and wife, and our little family. The teams were loaded with mysterious looking bundles, and the party set out before eight o'clock. The ride was a pleasant one of course—all rides in the vicinity of Houlton are pleasant—and in due time Corcoran's lake was reached. This lake is in Titcomb, within sight of Smyrna. The horses were stabled, a fireplace of rocks was made and an ample quantity of wood provided, when the ladies prepared for their duties and pleasures on shore, and the men started out in a boat to catch some of the pickerel for which this lake is famed. As this is not a "fish story," it may be said that it was not a good day for fishing, the wind blowing too strongly, and only one was caught—a lonesome perch, which was hooked by a man from Rhode Island. But the stories of the fish

that had been caught in that lake were very encouraging. This sort of thing began to grow somewhat monotonous after lines had been cast pretty nearly all over that lake, and the fishermen returned to shore. In due time the picnic dinner, prepared by the ladies, was served, and never was dinner in the woods more enjoyed. There was chicken stew, of the best; green corn, the finest eaten this year; hot coffee—in short, everything a hungry mortal could ask for. It was a grand dinner. After dinner we were content to lie on a blanket and gaze upon the beautiful scenery all around, but the other males wanted some hunting. Into the woods they went, and soon the reports of guns came from the woods. In half an hour they returned with six plump partridges, as the result of their brief period of sport. There was more hunting during the afternoon, but no more success. The drive back to Houlton was pleasant, and well rounded out a complete day in the woods. It was a day long to be remembered. The next morning we left Houlton on our homeward way, carrying with us the pleasantest of memories of the place, the people, and the surroundings, with a feeling that it would be pleasant to remain there always, and a strong hope to be able to pay another visit at no distant day.

During this whole trip we felt

as young as thirty years ago, and we thought we must look young, when a lady at the hotel inquired of our niece if the three fellows (meaning our two sons and ourselves) with her were her brothers. Well, the fine weather, the bracing air, the meetings and greetings of the comrades, the kindness of the people, the pleasant drives, the quarters and rations at the Snell House, the charming scenery, pleasant thoughts, everything, tended to make one feel, look and act young.

We wish to return our thanks to the comrades residing in Houlton, to the editors of the *Pioneer* and *Times*, and to the people we met, for their courtesy and kindness and their successful efforts to make our stay pleasant. To Mr. and Mrs. Gilman are thanks especially due for pleasures given us from the first day to the last of our stay.

God bless Houlton and its people.

The Ladies' Auxiliary.

The sixth annual reunion of the Ladies' Auxiliary was held at Houlton, and the meeting was called to order by the secretary, Miss Grace Eveleth Tobie, of Portland, Me. Mrs. Susie Drinkwater was elected President *pro tem*.

It was voted to draw resolutions of sympathy on the death of the president of the society, Mrs. E. P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I.

It was voted to hold the next reunion at the same time and place as the First Maine Cavalry Association, and to extend thanks to the people of Houlton for the cordial welcome to and entertainment of the society.

The following officers for the coming year were elected:

President, Mrs. Laurel Monson, Houlton.

Vice-President, Mrs. Volney H. Foss, Bangor.

Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Grace Eveleth Tobie, Portland.

Fourteen were admitted to membership.

We had the pleasure, during a recent visit to Portland, to be shown about the Grand Army Hall of Bosworth Post, and were gratified to see a handsome memorial window in memory of our loved comrade, Sergt. Winsor B. Smith of Co. K, and also to find upon the walls of the cozy hall a fine, large portrait of Comrade Smith, while in one of the reception rooms, carefully preserved in a substantial case, was the old battle flag of the regiment, presented to the regiment by citizens of Portland, which was Sergeant Smith's special care until he died. These facts will be gratifying to every comrade of the regiment.

In the next Call of the BUGLE will be the second sketch of the series entitled, "After Appomattox," by Major Henry C. Hall, which will treat of Judge Cox and Col. Ball—the loyal judge and the Black Horse Cavalry.

Attention is called to the letter headed "Bowdoin Boys in Labrador." It will be of particular interest to the sons of the comrades, as it is written by a son of Gen. Cilley, who spent the summer on the coast of Labrador with the Bowdoin College Scientific Expedition and it contains many facts of general historical interest. Young Cilley is one of the vice-presidents of "The sons of the First of Maine."

The following three items are taken from *The Piscataquis Observer* of August 13th, 1891.

The Maine division in the grand parade formed on John street, and at the time appointed to repair to that point it looked as though the Pine Tree State would not show up very well, as Gen. Cilley of the First Maine Cavalry and our distinguished townsman, A. M. Warren, were the only ones to follow the colors from headquarters; but they all got there and made a very good showing.

The First Maine Cavalry was well represented in the parade, forming the larger part of the second platoon, with Gen. Cilley on the right.

Gen. Smith, now Colonel of the Nineteenth United States Infantry, and stationed at Fort Wayne, had the forces under his command reviewed by the Secretary of War, Monday. Gen. Alger and Ex-President Hayes were present, with Generals Cilley and Beal, of Maine, and a good delegation from Gen. Smith's old regiment, the First Maine Cavalry. Gen. Alger took the Secretary of War and all guests to Camp Sherman in his beautiful steam yacht "Vita." Gen. Smith also entertained members of the First Maine Cavalry at his residence at Fort Wayne.

The famous First Maine Cavalry held a large reunion for a regiment one thousand miles from home, some twenty-two comrades being present, General Smith, General Cilley and Lieutenant Andrew being among the number. Gen. C. H. Smith, Nineteenth United States Infantry, stationed at Fort Wayne, invited his old comrades and all their representatives from Maine to attend a dress parade of the Regulars in the morning, which they accepted.—*National Tribune*.

Col. J. B. Peaks, of Dover, has not recovered from his throat trouble, from which he has been suffering nearly a year and may have to go South to recover from it fully. Although the trouble is

not attended with any pain, he is more or less hoarse all the time, and any considerable use of his voice aggravates the difficulty.—*Bangor Commercial*, Aug. 16, 1891.

A wedding of interest to Grand Army and Relief Corps workers, particularly of Iowa and Ohio, was that on June 9th, 1891, in Russell Street Baptist Church, Columbus, the couple being Rinnie C. Holliday, Past Department Senior Vice President, W. R. C., of Steubenville, O., and Col. M. T. V. Bowman, of Des Moines, Iowa, late commissary of the First Maine Cavalry. After a summer's sojourn in Maine they will take up their abode in the Colonel's delightful home in Des Moines. The bride was the widow of the late Col. Holliday, of Steubenville, O., a woman of lovely character and many accomplishments, and one who has stood very high in Grand Army and Relief Corps circles in the Buckeye State. She is warmly commended to her Iowa sisters.—*National Tribune*.

The Sons of the First of Maine.

The sons of the comrades of the regiment did not gather at Houlton in so large numbers as would have been pleasant, but there was a sufficient number present to form an organization, under the name, "The Sons of the First of Maine." Officers

for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, Edward P. Tobie, Jr., Pawtucket, R. I.

Vice-Presidents, Field and staff, J. P. Cilley, Jr., Rockland; Co. A, Louis O. Haskell, Pittsfield; Co. B, Clarence H. Sparrow, Portland; Co. C, Horatio A. Libby, Melrose, Mass.; Co. D, Stephen R. Wilder, Calais; Co. E, John L. Putnam, Houlton; Co. F, Ed. L. Dam, Portland; Co. G, Herbert C. Foss, Bangor; Co. K, J. Melvin Preble, Bangor; Co. L, Geo. B. Colesworthy, New Gloucester; Co. M, Frank J. Savage, Fairfield.

Secretary, Willis Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.

Executive Committee, Samuel A. Fuller, Charles Smith, Horace R. Drinkwater.

It was voted to elect a committee of three to draw up by-laws and to present them at the next meeting. The three chosen were Messrs. J. P. Cilley, Jr., of Rockland, Me., Edward P. Tobie, Jr., of Pawtucket, R. I., John L. Putnam, of Houlton, Me. Edward P. Tobie, Jr., was elected to ascertain the names of the sons of the veterans of the First Maine Cavalry, and extend them an invitation to be present at the next meeting. Secretary Willis Tobie moved that a committee of three be appointed to select badges, not to be costly but appropriate, to designate the members and to be present with them at the next meeting. The committee consisted of Messrs. Louis Haskell, of Pittsfield, Me., Willis Tobie, Paw-

tucket, R. I., and John L. Putnam, Houlton, Me.

Mr. Haskell moved that we, as sons of veterans of the First Maine Cavalry, extend our hearty thanks to the people of Houlton for their hospitality in this, the first meeting of our organization. This motion was carried, and the meeting adjourned to meet again next year with the First Maine Cavalry.

All the sons of the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry may become members of this organization by sending their names and address, and the name and company of their father, to the Secretary, Willis Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.

The next call of the BUGLE, January, 1892, will be the Roll Call, and in addition to the Roll Call of 1891, will contain the date, place and manner of death of all the comrades who were killed or died in the service, and those who have died since so far as we can ascertain them. Every comrade can assist in making the Roll Call complete by forwarding to Gen. Cilley, or to the editor, at once, notice of the time and place of the death of any comrade who has died since he left the regiment, through all these years. There is no way in which this can be done except by the assistance of every living comrade, or by the friends of the deceased comrades. Comrades, honor the memory of those who have been finally mustered-out, by seeing that their muster-out has been properly placed on record.

BUGLE ECHOES.

Hark ! I hear the Bugle sounding.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 4th, 1888.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY :

My Dear Sir,—I very much regret that important business that cannot be postponed will prevent me from meeting you and other survivors of the First Regiment Maine Cavalry, who will assemble at Bar Harbor to-morrow. Although I shall be deprived of the great pleasure of meeting comrades this year, I shall think of you, wish to be with you and look into those honest faces once more. I shall never forget that each of you was once a part of that great army of brave, loyal men of the North, who left home and all that was dear to man and at your country's call faced the enemies of the Union, of the best government on the face of the whole earth, on the field of battle, and held aloft the flag of the nation, through that terrible storm of shot and shell that was aimed at the life of the nation from 1861 to 1865, until you carried that flag to victory. The government and the people of this nation are indebted to the men who fought in the field from 1861 to 1865 for the government that we now have, and for all we enjoy under the protection of that government. The United States of America owes you a debt that it can never repay, for it owes its very existence to you. But for those who bravely met the enemy in the field during those trying times, there would not be a United States of America to-day. We are indebted to those brave men who fought in the field for the blessings

that we enjoy under the protection of our nation's flag, that to-day proudly floats in the breeze from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, over sixty millions of free, happy, united and prosperous people, enjoying peace and plenty. It cost about one million precious lives to found the principles and government that our flag represents, and the stars and stripes are cemented thereon with the life blood of more than a million of as brave men as ever lived. Why should it not be dear to every loyal American? No wonder that it is dear to you. It is a fact that should fill each citizen with just pride to know that the First Maine Cavalry was always found at its post of duty, no matter what danger it had to face. As evidence that it did its duty, is the fact that it stands at the head of the two hundred and sixty cavalry regiments that were in the Northern Army during the war, in its loss in killed and wounded in battle. In other words, this regiment lost eleven more men, in killed and wounded, than any other of the two hundred and sixty cavalry regiments that served in the United States Army during the war. To be able to say, "I was a member of the First Regiment of Maine Cavalry," is an honor that any man may well be proud of. I wish you, each of you, much happiness and enjoyment at this reunion, and I sincerely hope that all may meet again next year.

Very respectfully,

HENRY L. MITCHELL.

[See p. 495, picture p. 225, History.]

SOLDIERS' HOME,
LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.,

June 20th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Sir,—I received the second, third, and fourth numbers of the *FIRST MAINE BUGLE*, for which you have my thanks, and I enclose one dollar as subscription for ensuing year. It is like a message from the past to see so many familiar names in print, and read of incidents, many of which had slipped my memory, and more that are as fresh there as if they had occurred but yesterday. I am the only First Maine man in the Home, and in the throng of six or seven hundred that are here I feel alone. It is not like being with the boys with whom I marched, boot to boot, with whom I fought and frolicked, feasted and fasted, from 1861 to 1865. I still have hopes of buffeting with the adversities of life outside of this, as I am not far advanced on the shady side of life, but three gun-shot wounds and an injury caused by being thrown from my horse have made almost a wreck of me.

You wish reminiscences and personal experiences. I am not a writer, cannot delineate, but my personal experience is blended with that of the regiment from first to last, and there are many others who know my record and career as well as I do, who could write more interesting articles. This Home is all that can be expected, but not pleasant to one of my age, however well the treatment. A something besides a simple round of animal functions is desired.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. H. BELL.

P. S.—There is one item probably worth stating. I was in every engagement except one (St. Mary's Church), that the regiment was, and with Gen-

eral Sturges as orderly, at Antietam, South Mountain, and Fredericksburg.

C. H. B.

[See p. 515, and picture pp. 513, 4th, Hist.]

YARMOUTH, MASS., July 25th, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL:

I enclose a little sketch of one of our boys. I wait impatiently for the time to come when we shall all round up at Houlton. I hope to be there with my wife and children. Please give me credit on *BUGLE* account for one dollar, the balance, four dollars, you may place to credit of some of Co. D, on account of *BUGLE*.

Edward F. Morrill joined us in the fall of 1862. Our long experience in the army suggested the name of "Johnny Raw" for him; this was done more to emphasize our ripeness as soldiers than any reflection upon him. He was in no sense a dude, neither was he a city rough; in fact, he was more redolent of the haystack than of the saloon. He hailed from the town of Jay. I am not well grounded in the history and geography of Jay, but I can say that if Edward F. Morrill was a fair specimen of its inhabitants it must be a good place to live in. Although he was not of a large stature, his strength was enormous. The whole company would often stand in wonder at the immense oak butts that Morrill would bring in on his shoulder with which to replenish his fire. His good nature was as remarkable as his strength. Morrill was nowhere more peculiar than in a fight. His ideas of war had been drawn from florid pictures of carnage and battle such as were never seen in reality, so he was sadly disappointed at the tameness of our engagements. His first encounter with the enemy was in what we considered a smart brush, but Morrill

said, "That ain't nothing: I want to see a fight where I can smell powder." We always asked him after every fight if he smelt any powder, but he always acknowledged his disappointment. I remember the last fight in which I saw him. It was a duel between a part of our regiment and a battery of artillery at carbine range. Morrill's horse, like some soldiers, seemed to think there was something very desirable in the direction opposite to the enemy. He expostulated with him in this way: his arms widely extended, a rein in each hand, he shouted to him, "Haow there! stand up here and face the music!" The battery was soon glad to change its position, a result to which Morrill contributed his full share. He was killed at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31st, 1865. I often think of that hearthstone in the good town of Jay, how it must be saddened by the remembrance of the strong young man who went out from it never to return; but if they knew him as we knew him their grief would be softened by the thought of the noble offering they had laid upon their country's altar, "a soldier without fear and without reproach."

Very truly and respectfully,

THOMAS B. PULSIFER, Co. D.

[See pp. 513, 521, and picture p. 272, History.]

CARMEL, June 23rd, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL AND COMRADE:

I have received three copies of the BUGLE, which I esteem very highly. The BUGLE reminds me of the past and of the brave boys who fought so nobly and bravely in defense of their country and flag. I hope and trust when the last BUGLE shall sound at the last grand reunion, that every boy in blue shall fall in. Not long ago I visited the well-marked spot where our brave Col. Calvin S. Douty rests, and

as I stood and looked upon his last resting place, my heart swelled with grief as I thought of that noble commander, so brave and so true. Blood never flowed from a more noble man than he, and many others of our noble boys who sleep in Southern soil. We are falling out, one by one. Soon the sound of the BUGLE will be heard no more, but while I live I shall continue to enjoy the pages of our most noble History, and the faces of our fallen and surviving comrades contained therein. I expect to be at our next reunion at Houlton, and trust to see many of our old comrades whom I have not seen since the close of the war. Lieut. Col. Boothby, Captain Phillips and Lieutenant Harris of my company gave their lives in the time of the war. I often think of them. It seems only a short time, but they fell more than twenty-five years ago. I will not trespass on your patience longer.

I remain yours,

ORRIN L. GARRETT,
Saddler Co. F, 1st. Me. Cav.

[See p. 546, History.]

SKOWHEGAN, ME., July 26th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade, — I received the BUGLE yesterday; it makes the fifth one I have received, and I am ashamed to think I have not paid a cent for them yet. Now, the fact of the matter is, if a fellow cannot do better than that he ought to be *damned*. I like the BUGLE very much, and hope I shall always receive them. I enclose one dollar.

Very respectfully,

CONVERSE L. WEBB, Co. H.

[See p. 551, History.]

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,

July 27th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY :

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find two dollars to pay one year's subscription to the *BUGLE* to be sent to some comrade selected by you, and for one year's to be sent to myself.

Yours truly,

J. P. THOMPSON, Co. M.

[See p. 635, History.]

WINTHROP, ME., July 28th, 1891.

J. P. CILLEY :

Dear Sir and Comrade.—Enclosed find \$4.62 in payment for First Maine Cavalry badge, postage on same, last year's *BUGLE* and next year's *BUGLE*. I take pleasure in reading the *BUGLE* when it comes. Although I was in the regiment but a short time, I feel proud that I was at all. I was a private in Co. D, Twenty-first Maine Infantry, and served my time and came home; but I wanted to try the cavalry so I thought I would go into Company C, as I had a brother, Wm. B. Shaw, who died in November, 1862, while I was in service the first time. So I went, and to-day I feel proud of the old regiment. Should like to meet you at Houlton, Me., but cannot for I am poor in health and money, too. But I am in hopes to meet you sometime if I live. I joined the regiment in the spring of 1864, and I saw some service as you know. Yours in Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,

C. W. SHAW.

[See p. 599, History.]

EAST BOSTON, MASS.,

July 30th, 1891.

GEN. CILLEY :

Dear Sir,—You may think it strange to get a letter from a lady in regard to the *BUGLE*, but my husband is away,

and I see it is time to send for the *BUGLE* for next year, so you will find money to pay for it. I can never write words to express what joy it gives me to read the *BUGLE* and all the comrades' letters, and the noble deeds done by the First Maine Cavalry—we are all proud of their record. I attended the reunion last year; it was the first one I ever attended, and I enjoyed myself so much, for every one seemed happy and cheerful; but there were some moments when I felt sad to see the tears fill their eyes; some had not seen each other since the war. Well do I remember the war. I was very young, but my dear father went to war. It was sad for us to have him go, and we saw many a sad and lonely hour while he was away. He left mother with five children to go and fight for his country, but at last the war was ended and father came home. He never got hurt, and was in a great many battles. He came home sick, not the same fresh-looking man he was when he went away. He died five years after the war with a sickness he had while in service never being a well man afterwards; but I feel proud that I can tell my friends that my father was in the war over four years. I was pleased to read your talk of having your reunion of 1893 in Chicago, for that is my native place. I lived there in war time. Little did I think that an unknown man was in the war fighting for his country then, who happened in after years to be my companion through life. I am proud that he was in the war, for I do think that of all men, the men who left home and loved ones and went to save their country ought to be loved by everybody. Whether an officer or private, they were all there for the same cause. Last year I met comrades of my husband—some he had never seen since

the war. I joined the Ladies' Auxiliary last year, and got the First Maine Cavalry badge. Captain Merrill has one of them. We have the History of the First Maine; I have not had a chance to keep it in the house we lend it so much to friends. I should like to attend the next reunion in Maine; do not think we can, for my health is not good; have not left my room for six weeks, and while sitting here reading the BUGLE, it has cheered me to read of the noble deeds done in the war. God bless the boys who were so brave. Captain Merrill is a sea-going man, not home much of the time, so I took the liberty to do this for him. I wish I could shake hands with many of the noble men.

A COMRADE'S WIFE.

[See p. 588, History.]

W. SULLIVAN, ME., Aug. 2nd, 1891.

GEN. CILLEY and COMRADE:

There is nothing I prize more highly than the History of the old First Maine Cavalry, and the BUGLE, and none would be more ready to respond to the call of the BUGLE than I if finances would admit. If the time ever comes when I can remit, none will be more willing than your old comrade. I am many times obliged to some comrade for the BUGLE to date, hoping the time will come when I can repay. You may think it strange I should be so low in financial affairs. My health has been poor for a long time and my wife and daughters have been under the doctor's care for over five months, and nothing to do with but my hands and the small pension I draw.

Yours truly with F. C. & L.,

LORENZO C. HOOPER, Co. M.

[See p. 652, History.]

ELLSWORTH FALLS, ME.,

Aug. 6th, 1891.

MR. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—My husband wishes me to write and let you know that he received the BUGLE in due season, and was so very much pleased to receive it. He enjoys reading them much. Every time he thinks he will be able to send you a little toward it, and I hope in the near future he can pay for his and help another that will be as pleased to receive it as he is. But now, as the old saying is, it is a "rub and a go" with us, for Mr. Varnum has been sick to be under the doctor's treatment over three years, and so we feel poor, as he cannot work at all; though for six weeks he does seem to gain very little. But our doctor does not tell me he can ever expect to be well again. Even for that we would be very thankful if he could be comfortable, which he is not; for days he will be distressed dreadfully, and then perhaps he will be quite comfortable for as many; that is the way he is all the time.

Very respectfully,

MRS. JOSEPH G. VARNUM.

[See p. 522, History.]

SURRY, ME., Aug. 23rd, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—I will try and answer to Roll Call for the first time, and will say that the First Maine BUGLE is the best thing I ever saw or read in my life, and I want it as long as I live. I will send you a dollar next month. I am poor, have a large family of eleven—nine boys, no girl. I was pleased to see in the BUGLE a letter from W. A. Vinal. He was a sergeant of my company, I, and I think I never saw a better soldier than he was. You must not think I have lost the grip of that grand First Maine Cavalry. I feel proud of the name

As soon as I can I will send for the badge. I get a large pension of \$4 a month. When our regiment charged into Farmville, April 7th, 1865, I had my horse shot and I was wounded in the right hand. I served two years in the Second Maine Infantry, and nearly one year in Company E, First District Columbia Cavalry, and the remainder of my time in the First Maine Cavalry. I was not a hospital bummer. I was wounded in the left foot in the Second Maine Infantry, and in the right hand in the First Maine Cavalry.

Yours truly,

JAMES H. CARD.

[See p. 597, History.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 26th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear General,—I have received the last two copies of the BUGLE, but have been almost too busy to read them, and think it about time to answer to "roll call." I have faint hopes of being with you at the next reunion; will do so if possible. Enclosed find my check for \$10, which credit what I owe on the BUGLE, and put the rest "where it will do the most good."

Yours truly,

PERLEY LOWE, Co. H.

[See p. 587, History.]

[In compliance with the above letter \$2 was credited to Comrade Lowe for two years' subscription, and the remaining \$8 was used to send the BUGLES to the following comrades: Thompson M. Brown, E. Hampton; Jas. P. Carr, Brunswick, Me.; Wm. R. Locke, Etna Corner, Me.; Mrs. Greenleaf D. Greeley, Roslindale, Mass.; David M. Haley, Sebago, Me.; Robert A. Heal, Lincolnville Centre, Me.; Chas. S. Lowell, Dexter, Me.; Horatio B. Soule, Yarmouth, Me.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Aug. 28th, 1891.

MY DEAR COMRADE:

Thanks for the First Maine BUGLE. I shall at once subscribe. I want to read every word printed about the old First Maine Cavalry. Was with it in the charge way up the hill at Brandy Station, June 9th, 1863, and at Aldie, where Colonel Douty was killed. God bless the survivors of the First Maine.

Yours sincerely,

E. W. WHITAKER,

Late A. D. C. of Gen. Kilpatrick.

PITTSFIELD, Me., Sept. 6th, 1891.

GEN. CILLEY:

Please find enclosed a check for \$2 for the First Maine BUGLE. I have got Calls 2, 3, 4 and 5, but have not got the 1st. That pays for eight numbers. I see by your reports that I am among the missing, but I am among the living yet, so you had better change that report. I was in Company G, First District Columbia Cavalry, transferred to Company L, First Maine Cavalry. Cromwell Carter of my company died at Andersonville, and it is in the History, "discharged by order, 1865." Sergt. B. F. Carter died at Braidentown, Fla., where he lived about five years ago. Capt. W. S. Howe was brought here from Lewiston, and buried last week, so we have lost one good soldier and Grand Army of the Republic man.

Yours, in F. C. & L.,

ALBERT L. SYLVESTER.

[See p. 645, History.]

MELVERN, KAN., Sept. 8th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY;

Dear Comrade,—I will surrender as I cannot withstand such persistency. I perceive you still have the same "grit" always displayed during the war by Maine boys, to never surrender. I en-

close \$2 for the BUGLE, past, present and future. Please send me last April number if you have it. I wish to second Comrade Daggett's suggestion that our regiment hold its reunion in '93 at Chicago. Yours and all the comrades in love.

CYRUS CASE.

[See p. 501, picture p. 504, History.]

Personal Recollections of Boynton Plank Road.

The twenty-seventh of October, as all old veterans of the First Maine Cavalry know, when there was any obstruction in our way in the shape of rebels with guns, it was First Maine to the front. Well, I commenced work at daylight when we charged their picket line. When we formed in line at the foot of that hill, the second fight of that day, waiting for artillery to get in position, I think I was the first man next to the road on the left. We were firing some, but every time I would rise to fire, whiz! a ball would go past my head, until Private Henry L. Farrington, who was next to me on the left, got one plum through the face. Oh, no! I did not get up to fire again until the order to charge, and when we got half way to the woods I met an old

comrade from a regiment we were in before. What do you suppose we did? We shook and sat right down, pulled our pipes and lighted them—of course we were talking all the time—and then double-quickened to catch up. Of course you all know the day's work we had in the Bull Pen, down in the pines; I came near getting left. There was only one man on my right and he fell; it was Gustavus K. Estes (His. p. 567). I started for him to get the sixteen-shooter, but the Johnnies got there first, so I retreated in good order. When I turned, our boys were some ways off, and I was between the two lines, but I skulked around amongst the trees and got back with them—recollect that this was at dark. The only way we knew where the rebels were was by the flash of the guns. We got through after a while, and of course it rained as usual, but I got two rails and laid down, probably slept one or two hours, with the bridle wound around my leg.

This is only a short sketch of this racket, but let some of the other boys come up and say something and I will try again.

FRANK C. NEEDHAM,

Co. G, First Me. Cav..

Bethel, Me.

[See p. 571, History.]

TAPS.

Oh, under the blossoming clover,
When the march and the conflict are over,
Your sleep will be sweet after Taps.

The Martyr of Freedom.

Suggested by the death of Horace Sylvester of Augusta, Maine, who died in South Boston, Mass., March 1st, 1867. Aged 27 years, 7 mos.

BY MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.

So young to die, and life so fair to
him!—

How hard to say "farewell"!

Only thy hand—oh, Father! can sustain

When billows round us swell,
And the wild waters of affliction's tide
Forbid the thought that earthly joys
abide.

He joined the army of the true and
brave,

When Freedom called her sons,
And for the Right he bravely risked
his life,

With all her noble ones,
But he was spared to reach his home
again,

Though with a heritage, there won,
of pain.

Now hath his soul ascended, and
though he

Fell not in Freedom's fray,
Yet we must feel a patriot is at rest,
Who died for Liberty;

God bless each loved one of the
mourning band.

Till they shall meet him in the bet-
ter land!

[Co. I, 1st D. C. Cavalry. Transferred to
Co. G., First Maine Cavalry, History, p. 573.]

Stephen Willis Patten was born in
Portland, Me., March 21st, 1843; died
in Alameda, Cal., Dec. 27th, 1884. He
arrived in San Francisco, Cal., Septem-

ber, 1869. Shortly after his arrival he
entered the office of Wells, Fargo & Co.,
where he held an important position
in the money department until his de-
cease. He was married in San Fran-
cisco, Dec. 25th, 1869, to Miss H. M.
Rhodes, of Lowell, Mass. They had
one child, a daughter, who died young.
He was enrolled as a private in Capt.
Robert F. Dyer's Company C, First
Regiment of Maine Cavalry, Novem-
ber 20th, 1861, and was discharged by
reason of surgeon's certificate of disa-
bility, July 19th, 1862.

[See p. 308, History.]

Died in S. Exeter, from dropsy, Jan.
20th, 1890, Hiram Peavy, Co. A, aged
sixty-nine years.

Hiram was a great sufferer for a long
time. He seemed to bear it patiently.
The funeral was well attended by sym-
pathizing friends, and the services were
conducted by Hon. F. W. Hill. Mr.
Peavy leaves a widow, one daughter
and four sons to mourn his loss, and a
large circle of friends.

[See p. 475, History.]

Died in York, Me., May 11th, 1890, Wil-
liam H. Woodward, of paralysis, aged
47 years. Comrade Woodward enlist-
ed in Co. K, First Maine Cavalry, Jan.
2nd, 1864, was mustered into ser-
vice Jan. 4th, and went into camp at
Camp Berry, Portland. Left for Bos-
ton, Jan. 12, where they arrived on the
13th, and stopped one day. On the
18th, they arrived in Alexandria.
Jan. 22nd, they joined the regiment at

Warrenton. On Feb. 27th was detailed for the memorable "Dahlgren Raid." Woodward was wounded and taken prisoner at Black Creek, March 20th. He distinctly remembered seeing the negro guide, who led them into ambush, dangling from the limb of a tree, a terrible warning to all such. On the way to Richmond they stopped at a house kept by an old woman and her daughter. This old woman, he said, would have surely killed both him and a wounded comrade who was taken with him but for the intervention of a Confederate officer, who perhaps felt responsible for the safe delivery of his prisoners. From there they were taken to Richmond, where he was assigned to the hospital connected with "Libby." After suffering all the horrors of a wounded prisoner, he was finally paroled, Apr. 16th, 1864, and left Richmond for Baltimore. He was mustered out of United States service, June 20th, 1865, and was honorably discharged at Augusta, Me., July 9th, 1865. Comrade Woodward was a member of Porter Post No. 99, Grand Army of the Republic, of Kittery, Me., having joined September 5th, 1889. At his burial the Post was in attendance, many of them being members of his own company. As an upright citizen, ever ready to extend aid and sympathy to the afflicted, he will long be remembered.

Wm. H. Woodward, son of George Woodward, born Apr. 26th, 1843, married Nov. 27th, 1866; Mary E, daughter of John and Hannah Gowen, born Oct. 11th, 1844.

CHILDREN.

Carrie M. born,	Apr. 5th, 1867.
Julia M. "	May 11th, 1869.
Geo. D. "	Jan. 12th, 1871.
Annie M. "	Nov. 27th, 1872.
John E. "	Jan. 22d, 1875.
Laura G. "	Oct. 9th, 1877.
Lizzie H. "	Sept. 16th 1880.
Wm. H. "	Apr. 3d, 1887.

[See p. 627, picture p. 229, History.]

Horace P. Holyoke was born in Brewer, Maine, January 26, 1840, and on the 24th of Oct., 1890, in Sheldon, Iowa, he calmly passed to his reward above. His going was like the closing of the autumn day on which he rested from his labors. Having in early youth sown the seed of truthfulness, honesty, temperance and godliness, his setting sun cast a golden light upon the harvest field of a fully ripened, thoroughly developed Christian character. His is a practical illustration of the truth of the Bible: "He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

At the age of 21 years' in answer to his country's call, he enlisted October 3rd, 1861, as private in Company F, First Maine Cavalry. In 1862, he was promoted to the rank of corporal, and in 1863 to that of sergeant. June 19, of the same year he was severely wounded at Middleburg, and in the following December he was discharged on account of disability, bearing on his person the scars from five rebel bullets. As a soldier, he was fearless in battle, faithful in duty and loyal to the flag. Soon after the close of the war he came to Iowa, in which State he lived until he got an honorable discharge from the duties of life. Being one of the early settlers of this section, he had a large circle of acquaintances, and being a man of pure principles, sterling integrity and strong convictions, he was loved and respected by all who knew him. His private character and social relations give to his death ground for peculiar grief to those who knew him best. Although modest and unassuming, he was straightforward, turning neither to the right nor the left, but every day walking direct as a line heavenward. When the path of duty diverged from that of profit or pleasure he never hesitated, but pressed bravely forward, with the gentle yet unwavering courage of his convic-

tions. His name is his best memoir, and whenever it is mentioned to those who knew him it will always have the power to call up the recollections of his virtues, and to the eye of affliction bring the tear of undissembled sorrow. In this community and in the Congregational church, of which he was a deacon and faithful member, he will be greatly missed. Yet there is comfort in the thought that our loss is his eternal gain, and that, although he is gone, the influence of his words and deeds remains to speak for truth and righteousness. He lived not in vain because his philosophy taught him that this life is not the end, only the beginning of a higher and nobler state of existence, a state into which he joyfully entered, having left behind him a monument of Christian character which will inspire others by a holy emulation of his goodness to strive for the same blessedness and peace. In his demise we are again reminded of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and are solemnly admonished to make our own calling and election sure; also to "let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven."

REV. G. L. HANSCOM.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has removed from our midst by death our brother in Christ, Horace P. Hol-yoke,

Resolved, That in this dispensation of Providence the Congregational church of Sheldon, Iowa, has lost one of its most trusted, devoted and worthy members, and the church and community a thoroughly Christian man and an upright and exemplary citizen.

Resolved, That as this church mourns his death it sincerely condoles with friends and relatives over this great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to each of our city papers for publication; also copies sent to the relatives of the deceased; also that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this church.

Approved by the church and Y. P. S. C. E.

[See p. 543, picture p. 545, History.]

The long and rapidly progressive illness of Dr. W. S. Howe of Lewiston, was followed by his death at midnight, Monday, Aug. 24th, his disease being cancer of the stomach, and his death being far less painful than is usual in such cases.

Dr. Howe came to Lewiston with his wife and daughter in 1885, from Pittsfield, Me., purchasing the fine estate of Deacon Phetteplace, on the corner of Ash and Horton streets, in Lewiston, and establishing himself in the practice of medicine as a homœopathic physician. Excepting one or two brief visits to the West, where he had business ventures, he has been a resident here ever since, has been identified with many interests, and has been a very wide-awake and active man. A few months ago, comparatively, when planning a trip West for his health, the truth came to him that he had a complaint which must in the course of a comparatively short time prove fatal, and since then he has been gradually sinking until his death on Monday night.

Dr. Howe was born in St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, 1834, and was therefore about 58 years of age. He was educated in Fredericton and Horton, and entered Acadia College in New Brunswick, but did not graduate. He entered the Baptist ministry and was in active work therein until the war broke out, when he enlisted in the D. C. Cavalry, and was with it until its

consolidation with the First Maine Cavalry, and served with that until wounded at the battle of Five Forks, near the close of the war.

He was a commissioned officer in the First Maine—captain of Co. D, the same company previously commanded by the gallant Captain Smith of Eastport, afterward Colonel and Brigadier General. In the history of the First Maine, Capt. W. S. Howe figures in no small way. If in doubt as to his war record, ask some of the boys of the First Maine Cavalry, and they will say, as one of them said to the writer, Tuesday, "He was a brave man, a good fighter, a magnificent soldier, and the boys all liked him." This is not a small tribute from an old soldier. Dr. Howe was taken prisoner at the famous cattle-raid, and for nine months was a prisoner in Libby. At the battle of Five Forks he was shot through the body, and the bullet is among the possessions of the family at this time. For a time his life was despaired of, but he recovered, although he has always been a sufferer from the wound.

At the close of the war, Dr. Howe was in such poor health, that he did not return to the ministry, but took up the study of medicine. He graduated at the Bowdoin Medical School in 1869, and in 1870 at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York. In 1883 he graduated at the Hahnemann School of Homœopathy in Philadelphia. He practiced in Pittsfield, Me., from 1870 to 1885, when he came to Lewiston, where he has since been in practice.

He was a member of the Baptist church, although not transferring his membership to the church in this city. He was a member of the Blue Lodge and the Chapter in Masonry, and will be buried under the direction of Rabboni Lodge of Lewiston. He was

a member of the Golden Cross, by which his family receives \$2,000 in insurance. He carried also insurance in several other companies, and will leave quite an estate. He was a staunch Republican in politics, and so pronounced in views that it is mentioned as a characteristic of the man. He was cordial in his manner, and a devoted friend to the Grand Army and its interests. A portrait of him appeared several months ago in the BUGLE, published in the interests of the First Maine Cavalry, and his memory will be cherished especially by the boys who rode behind him in the long ago when death was in bullets, and when every man faced it inevitably as he faced the morning sun in the east.

Dr. Howe leaves a wife and one daughter. Two children have died—one of them a son about to enter the study and the practice of medicine.

The funeral will be attended Thursday, at 10.30 A. M., and under charge of Rabboni Lodge F. & A. M. The remains will be taken to Pittsfield by the 12.13 train. Burial will be at Pittsfield, Thursday afternoon, on arrival of the train.

By request, there will be no flowers.
—*Lewiston Journal*.

[See History, pp. 321, 326, 342-351, 396-402, 513; picture p. 273, and p. 16, Call 4 of BUGLE.]

Mrs. Caroline Cameron died on Tuesday morning, June 30th, 1891, after a short illness. Mrs. Cameron was the widow of the late George Cameron, Co. C, who was killed on board the bark J. H. Bowers, some six months ago. She leaves three young sons, now doubly bereaved, to mourn her loss.

[See History, p. 505.]

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer in Account with First Maine Cavalry Association, Sept. 17, 1889, to Aug. 11, 1890.

To Dues Collected,	\$210.00	By Expenses of Band, 23 pieces,	\$86.25
To Contributors to pay debt on History, General Smith, \$1; Major Thaxter, \$5; Captain Ford, \$20; Lieut. Merrill, \$1; G. A. Savage, \$1; F. W. Green, \$1; Geo. Phillip, \$1; Norman Snell, \$1; George W. Gray, \$1; W. R. Lincoln, \$1; A. C. Souther, \$1; D. W. Gage, \$1; S. F. Davis, \$1; J. P. Cilley, \$1; Frank E. Towle, \$1; G. N. Harris, \$1,	39.00	By Freight, &c., on History and printing notices,	12.91
To Ribbon Badges sold,	19.10	By Postage Stamps,	14.00
To Collections to pay Band,	34.80	By Postage, express, carting books and mailing Bugle,	16.20
To Contribution for Banquet by Boston Comrades,	937.75	By insurance on Histories while being bound, omitted before,	19.75
		By insurance on Histories one year from Jan. 2, 1888,	10.00
		By insurance on Histories one year from Jan. 2, 1889,	20.00
		By cost of Banquet in Boston,	937.75
		Balance,	123.85
	\$1,240.77		\$1,240.71

We have carefully and fully examined the above account, had the Treasurer come to Boston for that purpose, and find them correct. In order to save expenses in printing, the several items examined by us in detail have been consolidated, and this same method is advised hereafter.

A. C. DRINKWATER.
GEO. H. JEWETT.
A. L. ORDWAY.

J. P. CILLEY, TREASURER, ACCOUNT WITH BADGES RECEIVED.

July, 1890, Received in Portland,	25.00	Sold by G. N. Harris,	25.00
July, 1890, Received by G. N. Harris,	25.00	Sold by Treasurer,	160.00
Aug. 11, Received in Boston,	173.00	Balance in Treasurer's hands,	38.00
	223.00		223.00

ACCOUNT WITH BADGES SOLD.

July, 1890, To 9 sold in Portland, at \$3,	\$27.00	By cash paid Henry Guild & Son,	\$446.00
Aug., 1890, Sold by G. N. Harris, at \$2.50,	62.50	By balance,	43.50
1890 and 1891, To 160 sold by Treasurer, at \$2.50,	400.00		
	\$489.50		\$489.50

ACCOUNT WITH PICTURES FOR HISTORY.

By balance due him for report of auditing committee, page 64 of Call 3,	\$59.31	Feb. 27, 1890, To cash from Cyrus T. Reed,	\$6.00
		Balance due Treasurer,	53.31
	\$59.31		\$59.31
J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, In Account with money received and paid for Portraits in BUGLE.			
1890.		Helotype Printing Co., 3 pages portraits, at \$32,	\$96.00
Apr. 2, To cash, Monroe Daggett, \$5,		Balance,	2.76
Alfred Pierce, \$5,	\$10.00		
July 12, To cash, N. L. Owen, \$5,			
Herman R. Green, \$5,	10.00		
July 14, To cash, F. E. A. Weadeck, (Major Curtiss),	12.00		
Aug. 21, To cash, Mrs. Flora E. Haines,	4.00		
Oct. 1, To cash, J. P. Thompson,			
John B. Perry, John M. Warren,	15.00		
Oct. 10, To cash, Leander H. Paul,	5.00		
Dec. 6, To cash, Chas. E. Jacks, self and brother,	10.00		
1891.			
Mar. 24, To cash, C. E. Moulton,			
\$11.26, Cyrus B. Kimball, \$4,	15.26		
Apr. 26, To cash, Geo. P. Day, \$3.75,			
Mrs. John B. Kelsey, \$3.75,	7.50		
June 28, To cash, Capt. W. S. Howe,	10.00		
	\$98.76		\$98.76

U. S. DISTRICT COURT, Southern District of New York, in and to the County of New York, ss.

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